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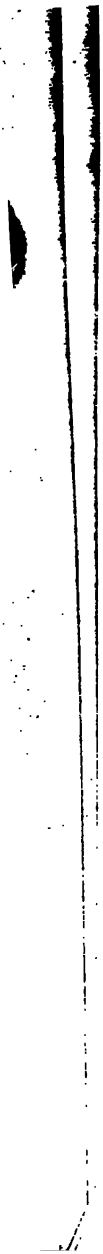

WONDERS OF PROVIDENCE

REMARKABLE AND AUTHENTIC

PROVIDENTIAL STORIES

Original and Compiled by

REV. J. MARTIN ROHDE, A. M.

Author of "The Joy of Prayer"
"God and Government"
"Our Coming Lord"

CHICAGO

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In Loving Memory
of
Caroline Riske Rohde
My Companion in Service and Sacrifice
With Whom I Have Prayed
And Shall Praise

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

There is no class of literature so helpful and inspiring as that of true providential stories, narrated from actual Christian experience. Ours is a story-reading age, in which real facts go further than fanciful arguments. God's providences are facts that have been much in evidence in all ages of the past, and they are Heaven's motive power of revelation to-day. In facts of living experience the eternal truth stands recorded that, despite all the mysteries of pain and sorrow in the world, God is at the helm in individual human destiny.

Glorious truth! Ours is not a world of mere evolutionary causes and effects; not a world of blind coincidences by chance, but a world of marvelous and unfailing providences. God's eye is upon us, His wisdom designs our course, His arm shields our being, and His love thrills our soul with eternal hope. Therefore "we know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

That infidels, glorying in skepticism, deny the divinity of Jesus Christ, denounce the miracles of the Bible as traditional poetic myths, and scoff at the doctrine of di-

vine providence, as a mere antiquated relic of fakery and superstition, need not occasion our surprise or discouragement. Such folly is nothing new. Unbelief is as old as sin and as absurd as the folly which makes men cry out: "There is no God!" To those, who wilfully close their eyes to the light, darkness prevails even at noontide. But to the enlightened Christian believer there is happy and positive truth in the saying, "That he who duly observes divine providence shall never want providences to observe."

Indeed, God's providences are so conspicuously in evidence, that few men, even among the non-religious would utterly deny the rulings of the Supreme Being in human destiny. This accounts for the fact, that almost in any company discussing divine providence, men will vie with each other in relating wonderful experiences of supernatural direction and care; and will do this sincerely on the basis of actual happenings in life.

Though the world is continually changing, yet Christ is "the same yesterday, today and forever." We have the same God, the same Savior, the same Holy Spirit, the same Gospel, and the same promises of the faith heroes of the past, and therefore, by faith, happily verified in Christian experience, we can sing praises "to Him who alone doeth great wonders and whose mercy endureth forever."

The wonderful stories of this volume, some original, others compiled, are placed in evidence of God's marvelous dealings with mankind. They are providential history at magnetic points touching upon every phase of

human experience, exemplifying the eternal vigilance and care of the triune God, who is even to day and evermore working wonders in the affairs of men.

The writer gratefully acknowledges the kindness of authors and publishers in granting the right of quotations from the numerous volumes embodying the cream of the best providential literature of the ages, and, above all, he warmly appreciates the kind and helpful cooperation of ministers, editors, and teachers, who have contributed fresh and original stories, throbbing with the red blood of very live men in the service of our coming Lord.

Great care has been exercised in the preparation of this volume to quote only truly authenticated stories, and in every instance, as far as possible, to credit them to the writers from whom they originated. To quote all the volumes and periodicals from which this compilation has been gathered would appear neither practical nor desirable. However, the following books were of special service in the preparation of this volume, and are recommended for further reading. "An Irish Saint," by Helen E. Bingham; "Arvine's Cyclopedia of Anecdotes;" "Autobiography of Peter Cartwright;" "Bertram's Cyclopedia of Illustrations;" "Denkmale Des Lebendigen Gottes," by John Huebner; "Das Gebet," by Friedrich Schwenker; "Ebenezers," by H. L. Hastings; "Foster's Cyclopaedia;" "Gems of Truth and Beauty," by Charles C. Albertson; "God's Treasure House Unlocked," by Charles G. Schuh; "The Guiding Hand," by H. L. Hastings; "Historical Lights," by Charles E. Little; "Information and Illustration," by G. S. Bowes; "Illustrative An-

swers to Prayer," by H. Clay Trumbull; "Light Among Shadows," by Almiron Smith; "Man and the Spirit World," by Arthur Chambers; "Prayer and its Remarkable Answers," by Wm. W. Patton; "Remarkable Experiences," by G. W. Hughey; "Silberblicke," by Paul Kloeppel; "Tales of Truth," by H. L. Hastings; "Touching Incidents and Remarkable Answers to Prayer," by S. B. Shaw; "The Wonders of Prayer," by D. W. Wittle.

St. Louis, Mo. J. M. R.

I. OUR RELATIONS TO PROVIDENCE.

In him we live, and move, and have our being. Acts 17:28.

Providence Defined.

By the Providence of God, generally speaking, is meant His care for every object of nature; so that His power is uninterruptedly exercised in upholding, controlling, and directing every person and every thing, rendering all subservient to His Glory, and the accomplishment of His wise, holy, gracious, merciful, and righteous purposes. As He is everywhere present in all the perfection of His nature, nothing escapes the observation of His eye, and nothing takes place but by His agency, His appointment, or His permission; for every creature is at His disposal. Inorganic matter is sustained in being by His power; the earth and the heavenly bodies perform their revolutions under His direction; in vegetable nature His hand is in constant operation; by His bounty the constant wants of the entire animal creation are daily supplied; and mankind, created in His image, endowed with understanding, and theerfore under His moral governmet, are the objects of His special regard, having the greatest share in His paternal love.—T. Jackson.

Providence in All Things.

It may be remembered that some years ago a steamer, going from New York to Liverpool, was burned on the voyage. A boat-load of passengers succeeded in leaving the ship and were saved, among whom was a reverend gentleman, an evangelical of the Low-Church school, who belonged to Dublin. He returned thither from his ill-omened voyage, and having a thrilling, interesting story to tell, was for a time the hero of all the tea-tables in Dublin, at which he used to moralize on the occurrence after the fashion of persons of his school of theology. He knew himself to be unworthy of so signal a mercy; was lost in meditations on the wonder that the Almighty should have seen good to make him the example of so special a providence; was confounded at the thought that he had been picked out to be the recipient of so signal a mercy, etc. And all this told immensely, and was eagerly swallowed by the old ladies of Dublin tea-fights. One day, on the occasion of one of the general receptions of the clergy, which often took place at the Archepiscopal residence, our hero was holding forth in his usual strain to a little knot gathered around him in Whately's drawing-room, when the Archbishop, whose wont it was on such occasions to stroll about the room from one to another, saying a few words here and there to his guests, came up to the knot of which Mr. Thomson (we will give him that name,) was the centre. Whately listened with grave attention to the telling of his story and to the usual comments on it, and then said. "Wonderful occur-

rence! A great and signal mercy indeed, Mr. Thomson. But I think I can cap it," said he, using an expression which was very common with him, tossing up his white head in the old bull-like manner. "I think I can cap it with an incident from my own experience." Everybody pricked up his ears and listened for the passage in the Archbishop's life which should show a yet more marvelously merciful escape than that of Mr. Thomson's from the burning ship. Whately continued in the expressive manner for which he was celebrated: "Not three months ago I sailed in the packed from Holyhead to Kingston (the port for Dublin,) and "—a pause while the Achbishop took a copious pinch of snuff, and his hearers were on the tenterhooks of expectation—"and by God's mercy the vessel never caught fire at all. Think of that, Mr. Thomson!"—Bertram.

Providence is Perpetual.

A man's child dies, and he says, "This is a mysterious providence." Well, was it not a mysterious providence when the child lived? It is said, "When a man was going along the street one day to his wedding, a brick fell off from a chimney and struck him on the head; and he was laid dead." And the preacher will say, "It was a strange and mysterious providence." Well, there was another young man, on the same day, going through that same street to his wedding; and a brick did not fall and hit him; was not that event just as much a providence as the other? You think that exclamation points are the whole of literature, and that only here and there an event

which startles you is providential; whereas ten thousand events, and combinations of them, are all proceeding on precisely the same plan, namely, the working together of the soul and mind of God and the soul and mind of men. According to this plan, under the Divine guidance, myriads of results are worked out which you do not notice, but now and then one steps out more clearly and dramatically, and you call that a providence. It is a providence, and there is a providence all the time. Good and bad, light and shade, joy and sorrow, prosperity and adversity, things present and things to come, all alike are God's.—Eggleston.

Why Providence is Mysterious.

Take a straight stick, and put it into water; then it will seem crooked. Why? Because we look upon it through two mediums, air and water: there lies the deceptio visus; thence it is that we cannot discern aright. Thus the proceedings of God, in His justice, which in themselves are straight, without the least obliquity, seem unto us crooked: that wicked men should prosper, and good men be afflicted; that the Israelites should make the bricks, and the Egyptians dwell in the houses; that servants should ride on horseback, and princes go on foot: these are things that make the best Christians stagger in their judgments. And why? Because they look upon God's proceedings through a double medium of flesh and spirit, so that all things seem to go cross, though indeed they go right enough. And hence it is that God's proceedings, in His justice, are not so well discerned, the

eyes of man alone being not competent judges thereof. —Fuller.

Providence and Individuals.

Men talk in a general way about the goodness of God, His benevolence, compassion, and long-suffering; but they think of it as a flood pouring itself out through all the world—as the light of the sun, not as the continually repeated action of an intelligent and living mind contemplating whom it visits and intending what it effects. Accordingly when they come into trouble, they can but say—"It is all for the best—God is good!" and the like, and it all falls as cold comfort upon them, and does not lessen their sorrow, because they have not accustomed their minds to feel that He is a merciful God, regarding them individually, and not a mere Universal Providence, working by general laws. And then, perhaps, all of a sudden the new notion breaks upon them, "Thou God seest me!" Some especial providence, amid their infliction, runs right into their hearts; brings it close home to them, in a way they never experienced before, that God sees them.—J. H. Newman.

Providence and Modern Science.

Modern science has brought the world a fifth gospel. In it we read that God commands us to give Him our whole heads as well as our whole hearts, for that we cannot know Him nor obey Him till we discern Him in every minutest fact, and every immutable law of the physical universe, as in every fact and law of the moral.

It is barely two hundred years since the great Cotton Mather preached a famous sermon called "Burnings Bewailed," wherein he attributed a terrible conflagration to the wrath of God kindled against Sabbath-breaking and the accursed fashion of monstrous periwigs! For years after his time the Puritan colonies held fasts for mildew, for small-pox, for caterpillars, for grasshoppers, for loss of cattle by cold, and visitation of God. They saw an inscrutable providence in all these hings. But when their children had learned a better husbandry and better sanitary conditions the "visitations" ceased.

In the perfect providence of God there are no surprises. If there seem to be, it is that we have suffered ourselves to be taken unawares. We must work out our own salvation. The book of natural phenomena is open wide before every man, and he is set to learn it for his own good. If he will not study it through reverence and love, he is taught it through pain. But the pain itself is the beneficence of a perfect law, and it is a constant testimony to the goodness and tenderness of God that calamity—not less than prosperity—is a scrutable providence.—Bertram.

Prayer and Providence.

As some of the most remarkable Providences appear in the history of common people, so some of the most wonderful answers to prayer appear in the life story of Ann Preston, or "Holy Ann," of Toronto, Canada. To this poor and unlearned, but saintly woman, heaven seemed always open and her prayers were a marvelous

power with God. On account of her prevailing prayers she became known to thousands, and her influence extended far beyond the limits of any common life. At her funeral, conducted in one of the large city churches, ministers of all denominations bore witness to this woman's saintly life. She had no wealth to bequeath, and not a living relative to mourn her loss. Even her coffin was a gift of love, and her dust was deposited in the lot of another. On the Sunday following the day of her funeral, the Mayor of Toronto testified in his church: "I have had two honors this week. It has been my privilege to have an interview with the President of the United States. This is a great honor. Then I have been pall-bearer to Holy Ann." And no reflection was cast upon the head of the great Republic when he added, "Of the two honors I prize the latter the most."

One of the most remarkable answers to prayer in Ann's experience was that in which she obtained water in a dry well. This incident has been told and retold scores of times, with all sorts of variations and additions. I was most careful to get the full particulars and surrounding circumstances taken down as Ann narrated it. The event occurred in the long, dry weeks of summer. During this period the well at their home was usually dry for two or three months, and the boys were compelled to haul water in barrels from the well about half a mile away. This was very hard work, and especially when they had to provide, not only for household needs, but for the stock as well. One evening at the close of the day Ann was sitting in the kitchen with the boys around

her, telling them some of the remarkable ways in which her Heavenly Father had answered her prayers. When she had just concluded one of these narratives, Henry said, "Ann, why don't you ask your Father to send water in that well, and not have us boys work so hard? I was down in the well looking at it today, and it is just as dry as the floor." This was thrown out to Ann in a half-joking, half-earnest way, as though to challenge her faith. He little dreamt of the serious way that Ann would take it. When she got up into her little room that night she knelt in prayer and said, "Now, Father, you heard what Henry said tonight. If I get up in class meeting and say, 'My God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus,' the boys won't believe I am what I profess to be if you don't send the water in the well." She then continued to plead that the water might be sent, and finally rising from her knees, she said, "Now, Father, if I am what I profess to be, there will be water in the well in the morning." When she came down the next morning, Henry was out preparing to go for the water as usual. To his surprise and great amusement, he saw Ann take up the two pails and start for the well. He watched her from the kitchen window as she hooked the pail to the windlass and began to lower it. If she had done it the night before it would have gone with a bang to the bottom, but after a while there was a splash, and still down the pail went, and Ann began with difficulty to wind up the windlass again, and at last put the pail upon the well-stand full of water. She repeated this, and with both pails full of clear,

sparkling water, she walked up to the house. And who could wonder that there was a little air of victory as she set down the pails and said to Henry, "Well, what do you say now?" "Well, why didn't you do that long ago, and have saved us all that work?" Meditation upon that question thrown out so thoughtlessly by this young boy, might yield some very profitable results. How often we go hungry and thirsty, suffering the lack of all sorts of needed things, when a full supply might be ours! "We have not, because we ask not." Years after a friend visited the well and was told that from the time referred to, the well had never been known to be dry summer or winter.—Helen E. Bingham.

II. PROVIDENCE AND THE BIBLE.

Let thy mercies come also unto me, O Lord, even thy salvation, according to thy word. Ps. 119:41.

Providence in Bible Translation.

God's wonderful care for those who labor to disseminate His Word, has often been remarked. The following are a few of many instances:

Long before establishment of Bible societies, the Rev. Peter Williams, a pious, distinguished preacher of Wales, seeing that his countrymen were almost entirely destitute of the Bible, and knowing that the work of the Lord could not prosper without it; undertook, though destitute of the means, to translate and publish a Welsh Bible for their use. Having expended all his living, and being deeply involved in debt, with the work yet unfinished, he expected every hour to be arrested and imprisoned, without the means or hope of release.

One morning he had taken an affectionate leave of his family for the purpose of pursuing his pious labors, with an expectation that he should not be permitted to return, when, just as he was mounting his horse, a stranger rode up and presented him a letter. He stopped and

opened it and found to his astonishment, that it contained information that a lady had bequeathed him a legacy of 300 pounds sterling.

"Now," said he, "my dear wife, I can finish my Bible, pay my debts, and live in peace at home."

Williams escaped imprisonment that he might translate the Word of God;—others have been kept in prison to accomplish the same design.

Luther's translation of the Bible was made while shut in by the gloomy walls of Warteburg castle. From that lonely hiding-place in the Black Forest went forth rays of light to illuminate the world through all succeeding generations.

De Sacy, a French Christian, was thrown into the Bastile in 1666, by the Jesuits, and lay there two years and a half. There he translated the Bible into French. One night he finished the book, and the very next day his prison doors were flung open, and he went forth free, bearing the word of God in the language of the common people. Thus has God guarded his living Word, notwithstanding the fury of his foes, and made the wrath and spite of men to praise His name.—H. L. Hastings.

The Bible in the Home.

A good man once entered a house in Germany, and found it very wretched—no fire, no furniture, no food. Everything bore the appearance of utter poverty. But, glancing round, he saw, in a neglected corner, a copy of the Bible, and when he went away, he said to the poor inmates,

"There is a treasure in this house that would make you all rich."

After he had gone, the people began to search the house for what they thought must be a jewel or a pot of gold, and finding nothing, they went to dig up the very floor, in hopes of discovering the hidden store of wealth. All in vain. One day after that the mother lifted up the old Bible, and found written on the fly-leaf of it, taken from its own pages, these words, "Thy testimonies are better to me than thousands of gold and silver." "Ah!" she said, "Can this be the treasure the stranger spoke of?" So she told her thought to the rest; they began to read the Bible, became changed in character, and a blessing came to stay with them. The stranger came back to find poverty gone, contentment and peace in its place, and a hearty Christian welcome, while, with grateful joy, the family told him, "We found the treasure, and it has proved all that you said to us it would."—Ibid.

Mother's Bible a Blessing to Her Boy.

Matthew Hale Smith, in his book, Marvels of Prayer, tells of a shipwreck and rescue by Captain Judkins and the crew of the Scotia. Among the rescued was a lad, about twelve years, who had lost everything. "Who are you, my boy?" said Captain Judkins. "I am a little Scotch boy; my father and mother are dead and I am going to America to find my uncle, who lives in Illinois." "What is this?" said the captain, as he took hold of a rope that was tied around the boy's breast. "It is a piece of cord, sir." "What is that tied under your arm?" "My mother's Bible; she told me never to lose it." "That's all you

saved?" "Yes, sir." "Could't you have saved something else?" "Not and save that." "Didn't you expect to be lost?" "I meant, if I went down, to take my mother's Bible down with me." "All right," said the captain, "I'll take care of you." Having reached the port of New York, Captain Judkins took the boy to a Christian merchant, to whom he told this story. "I'll take the lad," said the merchant, "I want no other recommendation; the boy that holds on to his mother's Bible in such perils will give a good account of himself."—Foster.

The Floating Testament.

One day a Japanese officer of high rank, a man of education and refinement, was taking a pleasure-walk along the sea coast of Jeddo. Shortly before, an English steamer had left the port. He saw something floating on the surface of the water and had his servant bring it to him. On examining it he found it to be a book he could not read. Through merchants from Holland he learned it to be an English Testament, and that many people believed it to contain the Word of the one true and living God. He further learned that the book had been translated into the Chinese language and could be procured at Shanghai. He at once ordered a copy of the book. Then he associated himself with five or six men at the royal palace to study the Word of Life. Gospel light dawned upon him. The words and works of Christ prompted him to say, "Never before have I seen, heard, read or dreamed of such a person; nor did I have any idea whatever of the existence of such a being in all the world." For many months he

continued his study of the Bible. Then, through an interpreter, he consulted a teacher at Nagaska. Thus he and two of his associates embraced the faith of our Christ and His gospel. Coming to the missionary, Rev. Verbeck, for baptism, they were found to be happily converted and were received into the Church. These, as far as known, were the first Japanese converts to the Christian religion; and the floating Testament at Jeddo was the providential means of accomplishing this important result. —John Huebner.

The Suicide and Her Bible.

The late Rev. T. Wills, in the curse of one of his journeys, preaching at Lady Huntington's Chapel in Bristol, from, "My grace is sufficient for thee," took occasion to relate the circumstance of a young woman who knew and loved the Lord, but was laboring under a strong temptation to put a period to her life by drowning herself. The enemy so far succeeded as to prevail on her to go to the river, in order to put the dreadful plan into execution; but as she was adjusting her clothes, to prevent her from floating, she felt something in her pocket;—it was her Bible. She thought she would look into it again for the last time. She did so; and the above-mentioned text immediately caught her eye. The Lord applied it with its own energy to her soul; the snare was instantly broken, the temptation was taken away, and she returned, blessing Him Who had given her the victory.

The relation of this circumstance was blessed to the conversion of a man and his wife then present; and to completing a similar deliverance. These persons, it ap-

peared, previous to this time had lived in an almost continual state of enmity; their habitation exhibited a scene of discord and confusion; and often their quarrels would end in total silence. Some considerable time would elapse before a single word would be exchanged by them. In one of these unhappy seasons the wife came to the dreadful determination of drowning herself. She accordingly left her house for the purpose, and came near the river; but it being too light, she feared, on that account, she should be detected. She therefore knew not where to go till it grew darker. She at length espied a place of worship open. She thought she would go in, and when it was over it would be sufficiently dark.

She went in. Mr. Wills was preaching; and, as already observed, related the before-mentioned circumstance. She heard with attention; the Lord blessed what she heard to her conversion; and the devil lost his ends. She returned another person; and when she came home, her husband looked at her with surprise. Her countenance, which before was the index of a malevolent disposition, now indicated the temper of a lamb. Struck with her appearance, her husband asked her where she had been. She told him. He immediately interrogated her, "And did you see me there?" She replied, "No." He added, "But I was; and, blessed be God, I found His grace sufficient for me also!"—H. L. Hastings.

Excellence of the Bible.

When in Paris some years ago, I received an account of a French infidel, who happened to find, in a drawer of his library, some stray leaves of an unknown volume.

Although in the constant habit of denouncing the Bible like most infidel writers, he had never read any part of it. These fugitive leaves contained the Prayer of Habakuk (Hab. 3.) Being a man of fine literary taste, he was captivated with its poetic beauty, and hastened to the club-house to announce his discovery to his associates. Of course, they were anxious to know the name of the gifted author, to which inquiries the elated infidel replied, "A writer by the name of Hab-ba-kook, of course, a Frenchman!" Judge of the infidel's surprise when informed that the passage he was so enthusiastically admiring was not produced by one of his own countrymen, nor even by one of his own class of so-called freethinkers, but was penned by one of God's ancient prophets, and was contained in that much-despised book, the Bible. This I regard as one of the sublimest passages of inspired literature; and often have I wondered that some artist, equal to the task, has not selected the prophet and his scene of desolation as the subject of a painting.—Daniel Webster.

The Bible in the Courtlife of China.

Dr. Isaac Taylor Headland, Professor in Peking University, in his estimable book, " Court Life in China," narrates this interesting story of the introduction of the Bible in the Courtlife of China: "In 1894 the Christian women of China decided to present a New Testament to the Empress Dowager on her sixtieth birthday, which occurred the following year. New type was prepared, the finest foreign paper secured, and the book was made after the best style of the printer's art, with gilt borders,

gilt edges, and bound in silver of an embossed bamboo pattern and encased in a red plush box—red being the color indicating happiness—which was in turn encased in a beautifully carved teak-wood box, and this was enclosed in an ordinary box and taken by the English and American ministers to the Foreign Office to be sent in to Her Majesty.

"The next day the Emperor sent to the American Bible Society for copies of the Old and New Testaments, such as were being sold to his people. He began studying the Gospel of Luke. This gave him a taste for foreign literature and he sent his eunuchs to the various book depositories and bought every book that had been translated from the European languages into the Chinese. To these he bent all his energies and it soon became noised abroad that the Emperor was studying foreign books and was about to embrace the Christian faith. This continued from 1894 till 1898, during which time his example was followed by tens of thousands of young Chinese scholars, throughout the empire, and Chang Chihtung wrote his epoch-making book, "China's Only Hope," which, being sent to the young Emperor, led him to enter upon a universal reform, the chief feature of which may be considered the adoption of a new educational system.

"The effect of this new departure of the government was to cause hundreds of thousands of young aspirants for office to put aside the classics and unite in establishing reform clubs in many of the provincial capitals, open ports, and prefectural cities. Book depots were opened for the sale of the same kind of literature the Emperor

had been studying, magazines and newspapers were issued and circulated in great numbers, lectures were delivered and libraries established, and students flocked to the mission schools ready to study anything the course contained, literary, scientific or religious. Christians and pastors were even invited into the palace by the eunuchs to dine with and instruct them."

Thus in the course of human events, providentially directed, the Bible gained right of way in the Court Life of China and became a marvelous revolutionary power for great and far reaching educational reforms in the Chinese Empire.—J. M. R.

III. THE FAITH OF FAMOUS AMERICANS.

Have faith in God. Mark 11:22.

Washington's Faith in a Special Providence.

When George Washington had been graciously protected admidst the terrible carnage which attended Braddock's defeat, he was not ashamed to leave on record this evidence of his faith:"—By the all-powerful dispensations of Providence, I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation; for I had four bullets shot through my coat, and two horses shot under me, yet escaped unhurt, although death was leveling my companions on every side of me." His friend, Dr. James Craik, who was with him in the battle, was afterward heard to say.—"I expected every moment to see him fall. Nothing but the superintending care of Providence could have saved him from the fate of all around him."—J. H. Horton.

Franklin's Faith in Divine Sovereignty.

Let unbelievers in the special providence of God listen to the language of the matter-of-fact Dr. Franklin, whom no one will suspect of giving the least countenance to vain theories and "old wives' fables." The Convention was in session at Philadelphia to frame our Federal Constitution. Weeks and weeks had passed, but strife and

confusion so far prevailed that no perceptible good was done. A proposition was then made for daily prayers, and Franklin rose in his place and said. "In the beginning of the contest with Britian, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the Divine protection. Our prayers were heard and graciously answered. All of us, who were engaged in the struggle, must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. To that kind Providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we forgotten this powerful Friend? or do we no longer need His assistance? I have lived a long time, and the longer I live, the more convincing proof I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of man."—J. H. Horton.

Abraham Lincoln's Reliance on God.

In his farewell address to his neighbors at Springfield, Illinois, February 11th, 1860, just as he was departing for Washington, soon to be inaugurated President over a broken Union, Abraham Lincoln said, "My friends: No one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never could have succeeded except for the aid of divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied.

I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support, and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I can not succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell." To the remark that he might remember that in all these cares, he was daily remembered by those who prayed, not to be heard of men, as no man had ever before been remembered.... he.... said..... I have been told so, and I have been a good deal helped by just that thought. Then he solemnly and slowly added, "I should be the most presumptuous blockhead upon this footstool if I for one day thought I could discharge the duties which have come upon me since I came into this place without the aid and enlightenment of One who is stronger and wiser than all others!"—Raymond.

The Secret of Stonewall Jackson's Bravery.

After the battle of Manassas, Captain Imboden called upon General Stonewall Jackson, who was severly wounded, and found him bathing his swollen hand in spring water, and bearing his pain very patiently. In the course of their conversation Imboden said: "How is it, General, you can keep so cool, and appear so utterly insensible to danger in such a storm of shell and bullets as rained about you when your hand was hit?" He instantly became grave and reverential in his manner, and answered in a low tone of great earnestness: "Captain, my religious belief teaches me to feel as safe in battle as in bed. God has fixed the time of my death. I do not

concern myself about that, but to be always ready, no matter when it may overtake me." He added after a pause: "Captain, that is the way all men should live, and then all would be equally brave."—Joseph S. Exell.

Roscoe Conkling Trusting in God.

My friend, Hon. E. A. Rollins, who was Commissioner of Internal Revenue in "Reconstruction Days," after the Civil War, told me of an incident in his experience that emphasized the truth which I now confirm by a recital of an experience of mine. It was during the bitter struggle for supremacy between Johnson and Congress, while the attempted impeachment of the former by the latter was in progress with all its excitements.

One evening Mr. Rollins and Hon. Roscoe Conkling had occasion to be in conference with a friend near the outskirts of Washington. It was after midnight when they started to return to their homes. On their way they met, unexpectedly, a man who was commonly suspected of being an agent of the more zealous and determined friends of the President in the effort to prevent his impeachment. It was even said that he was offering bribes of money, or of official favor, in order to win votes from the opposition. As the two friends, who were acquaintances of this man, met him, they said a word of ordinary salutation, and passed on. After going a few yards, Mr. Rollins said:

"Conkling, suppose we were seen as we were speaking to that man just now. If it were told in Washington tomorrow that we two were seen out here in conference

with that man after midnight, what unjust suspicion it might throw on us.

"We couldn't deny the fact we were out here speaking with him after midnight, and we shouldn't have the opportunity of explaining to all how it happened, or, if we did, we might not be believed. I tell you, Conkling, we ware always in danger of being misunderstood or misrepresented, even when we are doing the best we can."

To Mr. Rollins' surprise, Mr. Conkling responded: "Well, Rollins, we ought to believe that God will take care of our good name while we are honestly doing our duty in His service."

Mr. Rollins suggested, as he told me this incident, that this truth impressed him more as uttered by Mr. Conkling than if a clergyman had said it. If God can be trusted to guard our homes and health and life, we can surely trust Him to guard the greater treasure of our good name and reputation, where His supernatural control of the natural is even more needed here than in those other spheres. My conviction on this subject has strengthened with the passing years, and I have had added reason to be grateful that this truth is a truth.—Dr. H. Clay Trumbull.

McKinley's Christian Faith.

No safer purer man than William McKinley has ever presided over this great republic and no man was ever more admired. Adorned was he with the highest and noblest virtues, which gave dignity and force to his character and moral beauty to his life. He was a Chris-

tian man and exemplified in his daily life the sublime principles of Christianity. From early manhood he had been identified with the Christian church, with that branch we represent. It was the church of his mother, the church in which he had been trained from childhood, that he had received lessons which, added to those imparted to him by his maternal parent, laid the foundation for that solid symmetrical character which he attained and for which he was distinguished.

"Christianity nobly sustained him during his illness, enabling him to endure calmly and submissively. In his quiet moments, with eyes closed but not asleep, he said, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." To his beloved companion, who had trod with him for many years the path of life, bending over him, with tearful eyes and throbbing heart, near the parting hour, he said. "Not our will, but God's will, be done," meaning "be resigned, but trustful; leave all with the Lord and it shall be well with thee when I am gone." How peaceful and resigned he went into the valley, covered with splendid sunshine and found rest from his labors! He has left behind, to his kindred and to us, the rich legacy of a splendid character and an unsullied record. A life that says to others: "This is the way. Walk in it, the way that leads to moral wealth, far above all material wealth, and which leads at last to Heaven and to God."—Dr. Chapman.

President Taft's Estimate of Christian Missions.

I have heard missions criticised. I have heard men say that they would not contribute to foreign missions at all; that we had wicked people enough at home, and

we might just as well leave the foreign natives and savages to pursue their own happy lives in the forest, and look after our own who need a great deal of ministration. I have come to regard that as narrow minded, as a man who does not like music, who does not understand the things that God has provided for the elevation of the human race. Missionaries in China, the missionaries in Africa are the forerunners of our civilization, and without them we should have no hope of conquering the love and the admiration and the respect of the millions of people that we hope to bring under the influences of the Christan civilization.

Those who go for mercantile purposes into those distant lands, I am sorry to say, are quicker to catch the savage tendencies, than the savages are to catch from them the best of our Christian civilization; and if they depend for their relief in the good that is to come to them from embracing Christianity and accepting the civilization that we offer them, to that which they learned from the adventurers that go far into the interior to buy things from them, at a price much too low and much below what ought to be paid, we should never succeed at all.

The men whom I wish to commend are those who, in the face of all the obstacles that certainly tend to discourage the bravest, enter the Dark Continent of Africa in an attempt to win those fields to Christianity. The United States has not any territory or interest there. We did make an experiment, or encourage an experiment, some years ago, in Liberia, and we do have the

interest that we ought to have in trying to preserve the integrity of that little negro republic, but you know, and the nations of the world know, that we are not in Africa to spread our territory; we have enough; some people think we have got a great deal more than enough; and certainly there is no one so imperialistic as to desire to share a part of the Dark Continent.

It is curious to see how the Almighty works His ways. Our interest in Africa for many years was in the slave trade. We here, all of us, were responsible. New England got out of it a little earlier than the others, but we were all responsible for the encouragement of that trade, and now we have, living with us, 10,000,000 descendants of the negroes that were taken by force from that Dark Continent. And yet I think no one would say that the descendants of those people brought here are not to be congratulated on the fact that they have been able to enjoy the proximity to civilization, so that they are a hundred years in advance of their relatives in Africa. And yet they came here through greed and sin. —Selected.

IV. GOD IN HISTORY.

Blessed is the nation, whose God is the Lord. Ps. 32:12.

Calvary in History.

It is not the nations, but the Church, that God has cherished as the apple of His eye. The three great nationalities, Jewish, Greek, and Roman, that stood together over the cradle of our religion, perished not till they had ceased to be of service to Christ. Charlemagne, Charles V. Cromwell, and Napoleon were all soldiers of the Church, whether conscious of it or not, whether willingly or not. Here we find a key of the history of other ages and nations; a thread that will lead us out of every labyrinth of the present and the future. Towards Calvary, for thousands of years, all the lines of history converged. And now for other thousands of years, to the end of time, from Calvary will the lines diverge, till "the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord, and he shall reign for ever and ever." —Dr. Hitchcock.

Luther and the Reformation.

On the 5th of August, 1530, an awful crisis for the Reformation, when the firmest seemed to swerve, and the boldest to tremble, Luther thus wrote to Chancellor Bench: "I have recently witnessed two miracles. This

is the first: As I was at my window, I saw the stars and the sky, and that vast and glorious firmament in which the Lord has placed them. I could nowhere discover the columns on which the Master has supported his immense vault; and yet the heavens did not fall. And here is the second: I beheld thick clouds hanging above us like a vast sea. I could neither perceive the ground on which they reposed, nor cords by which they were suspended; and yet they did not fall upon us, but saluted us rapidly, and fled away."—Bowes.

The Invasion of England.

The task of invading England would indeed have been too ardous even for such a statesman as the Prince of Orange, had not his chief adversaries been at this time smitten with an infatuation such as by many men not prone to superstition, was ascribed to the special judgment of God. Not only was the King of England, as he had ever been, stupid and perverse, but even the counsel of the politic King of France was turned into foolishness. Whatever wisdom and energy could do, William did. Those obstacles which no wisdom or energy could have overcome, his enemies themselves studiously removed..... Louis, by two opposite errors, raised against himself at once the resentment of both the religious parties between which Western Europe was divided. Having alienated one great section of Christendom by persecuting the Huguenots, he alienated another by insulting the Holy See. These faults he committed at a conjuncture at which no fault could be committed with impunity, and under the eye of an opponent,

second in vigilance, sagacity, and energy to no statesman whose memory history has preserved. William saw with stern delight his adversaries toiling to clear away obstacles after obstacles from his path. While they raised against themselves the enmity of all sects, he labored to conciliate all. The great disigns which he meditated he with exquisite skill presented to different governments in different light; and it must be added that, though these lights were different, none of them was false.—Macaulay.

Protestantism Providentially Favored.

By solicitation of Protestants, William of Orange invaded England. The disembarkation had hardly been effected when the wind rose again, and swelled into a fierce gale from the west. The enemy under James II., coming in pursuit down the Channel, had been stopped by the same change of weather which enabled William to land. During two days the king's fleet lay on an unruffled sea in sight of Beachy Head. At length Admiral Dartmouth was able to proceed. He passed the Isle of Wight, and one of his ships came in sight of the Dutch topmasts in Torbay. Just at this moment he was encountered by the tempest, and compelled to take shelter in the harbor of Portsmouth..... The weather had indeed served the Protestant cause so well that some men of more piety than judgment fully believed the ordinary laws of nature to have been suspended for the preservation of the liberty and religion of England. Exactly a hundred years before, they said, the Armada, invincible by man, had been scattered by the wrath of God. Civil freedom and divine truth were again in

jeopardy; and again the obedient elements had fought for the good cause. The wind had blown strong from the east while the prince wished to sail down the Channel, had turned to the south when he wished to enter Torbay, had sunk to a calm during the disembarkation, and, as soon as the disembarkation was completed, had risen to a storm, and had met the pursuers in the face. —Macaulay.

Heroism of Gustavus Adolphus.

The prince, who bears the closest resemblance to Cromwell, is Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. He, too, was the lion of the Protestant cause, and his camp, like that of the great British farmer, was the scene of piety and extraordinary bravery. Like Cromwell, he was rapid and irresistable as a mountain torrent on the field. Like Cromwell, he alarmed the councils of the Roman Pontiff and struck terror into the Imperialist cabinet. Far inferior to Cromwell—for who of all generals or statesmen equalled him?—yet both regarded themselves as set apart and consecrated for the defense of Protestantism against the encroachments and cruelties of Popery. This idea largely entered into the mind of the Protector. He saw the state of Europe; he felt for its wrung and lacerated condition. In his age he was the only Protestant prince; the so-called Protestant statesmen were in league with Rome. He raised his banner against the Vatican, declared his side and his convictions, and made the tyrants and diplomatists of Europe quail and shrink before the shadow of his power and the terror of his name. In the history of Protestantism, he occupies the distingu-

ished place in the very foreground. That we are entitled to say thus much of him is proved by a reference to his own words, as well as to the better evidence of his deeds.

The Divinely Directed Voyage.

The voyage of the Pilgrims was long and perilous. For sixty-three days the ship was buffeted by storms and driven. It had been the intention of the Pilgrims to found their colony in the beautiful country of the Hudson, but the tempest carried them out of their course. and the first land seen was the desolate Cape Cod. On the 9th of November, the vessel was anchored in the bay; then a meeting was held on board, and the colony organized under a solemn compact. In the charter which was made for themselves, the emigrants declared their loyalty to the English crown, and covenanted together to live in peace and harmony, with equal rights to all, obedient to just laws made for the common good. Such was the simple but sublime constitution of the oldest New England State. A nobler document is not to be found among the records of the world. To this instrument all the heads of the families, forty-one in number, solemnly set their names. An election was held in which all had an equal voice, and John Carver was unanimously chosen governor of the colony.—Ridpath.

America's Providential Mission.

"I always," said John Adams, "consider the settlement of America with reverence and wonder, as the opening of a grand scene and design in Providence for the illumination of the ignorant and the emancipation of the slavish part of mankind all over the earth."

Success in the work of the world's conversion has, with rare exceptions, followed the lines of human growth and prospective greatness. But a single exception occurs to one's memory—that of the Hawaiian Islands. Seldom has a nation been converted to Christ, only to die. The general law has been that Christianity should seat itself in the great metropolitan centers of population and of civilized progress. It has allied itself with the most virile races. It has taken possession of the most vigorous and enterprising nations. The colonizing races and nations have been its favorites. It has abandoned the dying for the nascent languages. Its affinities have always been for the youthful, the forceful, the progressive, the aspiring in human character, and for the stock of mind from which such character springs. By natural sequence, the localities where those elements of powerful manhood are, or are to be, in most vigorous development, have been the strategic points of which our religion has taken possession as by a masterly military genius.

The principles of such a strategic wisdom should lead us to look on these United States as first and foremost the chosen seat of enterprise for the world's conversion. Forecasting the future of Christianity, as statesmen forecast the destiny of nations, we must believe that it will be what the future of this country is to be. As goes America, so goes the world, in all that is vital to its moral welfare.—Austin Phelps.

V. CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations. Matthew 28:19.

Origin of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

A boy overheard his mother say she had dedicated him to the service of God as a missionary. That boy was Samuel J. Mills. When he was converted, his mind was turned towards missions. He was wont to hold a prayer-meeting with some other students in a grove. A thunderstorm drove them to take shelter under a neighboring haystack; and there, amid storm, the question of missions was discussed. It was not a missionary age. One of the five students then present relates, that Mills proposed to send the Gospel to that dark heathen land, Asia, and said they could do it if they would. It was made a subject of prayer, while the dark clouds were passing away, and the clear sky breaking out over the storm. They prayed together earnestly; and the young men founded a society, the object of which was to effect in the person of its members a mission to the heathen. This led to the formation of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Such was its small beginning. Five only assembled at its first meeting, seven at its second.

Thousands are now assembled at its annual meetings. Its missionaries are in almost all parts of the globe; 4,725 missionaries and workers are in the field. They have

1, 581 stations and organizations; 128,820 communicants and adherents; 1,293 schools with 64, 546 scholars. Since the organization of the American Board in 1810, sixty-four other missionary societies have been organized in Europe and America, and the grand totals of all Protestant Missionary Societies of the world aggregate 19,-875 missionaries; 4,999 ordained natives; 98,955 native helpers; 41,563 stations and organizations; 2,056, 173 communicant members; 4,285,199 adherents and native Christions, 28,164 schools and 1,290,582 scholars. Verily what hath God wrought, and how prophetic these noble achievements are of greater Gospel victories yet to come. —Cornelius.

Overruling Providence in Missions.

In 1815, the Rev. Barnabas Shaw went from England as a missionary to the Africans. Arriving at Cape Town, the government prohibited his laboring there, and with his devoted wife he started for the heathen tribes in the interior. A wagon and oxen were their outfit, and not knowing whither they went they continued their weary journey, until on the evening of the twenty-seventh day they met a party of Hottentots, accompanied by a chief, who encamped near them. Shaw communicated with them, and to his surprise learned that, having heard of the "Great Word," the chief was going to Cape Town to seek a Christian missionary for his people. He had already travelled two hundred miles, and there were yet nearly three hundred before he could reach Cape Town, where it was certain he could obtain a preacher ..... Had either party started but half an hour earlier

on its journey they must have missed each other.—Dr. Stevens.

The Power of the Gospel in Heathen Lands.

In his missionary report, praising the power of the Gospel among the heathen, in the Kingdom of Hyderbad, Dr. Chamberlain says. "In a city of 18,000 inhabitants, surrounded by great walls, the people threatened to drive us out if we should dare to speak of any other God save the popular idol of the dominion. We went to the market place and sought to tell the people of our Christ and his redemption, but they would not hear us. They promptly commanded us to leave the city, but we had determined not to do this until we had, at least, delivered our Gospel message.

The streets were crowded. We were told that if we dared to say another word they would strike us dead. But for us there was no way out, the city gates were closed, so that all communication with other points was cut off. Death by violence was staring us in our faces. Men with murderous intent were standing with stones in their hands, saying to each other: "If you will throw the first stone, I will throw the next." By strategy we begged and obtained permission to tell them a story before we should be stoned to death. We were surrounded by a mob of men with stones in hand ready for murderous action on short notice. We told them of the love of our Heavenly Father, who created all nations of one blood and 'gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.' We told them the story of the birth of our

Lord, of His marvelous childhood, of His noble life, of His miracles of healing, of His loving Gospel of saving grace, of His persecution at the hands of cruel men, of His ignominious death upon the cross, and of the great work of redemption accomplished for the salvation of the world.

Then the men went away, threw down their stones, and came back to hear more of our Gospel story. The man who had cried out most lustily of all for our blood was stricken with conviction of sin and tears streamed down his cheeks. We continued our story by telling them of the glorious resurrection of our Lord, of His ascension into Heaven, and of His Gospel dispensation in which all who will may obtain forgiveness of sin, peace with God and the blessed hope of eternal life. After all we demanded that if any man still cared to throw a stone to do so then and there. But every man refused and all declared they had been ignorant of the beautiful story we had told. Then religious interest was awakened, and in order to learn more about Jesus and His Gospel, they purchased eighty copies of Holy Scripture, besides a number of tracts on themes pertaining to salvation.—John Huebner.

Providential Deliverance of a Heathen Boy.

A native missionary of the Fiji Islands relates the following story: Among the many children who came under my instruction and influence, was the son of a heathen priest bitterly opposed and threatened by his father. This boy followed me into the woods, and then he told me about his father. "My heart is drawn hither," said

he. "I love to come here to learn about Jesus, but my father is opposed; tell me what to do." I told him not to come any more then, because it is written, "Honor thy father and mother." But, said I, let us kneel and take this matter to the Lord in prayer. Then I prayed: "Lord Jesus, Thou hast said, suffer the little children to come unto me, because of Thy love for children. Thou wert once a child. Therefore, behold this child, because he is troubled and does not know what to do. Neither do I know. He desires to come unto thee, but his father is opposed. But Thou art also his Father, and didst, at one time, rebuke those who would not suffer their children to come unto Thee. We know Thou art the same today; and therefore, dear Lord, we pray Thee, to grant unto this child his right way."

Then I told the boy to go home and we should see what the Lord would do. But it was discovered that the boy had been with me, and his cruel father beat him terribly, and declared he would kill him if he went back again. This aroused my indignation and I felt determined to punish this fiendish priest and father. But before I could proceed I was reminded of Paul's saying to the Romans: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." The next day this cruel priest, in company with other men, went fishing, and while they were in the water a large hai fish caught the priest by one of his legs and drew him under in deep water. Immediately a whole gang of hai fish charged upon their victim, tearing his body in pieces, and devouring him in warm blood. —Schwenker.

How Roosevelt Helped a Mission.

God's way of weaving events into the wonderful web of his purpose was strikingly illustrated some time ago on the field of the Africa Inland Mission. A prayer of years for permission to enter the Belgian Congo territory was answered during the appearance of Ex-President Roosevelt in East Africa on his hunting trip. Inquiring if he could do the African Inland Mission a service, he was informed of the desire to plant stations in the Belgian Congo. With unhesitating zeal he at once used his influence to secure this long-coveted grant.

This called for workers and for the opening of the way. Special prayer was poured out for these two things. A letter from the United States came at this time, from a young man who had decided to go into the Congo region to labor. Strangely enough, he had even picked out the very tribe among whom he wished to labor, and this tribe was one which our missionaries were especially praying for.

About the time, Field Director Hurlburt and Mr. John W. Stauffacher were making a voyage of exploration on a Lake Victoria steamer. They were wondering how they could secure much needed information about the Congo region when the boat stopped to take on hides at Bukoba. Here a stranger came aboard. Though his beard was ragged and his appearance pointed to a long sojourn in the wild interior, something in his face indicated the scholar. He turned out to be a Russian Polander, in the employ of a Berlin anthropological society. He had been studying the people of the Nile and

Congo basins, and was returning home from the very midst of the tribes to which the Mission was anxious to carry the Gospel.

The traveler was willing to share his secrets with the missionaries, and turned over for their use a vast fund of information. The afternoon was spent in copying maps and in learning the "sign of the unblazed way."

There are twelve young volunteers for the Africa Inland Mission field. Three of these are already on the Atlantic, with their faces turned toward the Dark Continent. Nine others are still waiting for the way to open to carry the Gospel to those far interior tribes. Some reader of this incident may wish to have a part in the wonderful purpose-weaving of God by praying that these laborers may be speedily sent forth.

While on safari through parts of German East Africa recently, Mr. Hurlburt was struck with the fact that millions here were without the Gospel, a whole generation after Livingston had passed that way.—Howard A. Banks.

The Divine Providence and Missions.

Is God really at work in mission fields? In passing through India in 1907, I saw marvelous indications of God's presence and power in mass movements toward Christianity—whole villages and clans and castes were disposed to turn to the Lord. The harvests truly were ripe. In Korea recently a missionary, who is treasurer of his mission, has charge of a school, and is also pastor of a Korean church numbering six hundred or eight hundred

members. He tells me that at the close of the morning service the men organize into some sixty groups, usually with two men in a group, and go out in the afternoon and tell their own experiences, the experience of others heard in the last prayer meeting, and part of the morning sermon to sixty villages and then invite them to become Christians. At the next week-night prayer meeting, as many as possible of the sixty groups report the result of the Sunday afternoon services and fill their minds and hearts with the experiences of others for use on the coming Sunday. Do you wonder that six hundred or eight hundred of the Koreans come to these prayer meetings? Is not the Lord present in Korea?

We are fast adopting the Korean method in China; and I can report, during the last twelve months, blessed revivals in North China, Central China, Foochow, Hinghwa and West China Conferences. In Central China, Bishop Lewis and I held five services in Nanking University and saw scores of students, including six or eight Mohammedans, at the altar. A little later, on the visit of Mr. Goforth, a remarkable revival swept through our churches, schools and missions in Nanking and Chinkiang. Is not this a token of the Lord's presence in the mission field? In North China, gracious revivals have attended the work of Drs. Pyke and Hobart and our Chinese Pastors. Bible study classes have been organized at Peking University with between three hundred and four hundred young men pledging themselves to the daily study of the Bible. One hundred and fifty young men have bound themselves together to abandon money-

making and devote their lives as pastors, teachers and physicians to the evangelization of China.

Last April, I visited the Foochow and Hinghwa Conferences, and my visit was followed a little later by a visit from Bishop Lewis. Revivals had broken out before my arrival. I attended prayer meetings at 5:30 in the morning, in which the people almost filled the churches. I never before saw such contrition for sin or listened to such specific confessions as those Chinese made. It was not that the Chinese Methodists are so much more wicked than American Methodists, but rather that the Holy Spirit was bringing them face to face with the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount. Facing the spotless purity of Christ in the light of the Judgment Day, not only Chinese members, but Chinese ministers, American missionaries and the Bishops were constrained to confess their sins. At Hinghwa, later, a tent which would seat five thousand people was secured. The day-school superintendent called in eight seven-day school-teachers. The district superintendents called in one hundred and fifty pastors, local preachers and exhorters. Multitudes came; the tent was filled and over-flow meetings, numbering two thousand, were held; but the chief result of the revival was the baptism of the Spirit received by the pastors and the day-school teachers and the Christian workers. These have carried the revival to every district and every church in our Conference, and despite the summer heat, and even plague, revivals are in progress throughout the Hinghwa Conference. Surely the Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge!

But how can we man the new churches being organized, or meet the new calls for direction and over sight made imperative by these victories? Shall we allow these spiritual fires to die down or to run into wild fire and superstition for lack of missionary guidance? Such blessings reveal magnificent possibilities and bring terrible responsibilities.—Bishop J. W. Bashford, D. D., LL. D.

The Bowery Mission.

The story of the Bowery Mission in New York City represents thirty years of benevolent and soul-saving work. This noble work originated with Rev. A. Ruliffson and his wife, who, having become interested in the people of New York's East Side, felt called of God and were encouraged by Jerry McAuley, the famous Water Street missionary, to open a Gospel Mission in a small room at 36 Bowery. Though this work was blessed of God and larger quarters were eventually established, yet, as is too often the case in gospel enterprises, this good work was confronted with much discouragement. The founder of the mission died in 1894, and for a time it seemed as though this great and much needed work would come to an end. But the God who suffers his co-workers to die in order that he may translate them to their eternal reward, maintains his work and calls others into his service.

The way in which Dr. Louis Klopsch had his attention called to the Bowery Mission appears clearly providential. Returning from a tour in Palestine and stopping for a day at historic Smyrna, Dr. Klopsch attended a mission service in the evening and heard the superintendent give his testimony. He told how he had walked the Bowery of New York a drunkard for six years, until one

night he entered the Bowery Mission and found the Savior. By this incident Dr. Klopsch was deeply impressed, and after having become thoroughly informed of the blessed work and the crying need of the Mission in the district in which it was placed, declared that he would see to it that its work should go on and that this Christian light-house on the Bowery should still shine a beacon of hope to the weary and lost.

In 1895, The Christian Herald took charge, and the Mission was incorporated in 1897. Under the control of the new management the Mission entered upon a wider field of usefulness. In seeking to rescue men from lives of sin in order to win them over to a new and better life under the leadership of Christ, it aids poor people by administering supplies in their hour of need. Its bread line, some nights in winter, feeds from two thousand to twenty-five hundred homeless men. Its efficient labor bureau for the unemployed in Greater New York, not only secures employment for men in the City, but even sends them far out into the country to work on farms. Indeed its management and methods are so successful that they are studied and adopted by Christian workers and philanthropists in other cities. After several changes, and removal of the Mission to 55 Bowery, where it was located for a number of years, it has finally been established in a new and excellent location at 227 Bowery, near Rivington Street, where the magnificent new Mission Building, now occupied, is so constructed and equipped as to meet not only the needs of today, but to accommodate an even more extensive work for men in the future. God bless the Bowery Mission.—J. M. R.

VI. REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS.

Except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God. John v:3.

Bishop Mallalieu's Conversion.

My childhood home was midway between two factory villages, in one of the manufacturing towns near the heart of Massachusetts. It was set back from the highway with ample grounds all about it. It was on a slope that faced the east, and looking down into the not distant valley, it commanded a view of where in the meadows a small stream from the south entered a much larger stream that came from the northwest. It was a delightsome location for a home; and, best of it all, there were ten children, five boys and five girls, all of whom, except one, lived to grow up, and half of them still survive at an average of more than eighty years.

The family attended the Congregational church, which was the one nearest the home, and all the children, at a very early age, were in the Sunday School. The pastor of the church was a faithful and devoted Christian gentleman, and interested in all departments of ministerial work. He had a special care for children, and the children loved and respected him. It was he that preached the first sermon that ever took hold of my mind and heart.

Like many children, I was reticent and kept my thoughts. Under such influences, at a very early age, the thought was fixed in my mind that I ought to be a Christian, but, to myself, not even revealing them to my mother, who was one of the best women, and one of the best mothers that ever lived; a splendid type of her Puritan and Pilgrim ancestry.

When I was eleven years of age, a little handful of Methodist people, factory operatives, living in the nearest village, went to a neighboring town to attend a camp-meeting, and brought home with them something that unsympathetic neighbors called "Methodist fire." This name aroused my curiosity and I thought I would like to see just what this fire might be. On learning that these people were to hold a prayer-meeting in one of the factory tenements, I ventured to make my way to the house. As I approached the place, I heard the sound of singing, and was pleased with the music, and gradually drew nearer until, alone as I was, I found myself standing on the door-step, which was a hewn granite block, about four feet long and two feet wide. It was a warm pleasant evening in the last week of August, so that the windows and doors of the house were open. As I stood upon the door-step and looked into the entry, or hall, and turning my eyes towards the left, I saw through an open door that the people were assembled in the kitchen of a very poor widow woman by the name of Crandall. The people were still singing while I looked, and seeing a vacant seat at the end of a rude, rough bench, close to the door, I ventured in, and found it was the only unoccupied seat

in the room. A thousand times since then it has come to my mind, that the place had been providentially reserved for me, because, if I had not seen it, I would not have dared to enter the room.

The meeting went on after the usual manner—prayer, song, testimony; and then, near the close of the meeting, the leader asked any who were present who were not Christians and desired to become so to stand up. Then and there, without personal solicitation on the part of any who were present, I rose and asked the prayers of this little company of much ridiculed and despised Methodist people, and this when I did not have a Methodist relation in the whole wide world, at least no one that I knew, or had ever seen.

In two weeks from this eventful hour, on September the fifteenth, about ten o'clock at night, on the north side of a little sand hill, under a white birch tree, I found pardon and salvation through repentance and faith, and in due time united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which Church I am still a member, and of which I expect to remain a member till translated to the Church triumphant in heaven.

The camp-meeting "Methodist fire," the singing, the one vacant seat, the invitation to seek Christ, and the experience of salvation, mark the turning point in my life. God's hand was guiding, His spirit helping, and the human will freely deciding.—Willard Francis Mallalieu.

Cartwright's Conversion.

Conviction of sin came to me in 1801, when I was in my sixteenth year. After a prolonged season of agoniz-

ing prayer, I one day retired to the horse-lot, and was walking and wringing my hands in great anguish, trying to pray, on the borders of utter despair. It appeared to me that I heard a voice from heaven, saying, "Peter, look at me." A feeling of relief flashed over me as quick as an electric shock. It gave me hopeful feelings, and some encouragement to seek mercy, but still my load of guilt remained. I repaired to the house and told my mother what had happened to me in the horse-lot. Instantly she seemed to understand it, and told me the Lord had done this to encourage me to hope for mercy, and exhorted me to take encouragement, and seek on, and God would bless me with the pardon of my sins at another time.

Some days after this, I retired to a cave on my father's farm to pray in secret. My soul was in an agony; I wept, I prayed, and said, "Now, Lord, if there is mercy for me, let me find it." and it really seemed to me that I could almost lay hold of the Savior, and realize a reconciled God. All of a sudden, such a fear of the devil fell upon me that it really appeared to me that he was surely personally there, to seize and drag me down to hell, soul and body, and such a horror fell on me that I sprang to my feet and ran to my mother at the house. My mother told me this was a device of Satan to prevent me from finding the blessing then. Three months rolled away, and still I did not find the blessing of the pardon of my sins..... Later a sacramental meeting was held at Cane Ridge. To this meeting I repaired, a guilty, wretched sinner. On the Saturday evening of

said meeting, I went, with weeping multitudes, and bowed before the stand, and earnestly prayed for mercy. In the midst of a solemn struggle of soul, an impression was made on my mind, as though a voice said to me, "Thy sins are all forgiven thee." Divine light flashed all round me, unspeakable joy sprung up in my soul. I rose to my feet, opened my eyes, and it really seemed as if I were in heaven; the trees, the leaves on them, and everything seemed, and I really thought were, praising God. My mother raised the shout; my Christian friends crowded around me and joined me in praising God; and though I have been since then, in many instances, unfaithful, yet I have never, for one moment, doubted that the Lord did, then and there, forgive my sins and give me religion.—Peter Cartwright.

Conversation by Personal Revelation.

"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." This declaration of the blessedness of faith in the unseen Christ is the glad utterance of happy experience in Christian life. "We walk by faith and not by sight." It is well that it is so by the wisdom of philosophy in God's plan of salvation. The object of sight readily loses its charm of interest to the observer, while the object of faith in the Unseen become more and more a magnet of heavenly attraction to the Christian believer. Yet, these precious words of the arisen Christ were accompanied by a personal revelation to a doubting Thomas in order that he might believe. While faith, and not sight, is God's rule with believers, yet there have been, and there may be still, some few and rare

exceptions to the rule. Mother Essmann, of Bland, Missouri, since departed and now a saint in glory, years ago told the writer, then her pastor, her blessed experience of a personal revelation of Christ in the hour of her conversion. She had been for a long time a sincerely penitent and a seeking soul, but could not dare to believe, because she could not see Jesus. Then one night, while in her bed, wide awake and silently engaged in childlike prayer, her bed-room became gloriously illuminated and she was permitted to behold the beauties of Christ transfigured before her eyes. It was not a dream or the hallucination of an affected mind, for she was wide awake and perfectly sane. Though her husband at her side could not see what she saw, yet to her it was a plain and a positive revelation of Jesus in order that she might believe, and from that hour she never again doubted her conversion and her adoption into God's household of faith. Her husband died and she lived in widowhood for many years, bringing up her large family of children in the fear of the Lord, and awaiting, to a ripe and happy old age, the blessed home-call of the Master, whom she loved and obeyed in childlike simplicity and devotion without ever boasting of her attainments by saving grace.—J. M. R.

Two Remarkable Conversions.

"Where sin abounds, grace may much more abound." This inspired truth is wonderfully verified in the following story related to the author by a Christian lady. In Enis, near Dallas, Texas, there lived together, in a house of infamy, two fallen women, known by their first names,

Mary and Alice. Though not otherwise related, they were twin sisters in a life of sin. Mary had been well born and well raised a Catholic, but sin had led her, as well as her associate, known as "Diamond Alice," to the lowest depths of degradation. Bartering and prostituting their virtue for filthy lucre, they thrived for a time in rustling silks, fine jewels and riotous living.

But suddenly their traffic in sin was called to a halt by marvelous Providence establishing in both a radical and a permanent change of character and life. The transformation came in this way. Mary had a dream in which she heard a voice saying, "Read the sixth chapter of Paul's second letter to Timothy." Hearing these words, she saw in a vision her sainted mother and sister. She hastened to greet them. But her dear mother appeared heart-broken in countenance and turned her face from her in disgust, while her sister covered her face with both of her hands, with her tears gushing through her fingers and falling in great drops, like sprinkling rain, upon the floor. "O Mary," said her weeping sister, "what shame you have brought upon our name by your life of sin!" Then she raised her hand, pointing toward a crucifix visible under a bright light illuminating the wall on which appeared in bold letters these words. **"This is your last chance; when this light goes out your hope will be forever lost."** From this dream Mary awoke a repenting soul. From that hour she wrestled with God in prayer and earnestly enjoined Alice to do the same. Two Christian ladies came to their rescue and aided them by their counsel and their prayers, with the happy result

that both were soundly converted and became consistent and permanent followers of the Lord Jesus.—J. M. R.

A Highwayman Reclaimed.

Dr. Conder, during his residence at Cambridge, having taken a ride to Petersborough for an airing, on his return, saw a gentleman in a private lane, at some distance, standing by his horse. As he approached, the supposed gentleman mounted, and, coming up to him, demanded his money. The Doctor immediately recognized him as a former inhabitant of Cambridge, but thought it prudent to conceal his knowledge. Not satisfied with receiving all his cash, to the amount of several guineas, the highwayman asked him for his watch. This being a family piece, he pleaded hard to retain it; but the man persisted in a menacing tone in his demand; he surrendered it, though not without strong symptoms of

The Doctor was a man of tender sympathy. This amiable quality soon suppressed all concern for personal safety and the property thus wrested from him, and led him to commiserate an unhappy man, whose evil practices were leading him, in hasty strides, to the chambers of death, and to attempt to reclaim him. He immediately addressed him with great civility, inquired what way he was going, and proposed, if agreeable, to ride in company; assuring him, at the same time, that he need not entertain the least fearful apprehension upon his account. His obliging manner won upon the highwayman, and opened the way to a familiar conversation.

During the robbery itself, the man, with all his assumed courage, could not conceal the agitation of his

mind. From this circumstance the Doctor took occasion to suggest that his present mode of subsistence, separate from its moral turpitude, was both unwise and dangerous, as the small sums generally collected at one time in these adventures were inadequate to the risk, as they required the frequent exposure of his person, and must subject him to perpetual alarms. The robber urged the common plea of necessity. The Doctor represented that it was not only a trespass upon the rights of society and the authority of God, but would subject him to a dreadful penalty in the life that now is, as well as in that which is to come. Here he entreated him to desit from these pernicious habits—urged him to repentance, assuring him that there was forgiveness, through Jesus Christ, for the most atrocious offenders; and that he did not doubt, if he implored direction from above, but Providence would so direct his way as to enable him to "provide all things honest in the sight of all men."

This conversation appeared to make a deep impression; the immediate effect of which was, the robber took the watch, and returned it to him, saying, he conducted himself so much like a gentleman, that he could not think of retaining it. The Doctor replied that he greatly valued the watch, and received it with pleasure; but acknowledged that he had a higher object in view than the restoration of his property.

As they continued their discourse, he took the money out of his pocket and tendered that also to the Doctor, saying that his conscience would not permit him to keep it. But the Doctor absolutely refused receiving it, beg-

ging him not to consider it as forced from him, but as the gift of benevolence to a necessitous man. At this instance of generosity he appeared additionally affected.

Coming nearer to Cambridge, the robber told him that he was under a necessity of leaving him, and parting, wept considerably, saying he hoped he should attend to his advice. He then took a cross-road, on the skirts of the town; but, having previously committed other robberies in the neighborhood, was almost immediately identified and seized. The Doctor leisurely continued his ride, and, on his arrival at Cambridge, was greatly surprised to meet him in the street, in the custody of the persons who apprehended him. On his commitment to the castle, he sent for his spiritual monitor, who found him in very great distress. During his confinement, both before and after trial, he made him repeated visits, which were rendered eminently useful; and, at his execution, he had every reason to believe, he died a real convert.—Rev. Charles Buck.

How an Emperor was Converted.

The following facts are taken from the journal of Stephen Grellet, a member of the Society of Friends, who, with William Allen, visited Russia on a spiritual mission, and received the account from Prince Galatzin himself. When Napoleon's army entered Moscow, a panic seized St. Petersburg. But amid the universal alarm Prince Galatzin remained so calm, that the Emperor, Alexander I., inquired the reason. The Prince drew from his pocket a Bible, a book of which the Emperor was quite ignorant, and was handing it to the Emperor, when it dropped open

on the floor. Raising it, and glancing at the open page, he said, "Permit me to read this very passage, from the ninety-first Psalm: 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the of the Almighty.' Ah, that your Majesty would seek this retreat!" The Emperor stood astonished, and then went to the great church of public worship, as was customary, whenever he left the city for some time. Strange to say, the officiating priest read the same psalm. When sent for, after the service, and asked if Galatzin had told of the interview, the priest said he knew nothing of it; but that he had desired in prayer that the Lord would direct him to the particular portion of the inspired volume he should read, to encourage the Emperor; and that he judged that that psalm was the word of the Lord to him. The Emperor proceeded on his way for some distance, and late in the evening, sent for his chaplain to read the Bible to him in his tent, as he felt great seriousness of mind. The chaplain came, and began to read: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." "Hold," said the Emperor; "who told you to read that? Has Galatzin told you?" "No; but, surprised at your sending for me, I fell upon my knees before God, and besought Him to teach my weak lips what to speak. I felt that part of the holy word to be clearly pointed out to me. Why has your Majesty interrupted?" The Emperor was astonished, listened attentively, and from that time concluded to read privately a chapter in the Bible, morning and evening. He took Prince Galatzin's Bible, and to use his own

language, "I devoured it, finding in it words so suitable to and descriptive of the state of my mind. The Lord, by His divine Spirit, was also pleased to give me an understanding of what I read therein. It is to this inward teacher alone that I am indebted." Messrs. Grellet and Allen found him ready to converse on spiritual subjects, and in repeated interviews he knelt with those two simple-hearted Friends, and joined in their fervent prayers.—William W. Patton, D. D.

An Infidel's Conversion.

The following incident I had from the pastor himself, but, as he is living, names and locality are not given; but the facts are given just as they were given by the pastor in question:

Some years ago the Rev. Mr.—— was stationed in a town in a Western State, in which there lived, and had lived for years, a prominent physician, a man of culture and high character and influence in the community, but an avowed infidel. During the year the pastor held a protracted meeting, which developed into a gracious revival, and many were converted. One day during the revival this physician, a venerable man of seventy-two years, met the pastor, and said to him. "Mr. H.——, I would like to see you and have a talk with you. When can I have the opportunity?" The pastor replied, "Come to my study this afternoon at two o'clock." He replied, "I will be there."

The pastor was a comparatively young man, with only an ordinary English education, and he dreaded the interview, not *knowing* what the doctor wished to talk about

and he felt that if he wanted to discuss the question of infidelity he would be no match for him intellectually.

The doctor was there promptly on time, and opened the conversation by saying: "Mr. H——, you know that I am an infidel. I do not offensively push my views on others; but it is known that I am an infidel. But I am not happy, and I have come to you for a talk on the subject of religion." The pastor at once directed the conversation along the experimental line, and urged the doctor to test the truth of Christianity by the experimental method. The doctor replied, "I am honest in my conviction, and honestly do not believe the Bible is inspired, and I do not believe that Jesus is Divine, and what am I to do?" The pastor said to him, "When I invite penitents to the altar tonight, you come and kneel down, and ask God to give you light and show you the truth." He replied, "I can't do that, for I should be acting the hypocrite, and I am an honest man." "No," said the pastor, "You will not be acting the hypocrite. You say you are an honest man, and that you are not happy, and you honestly want to know the truth, and you can honestly go to the altar as an honest seeker after the truth."

After quite an extended conversation, the doctor agreed to go to the altar and put himself in a way to receive any light God might show him. That night, when the pastor invited penitents, to the surprise of the congregation, the doctor arose and came to the altar. The pastor had a conversation with him at the altar, and he said to him frankly, "I do not believe that Jesus is

divine, and I cannot pray in His name." He remained at the altar, but did not utter a prayer. The next night he was there again, and with the same results. The third night he was there again, and when the pastor spoke to him he broke down and said, "I do believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." "Well, then," said the pastor, "ask God in His name to forgive your sins, and He will do it." He began to pray earnestly, and in a few minutes he was blessedly saved. He arose from his knees, a joyful witness for Jesus, and went back to where his aged companion was sitting and brought her to the altar, and she was converted. Then he went for his children, and was a powerful witness of the faith that he once attempted to destroy.—G. W. Hughey, D. D.

VII. REMARKABLE REVIVAL INCIDENTS.

Thy kingdom come. Luke 11.2.

The Necessity of Revivals.

My brethren, we must have revivals! It must rain faster, or we perish with drought! There is no such thing as a growing, progressive church without them; no such thing as a prosperous country without them. God has never multiplied His people, never built up His kingdom rapidly without them, and never will. This is the thought I would impress upon those who hear me.. ..... the indispensable necessity of revivals of religion to perpetuate the church and to convert the world. Revivals are necessary as a kind of substitute for miracles. God is the author of conversion; but not in the way of miracles—not without reference to and conformity with the laws of mind. Miracles cannot convert the soul. How many of those who witnessed the miracles of Christ, do you suppose, were converted by the prodigies that astounded them? Miracles had their use, but use was not the conversion of the soul. But now their object is accomplished; the gospel is authenticated; the work is under motion. Hear the world roar as it rushes along; and see, as civilization advances, wealth accumulates, luxury abounds and society rises higher and higher, how

men dislike the humbling doctrines of the cross! Religion becomes offensive; the gospel is odious; and if they go on, they will scout it out of the world with their sneers and contempt. How are you to make head against all this accumulating hatred? By jogging along in the old orthodox way? No; men will go to hell by whole generations if something be not done. But go into a church filled with these gay, self sufficient, contemptuous schemers, when the Spirit of God is abroad, and the atmosphere of revivals envelops the mass. Then see how they stir; what an arrest is put upon the current of their worldliness! The whole town is affected. Conviction spreads from heart to heart, like a fire in a dry forest. Everybody feels, and you cannot tell why. In Litchfield, during a great revival, I would hear of conversions taking place simultaneously ten miles apart, without any contact or intercommunion. The gospel then took hold. It was invested with a kind of almightiness. It is possible for the truth to make such impression at any other time. We must have revivals, if the world is ever to be converted. To wait till the church is filled with the droppings of the sanctuary is to wait forever.—Dr. Lyman Beecher.

Power of one Woman's Prayer for Revival.

A good many years ago, in a town in Vermont, the Church became cold and backslidden, and finally closed the midweek prayer-meeting for want of attendance. The heart of an aged Christian lady was sorely grieved at the spiritual condition of the Church, and at the next regular evening for the meeting took her lantern and wended her

way to the place of meeting, and spent the hour in earnest wrestling with God for a revival. On her way home she met one of the principal members of the Church, who asked her where she had been. She told him she had been to the prayer-meeting. He asked her who was there, and she said: "God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, was there, and poor unworthy I was there, and we had a glorious meeting, and will meet again a week from tonight." The next prayer-meeting night the house was full, and a great revival followed, and many souls were saved. "The earnest, energetic prayer of the righteous hath great power."—G. W. Hughey. D. D.

A Revival Started by Saying Grace at the Table.

Dr. Payson was once going to one of the towns in Maine for the purpose of attending a ministers' meeting, accompanied by a friend, when they had occasion to call at a house on the journey, where Dr. Payson was unknown. The family had just sat down to tea, and the lady of the house, in the spirit of genuine hospitality, invited the strangers to partake of the social repast. Dr. Payson at first declined, but being strenously urged he consented. As he took his seat, he inquired if a blessing had been asked; and being answered in the negative, requested the privilege, which was readily granted, of invoking the benediction of Heaven. This was done with so much fervor, solemnity, and simplicity, that it had the happiest effect. The old lady treated the company with the utmost attention, and as Dr. Payson was about to leave, he said to her, "Madam, you have

treated me with much hospitality and kindness, for which I thank you sincerely; but allow me to ask, how do you treat my Master? That is of infinitely greater consequence than how you treat me." He continued in a strain of appropriate exhortation, and having done his duty in the circumstances, proceeded on his journey. This visit was sanctified to the conversion of the lady and her household. The revival continued in the neighborhood, and in a short time a church was built, and the regular ordinances of religion established.—Arvine.

A Revival Begun with a Dance.

On returning from a visit to friends in West Tennessee I journeyed on toward my home in Christian County, Kentucky. Saturday night came on, and found me in a strange region of country, and in the hills, knobs, and spurs of the Cumberland Mountains. I greatly desired to stop on the approaching Sabbath, and spend it with a Christian people; but I was now in a region of country where there was no Gospel minister for many miles around, and where, as I learned, many of the scattered population had never heard a Gospel sermon in all their lives, and where the inhabitants knew no Sabbath only to hunt and visit, drink and dance. Thus lonesome and pensive, late in the evening, I hailed at a tolerably decent house, and the landlord kept entertainment. I rode up and asked for quarters. The gentleman said I could stay, but he was afraid I would not enjoy myself very much as a traveler, inasmuch as they had a party meeting there that night to have a little dance. I inquired how

far it was to a decent house of entertainment on the road; he said seven miles. I told him if he would treat me civilly and feed my horse well, by his leave I would stay. He assured me I should be treated civilly. I dismounted and went in. The people collected, a large company. I saw there was not much drinking going on.

I quietly took my seat in one corner of the house, and the dance commenced. I sat quietly musing, a total stranger, and greatly desired to preach to this people. Finally, I concluded to spend the next day (Sabbath) there, and ask the privilege to preach to them. I had hardly settled this point in my mind, when a beautiful, ruddy young lady walked very gracefully up to me, dropped a handsome courtesy, and pleasantly, with winning smiles, invited me out to take a dance with her. I can hardly describe my thoughts or feelings on that occasion. However, in a moment I resolved on a desperate experiment. I rose gracefully as I could; I will not say with some emotion, but with many emotions. The young lady moved to my right side; I grasped her right hand with my right hand, while she leaned her left arm on mine. In this position we walked on the floor. The whole company seemed pleased at this act of politeness in the young lady, shown to a stranger. The colored man, who was the fiddler, began to put his fiddle in the best order. I then spoke to the fiddler to hold a moment, and added that for several years I had not undertaken any matter of importance without first asking the blessing of God upon it, and I desired now to ask the blessing of God upon this beautiful young lady and

the whole company, that had shown such an act of politeness to a total stranger.

Here I grasped the young lady's hand tightly, and said, "Let us all kneel down and pray," and then instanly dropped on my knees, and commenced praying with all the power of soul and body that I could command. The young lady tried to get loose from me, but I held her tight. Presently she fell on her knees. Some of the company kneeled, some stood, some fled, some sat still, all looked curious. The fiddler ran off into the kitchen, saying, "Lord a mercy, what de matter? What is dat mean?"

While I prayed some wept, and wept out aloud, and some cried for mercy. I exhorted again, I sang and prayed nearly all night. About fifteen of that company professed religion, and our meeting lasted next day and the next night, and as many more were powerfully converted, I organized a society, took thirty-two into the Church, and sent them a preacher. My landlord was appointed leader, which post he held for many years. This was the commencement of a great and glorious revival of religion in that region of country, and several of the young men converted at this Methodist preacher dance became useful ministers of Jesus Christ.—Peter Cartwright.

A Child as a Revivalist.

There is a story of a little New England girl, ten years of age, whose mother had been converted under the preaching of Whitefield, and who received such a revelation of Divine love to herself that she could not

help telling of it to all she met. She begged her mother to let her go to the neighbors and talk about the Savior.

"Ah, my child," said the mother, "that would be useless, for I suppose that were you to tell your experience, there is not one within many miles who would not laugh at you, and say it was all a delusion."

"Oh, mother," replied the little girl, "I think they would believe me. I must go over to the shoemaker, and tell him; he will believe me."

She ran over, and found him at work in his shop. She began by telling him that he must die, and that he was a sinner, but that her blessed Savior had heard her mother's prayers, and had forgiven all her sins, and now she was happy she did not know how to tell it.

The shoemaker was struck with surprise, and his tears flowed down like rain; he threw aside his work, and by prayer and supplication sought mercy. The neighborhood was awakened, and within a few months more than fifty persons found Jesus and rejoiced in His love.—Rev. E. S. Lorenz.

Earth and Heaven Moved in Revival.

Bishop Seybert's Diary reports a remarkable camp-meeting held in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, during the summer of 1834. He says. "At this meeting, one afternoon, while Rev. Henry Fisher was preaching, the powers of repentance coming down from heaven, moved the camp—especially when the invitation to the altar of prayer was given. Penitents in great numbers cried aloud in distress of soul and came forward to the altar. Many of them were wonderfully blessed. Outside of the

altar, in the congregation, penitents were deeply moved, crying aloud: "God be merciful to me a sinner." One woman with a baby in her arms suddenly began to tremble and cry and was so overcome with violent emotion that she could no longer hold her baby. In great agony she came forward and threw herself upon the altar mightily wrestling with God in penitential prayer. Aided by the council and prayers of friends, she found peace of soul in Christ Jesus. Then, relieved of her burden of sin and her face radiant with heavenly joy, she arose from the altar praising the name of the Lord. The whole camp was moved to such an extent that candid observers declared the very earth trembled under their feet—especially on Friday evening.—Rev. S. Neitz.

Is Revivalism Waning?

It has become the fashion in certain quarters lately to declare that the typical religious revival has had its day, and that those gatherings at which the "old-time religion" proved its power in drawing multitudes to Christ are rapidly becoming things of the past. In view of the notable revivals now progressing in many parts of the world, heathen as well as civilized, it is not easy to perceive the force of such a criticism. At the present time great revivals in Boston, Pittsburg, St. Louis, Montgomery, Alabama; California, Kansas, and New Jersey, with thousands of conversions, attest the continuing power of the consecrated evangelist to win souls through the simple, yet dramatic presentation of the old Gospel.

Some of the sharpest adverse criticism on revival methods *has come* from within the Church itself, and

this is surely to be regretted. There are, of course, some men who would not hesitate to criticise even the day of Pentecost, because it did not conform to their personal idea of conservative religious procedure. They speak and write learnedly of the "Pathology of revivals," the hypnotism of the revivalist, and the power of suggestion over a susceptible audience. They do not believe, as Paul did, in becoming all things to all men, if by any means some might be convicted of sin and brought to repentance. They have a morbid fear of publicity, and of "baring the heart" to the public gaze. This, they urge, is what the man or woman "of fine grain" especially dreads. All of which means that people of this class are intellectually vain and either hyper-sensitive or secretly ashamed of religion. They can never know the pure joy that comes to the heart which confesses Christ before men.

There is nothing in the whole world so sacred as the religion of Jesus Christ. But to set it away on a shelf, out of reach, as too delicate for the touch of unconsecrated hands, is wholly to misapprehend it. It is not a cult too precious for common mortals, but is for daily use, for the saving of souls from sin and helping them to live right. This is the special message which the revivalist carries to the non-churchgoers, and to those in the social depths who are not reached by other means. And if God crowns the revivalist's work with approval and blessing, who shall question the authority of his message or the manner of its delivery?—Dr. Louis Klopsch.

VIII. FAITH AND INFIDELITY.

The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God. Ps. 14:1.

The Verdict of Providence.

In no great society is the wonderful Providence of God more remarkably discernible than in the history of the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society, as e. g., in the time of its formation. As the invention of printing just preceded the great Reformation, so just before the Bible Society was set on foot, the art of stereotype printing was commenced, which so wonderfully helped to promote the rapidity of increasing copies. It was the time, too, when all our great Missionary Societies were commencing their glorious work, and needed its help to supply them with the Word of Life

Even the materials for printing and the place of printing have a strange "romance of history." There need be no better answer to the taunts of infidelity than the history of Bible printing. Take the example of Voltaire, who died A. D. 1778. Among the last words he spoke were words of horrible mockery against the blessed Book. "In a hundred years," he said, "the Bible will be a book only to be known to be derided as an imposture!" What has been the fact? After Voltaire's death the printing press which he used for printing his infidel books was bought and used to print the very

Bible he had abused! Whilst in 1878, the year of the Paris Exhibition, the number of Bibles circulated was the largest ever known in France.

The estate which Gibbon, the sceptical historian, possessed in Switzerland is now held by one of his descendants, who spends most of his income in propagating the Gospel which Gibbon sought to undermine. The room in which Hume lived in Edinburgh was used to hold the first Bible Society meeting that met in that city. So, too, how remarkable is the fact that the place where the Society's great depot stands, Blackfriars in London, as the name imparts, is the place where the monks and friars were wont in ancient days to preach against the general reading of the Scriptures; just as the Religious Tract Society's depot in Paternoster Row stands upon the spot where Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, preached publicly against an open Bible, and a number of New Testaments were publicly burned. Or, to take particular places, the principality of Wales is most full of the romance of incidents in connection with Bible Society work. It was here, as is wellknown, that the Society had its cradle. Here the first great craving for a supply was felt, and here the demand was first partially supplied. It was a time of long and anxious waiting. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge had up to that time published the only Welsh version in use; but on the application to print a new edition, it declined, having no funds available for the purpose. The first supply was obtained from the Bible Society, and never was any supply of Bibles received with greater enthusiasm. Mr.

Charles records, that when the vehicle laden with Bibles was drawing near, the people went out in a body, took out the horses, and drew it themselves to the market-place, where the contents were distributed with wild enthusiasm.—Rev. G. S. Bowes.

The Confessions of Infidelity and Faith Compared.

"I seem," says Hunne, "affrighted and confounded with the solitute in which I am placed by my philosophy. When I look abroad, on every side I see dispute, contradiction, distraction. When I turn my eye inward, I find nothing but doubt and ignorance. Where am I? Or what am I? From what cause do I derive my existence? To what condition shall I return? I am confounded with questions. I begin to fancy myself in a most deplorable condition, environed with darkness on every side." Voltaire says, "The world abounds with wonders, and also with victims. In man is more wretchedness than in all other animals put together." How did he judge of it? By his own heart. He adds, "Man loves life, yet he knows he must die; spends his existence in diffusing the miseries he has suffered—cutting the throats of his fellow-creatures for pay—cheating and being cheated. The bulk of mankind," he continues, "are nothing more than a crowd of wretches, equally criminal, equally unfortunate. I wish I had never been born." Hear what St. Paul says:—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day"—Anon.

Christianity Triumphant.

"The effects of the work of Christ were even to the unbeliever indisputable and historical. It expelled cruelty; it curbed passion; it branded suicide; it punished and repressed an execrable infanticide; it drove the shameless impurities of heathendom into a congenial darkness. There was hardly a class whose wrongs it did not remedy. It rescued the gladiator; it freed the slave; it protected the captive; it nursed the sick; it sheltered the orphan; it elevated the woman; it shrouded with a halo of sacred purity the tender years of the child. In every region of life its ameliorating influence was felt. It changed pity from a vice into a virtue; it elevated poverty from a curse into a beatitude; it ennobled labor from a vulgarity into a dignity and a duty; it sanctified marriage from little more than a burdensome convention into little less than a blessed sacrament; it revealed for the first time the angelic beauty of a purity of which men had despaired, and of a meekness at which they utterly scoffed; it created the very conception of charity, and broadened the limits of the obligations from the narrow circle of a neighborhood, to the widest horizon of the race. And while it thus evolved the idea of humanity on a common brotherhood, even when its tidings were not believed, all over the world, wherever its tidings were believed, it cleansed the life and elevated the soul of each individual man. And in all lands, where it has moulded the character of the true believer, it has created hearts so pure, and lives so peaceful, and homes so sweet, that it might seem as though those angels who had

heralded its advent, had also whispered to every depressed and despairing sufferer among the sons of men, "Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, that is covered with silver wings, and her feathers like gold."—Canon Farrar.

The power of Christian Evidence.

It is said of West, an eminent man, that he was going to take up the doctrine of the resurrection, and just show the world what a fraud it was, while the Lord Lyttleton was going to take up the conversion of Saul, and just show the folly of it. These men were going to annihilate that doctrine and that incident of the gospel. A Frenchman said it took twelve fishermen to build up Christ's religion, but one Frenchman pulled it down. From Calvary this doctrine rolled along the stream of time, through the eighteen hundred years, down to us, and West got at it and began to look at the evidence; but instead of his being able to cope with it he found it perfectly overwhelming— the proof that Christ had risen, that He had come out of the sepulcher and ascended to heaven and led captivity captive. The light dawned upon him, and he became an expounder of the word of God and a champion of Christianity. And Lord Lyttleton, that infidel and skeptic, hadn't been long at the conversion of Saul before the God of Saul broke upon his sight, and he too began to preach.—D. L. Moody.

Infidelity Defeated.

The history of infidelity, were it written, would present a succession of ignominious defeats; defeats due not to any want of ability in those who have assailed the

truth, but to this, that its defenders have driven them out of all their positions. The history, the morality, the theology, the consistency, the authenticity, the genuineness of the Bible have been all attacked, each in its turn, and with the same result. We have seen the soldier return from the fields of war with scars as well as medals on his breast, but our religion has come out of a thousand fights unscarred, from a thousand fires unscathed. She bears no more evidence of the assaults she has sustained than the air of the swords that have cloven it, or the sea of the keels which have plaughed its foaming waves; than some bold rocky headland of the billows that, dashing against it in proud but impotent fury, have shivered themselves on its sides.—Guthrie.

Christian Faith Corroborated by Science.

With my class in Astronomy a few evenings ago, we were tracing out the constellations, Orion, Taurus, Cassiopeia, Perseus, Ursa Major, Leo, and others. With a telescope we saw the satellites of Jupiter, several star clusters, and the Great Nebula or Orion. All these moving on, in their swift, silent course, as they did ages ago, and will ages hence, exhibit order, beauty, harmony, immensity! Whence came all these and whither bound? To say they came by chance does not satisfy our eager searching minds. Astronomy makes no skeptics.

Delving into the laws of electrical phenomena has not led Edison into atheism, nor did the most profound study of the physical world lessen the belief of Lord Kelvin in an All-Wise Providence.

Heat expands and cold contracts, is a general law of

nature. But water reaches its greatest density above the freezing point, and begins to expand as the temperature continues to fall. If it were not so our rivers would freeze to the bottom in winter, and when the snows melt and rains come, devastating floods would fill the valleys and bring death and destruction. Iron expands when it solidifies, and this fits it for casting. These two modifications of the general law are convincing proofs of an All-Wise Providence. What explanation can be given if they are not intended for our good?

Matter is indestructible. Water never wears out. It comes down from the clouds in rain drops, or snowflakes, or gathers in dewdrops. It serves us in a multiplicity of ways, sustains life, in boiler and turbine gives us power, bears on its bosom the world's commerce, evaporates, and returns to the clouds to begin its beneficent work over again. Providence arranged its schedule.

A profound study of geology leads to the conclusion that the earth, through all the aeons of its growth, was being formed and fashioned for the abode of man. The force of the sunbeams was locked up in beds of coal; oil and gas, rock, clay and sand, were all placed ready to his hand. Yea, verily: "The earth is full of Thy riches." The student of nature finds "Tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stone, and good in everything."

The deeper we go, the stronger the evidence of a beneficent Creator. The origin of the laws which hold worlds in their orbits; the laws of molecular attraction which form the sparkling crystals; the laws of chemical

combination which cause each atom to take its unerring place; the laws of physiological action which paint the cheek of youth, color the rose, tint the glorious autumn foliage; the laws which govern the determination of sex and the secrets of life itself; all are accounted for, in a way which satisfies the human soul, by the admission of an "All-Wise Providence" who ordained them. May we all find, love, serve, and adore Him.—Professor John H. Frick, A. M., Central Wesleyan College.

Paine Forewarned by Franklin.

When Paine was writing his infamous attack on the Christian religion, he submitted a part of his manuscript to Dr. Franklin, for his inspection and opinion. The following is the answer of that great philosopher and patriot:

Dear Sir:—I have read your manuscript with some attention. By the argument it contains against a particular Providence, though you allow a general Providence, you strike at the foundation of all religion. For without the belief of a Providence that takes cognizance of, guards, and guides, and favors particular persons, there is no motive to worship a Deity, to fear its displeasure, or to pray for its protection. I will not enter into any discussion of your principles, though you seem to desire it. At present I shall only give you my opinion, that, though your reasonings are subtle and may prevail with some readers, you will not succeed so as to change the general sentiments of mankind on that subject, and the consequence of printing this piece will be, a great *deal of odium drawn* upon yourself, mischief to you, and

no benefit to others. He that spits against the wind spits in his own face. But were you to succeed, do you imagine any good would be done by it? You, yourself, may find it easy to live a virtuous life without the assistance afforded by religion; you have a clear perception of the advantages of virtue, and the disadvantages of vice, and possess a strength of resolution sufficient to enable you to resist common temptations. But think how great a portion of mankind consists of weak and ignorant men and women, and inexperienced, inconsiderate youths, of both sexes, who have need of the motives of religion to restrain them from vice, to support their virtue, and to retain them in the practice till it becomes habitual, which is the great point for its security. And perhaps you are indebted to her originality, that is, to your religious education, for the habits of virtue upon which you justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank with our most distinguished authors. For among us it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother. I would advise you, therefore, not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person, whereby you will save yourself a great deal of mortification from the enemies that may arise against you, and perhaps a good deal of regret and repentance. If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it? I intend this letter chiefly as a proof of my friendship, and therefore add no profession to it, but simply *subscribe*, Yours, B. Franklin.

IX. HIDDEN SINS REVEALED.

Be sure your sin will find you out. Numbers 32:23.

Sin Will Out.

As where punishment is there was sin, so where sin is there will be, there must be punishment. "If thou doest ill," saith God to Cain, "sin lies at thy door." (Gen. 4:7). Sin, that is, punishment for sin, they are so inseparable that the one word implics both; for the doing ill is the sin that is within doors; but the suffering ill is the punishment and that lies like a fierce mastiff at the door, and is ready to fly at our throat when we look forth, and if it does not then seize upon us, yet it dogs us at the heels, and will be sure to fasten upon us at our greatest disadvantages: "Tum gavior cum tarda venit," &c. Joseph's brethren had done heinously ill. What becomes of their sin? It makes no noise, but follows them slily and silently in the wilderness: it follows them home to their father's house; it follows them into Egypt. All this while there is no news of it, but when it found them cooped up three days in Pharaoh's ward, now it bays at them, and flies in their faces. "We are verily guilty concerning our brother in that we saw the anguish of his soul," &c. (Gen. 13:21.)

What should I instance in that whereof not scrip-

ture, not books, but the whole world is full—the inevitable sequences of sin and punishment? Neither can it be otherwise. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" saith Abramham. Right is to give every one his due: wages is due to work; now, "the wages of sin is death." So, then, it stands upon no less ground than very necessary and essential justice to God, that where wickedness hath led the way, there punishment must follow. —Hall.

God's Eye Never Sleeps.

A child was in the habit of going to an upper room or loft where there was a store of apples; but as she went from time to time to steal these apples, she met with something that greatly troubled her, for there happened to have been placed in that store-room an old oil painting. It was a large face, the eyes of which, go to what part of the room the little girl might, seemed to follow her; and they appeared to be saying to her, as she stooped down to take up the apples: "Ah! I see you. It is very naughty. I'll tell upon you. You are sure to be found out." Well, this so annoyed the little girl, from time to time, that she was determined to put a stop to this speechifying of these two great staring eyes. so she got a small knife, or a pair of scissors, and struck them out. Ah, but there were still the two large holes in place of the eyes, and she never could look at them without thinking of the eyes and what they used to say to her. She had put out the eyes, but she had not, or could she, get rid of her conscience. Moreover, the very means she had adopted for sinning without rebuke only served to discover her guilt:

for when what had befallen the painting came to be found out, it led to such inquiries as at last to reveal the whole facts.—Bertram.

No Escape from the Scorpion Sting of Guilt.

Richard Crowninshield was a murderer. As long as he thought the evidence of his crime was concealed, he was cheerful and confident, even in prison. He was a very desperate, hardened, strong-minded, remorseless villain. He was the leader of a knot of infidels, who jeered at all sacred things, and taught young men in habits of abandoned wickedness. There were accessories to his crime; not one of whom, as he thought, was suspected. and he knew that, so long as that was the case, not a link of condemning evidence could be obtained against him. At length a letter, intercepted in the post-office, led to the arrest of one of his accomplices. That arrested man was carried into the jail at midnight; but so profound was the sleep of that hardened murderer, that all the clanging of the bolts and bars of the prison, at that unusual hour, did not wake him. The next morning, the sheriff came into his cell, and entered into familiar conversation with him. He was standing calmly at the foot of his trucklebed. "Well," said the sheriff, "did you hear the noise last night?"—"Noise? No. What noise? I slept well."—"Why, did you not know that they had arrested Frank Knapp, and brought him here last night at midnight?" The strong, guilty, man put his head to the wall to steady himself, but unable to conceal his feelings, or to recover from the shock, fell back senseless on the bed. *The recoil, the* scorpion sting, had reached him at

last; his sin had found him out; the sword had pierced through the rocky casement around the conscience of the desperate criminal, and was grinding in his soul. What passed that night none can tell, nor how long the man endured the terrible conflict with conscience and despair; but, when the sheriff entered his cell next morning, he was hanging dead, self-murdered. Such is the power of sudden overwhelming evidence, bringing the sense as well as the proof of guilt into the soul. Men would flee from it, if they could, at the last day. If there were still a third world into which souls could plunge out of the eternal world by a second self-murder, they would do it.—Dr. Cheever.

Only a Nail Leads to Conviction of Murder.

When Dr. Donne took possession of his first parish, he took a walk in the churchyard, where the sexton was digging a grave. Seeing a skull thrown up, the doctor took it up to contemplate thereon, when he found a small sprig of a headless nail sticking in the temple. This he drew out secretly and wrapped it up in the corner of his handkerchief. He then demanded of the gravedigger whether he knew whose skull that was. He said he did, declaring it was a man's who kept a brandy shop; "an honest, drunken fellow, who one night, having taken two quarts of that comfortable creature, was found dead in his bed the next morning." "Had he a wife?" "Yes." "What character does she bear," "A very good one; only the neighbors reflect on her because she married the day after her husband was buried." This was enough for *the doctor,* who, under the pretense of visiting his

parishioners, called on her; he asked her several questions, and among others what sickness her husband died of. She giving him the account he had already received, he suddenly opened the handkerchief, and cried in an authoritative voice, "Woman, do you know this nail?" She, struck with horror at the unexpected demand, instantly owned to the murder.—Rev A. G. Jackson.

How a Hidden Crime Became Unconcealable.

A man and his wife were executed at Augsburg for a murder, the discovery of which, after a long lapse of time, strongly manifests the impossibility of eluding the all-seeing eye of Providence. The criminal, whose name was Wincze, was originally of Nuremberg, but removed to Augsburg in 1788, where he became a lawyer. In this city he became intimate in the family of M. Glegg, to whose daughter he paid his addresses; but the old gentleman not sanctioning his visits, he met the daughter privately, seduced her, and persuaded her, in order to remove the only obstacle to their union, to administer poison to her father. The horrid plan succeeded; no suspicions were entertained, and their union put him in possession of the old man's wealth. During a period of twenty-one years they lived externally happy, but, in secret, a prey to the greatest remorse. At length, unable to endure any longer the weight of guilt, the wife made confession of the particulars of the atrocious crime which she had been prevailed upon to commit. The husband was apprehended, and both of them received their desert in an *ignominious death*.—Arvine.

A Remarkable Decision by a Jury.

"In one of our northern cities, a trial at law took place between a Christian and an infidel. The latter had sued the former for a heavy sum, falsely alleging his promise to pay it for some stocks which he claimed to have sold him. The Christian admitted an offer of the stock, but protested that so far from promising the sum demanded, he had steadily refused to make any trade whatever with the plaintiff. Each of the parties to the suit had a friend who fully corroborated their assertions. Thus the case went before the jury for decision..

"The charge of the judge was stern and significant. It was a grave and most painful task which devolved upon him to instruct the jurors that one of the parties before them must be guilty of deliberate and willful perjury. Their statements were wholly irreconcilable with each other; nay more, were diametrically opposite; and that either was innocently mistaken in his assertions was impossible.

" 'Your verdict, gentlemen,' he said in conclusion, 'must decide upon which side this awful and heaven-daring iniquity belongs. The God of truth help you to find the truth, that the innocent suffer not.'

It was late in the day when the judge's charge was given, and the finding of the jury was to be rendered in the morning. The plaintiff went carelessly from the court arm in arm with the wicked associate whom he had bribed to swear falsely on his behalf. The defendant and his friend walked away together in painful silence. When the Christian reached his home, he told his family of the

judge's solemn charge and of the grave responsibility which rested upon the jurors. 'They are to decide which of us has perjured ourselves on this trial,' he said; 'and how terrible a thing for me if they should be mistaken in their judgment. There is so little of anything tangible for their decision to rest upon, that it seems to me as if a breath might blow it either way. They cannot see our hearts, and I feel as if only God could enable them to discern the truth. Let us spend the evening in prayer that He may give them a clear vision.

The twelve jurymen ate their supper in perplexed silence, and were shut in their room for deliberation and consultation. "I never sat in such a case before," said the foreman. "The plaintiff and defendant have sworn point-blank against each other; and how we are to tell which speaks the truth, I cannot see. I should not like to make a mistake in the matter; it would be a sad affair to convict an innocent man of perjury." Again there was silence among them, as if each were weighing the case in his own mind. "For myself, I feel as if the truth must be with the defendant; I am constrained to think that he is an honest man. "What say you, gentlemen?" Every hand was raised in affirmation of this opinion. They were fully persuaded of its truth, and gave a unanimous verdict accordingly.

Thus the Christian man was rightfully acquitted, and gave thanks to God, with a new and stronger confidence in the power of prayer. "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me," saith the Lord.—Rev. D. W. Whittle.

The Proper Attitude Toward Sin.

I once walked into a garden with a lady to gather some flowers. There was one large bush whose branches were bending under the weight of the most beautiful roses. We both gazed upon it with admiration. There was one flower on it which seemed to shine above all the rest in beauty. This lady pressed forward into the thick bush, and reached far over to pluck it. As she did this, a black snake, which was hid in the bush, wrapped itself round her arm. She was alarmed beyond all description, and ran from the garden, screaming and almost in convulsions. During all that day she suffered very much with fear; her whole body trembled and it was a long time before she could be quieted. That lady is still alive. Such is her hatred now of the whole serpent race, that she has never since been able to look at a snake, even though it were dead. No one could ever persuade her to venture again into a cluster of bushes, even to pluck a beautiful rose. Now this is the way the sinner acts who truly repents of his sins. He thinks of sin as the serpent that once coiled itself round him. He hates it. He dreads it. He flies from it. He fears the places where it inhabits. He does not willingly go into the haunts. He will no more play with sin than this lady would afterwards have fondled snakes.—Meade.

X. AWFUL PROVIDENCES.

It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. Heb. 10:31.

God Not to Blame for All that Happens.

"I can not blame God for everything," said one of the orators at a great mass meeting on the day of Garfield's funeral. Well said! One might as soon believe that God would move Satanic Majesty himself as to believe He would incite murder. The vile assassin, in his claim to divine direction, was a liar as well as a murderer, and his crime was not Providential, but devilish. God's will is not reflected in sin and Satan, and it is indeed a foolish as well as a wicked theology that would affiliate God with evil simply because He suffers evil to be done. Sin is always at variance and never in harmony with the will of God, and freewill agency relegates all responsibility of wrong to the evil-doer. True it is, that God can and does bring good out of evil to those that love and serve Him, and this is the Christian's source of consolation, even when he is the victim of diabolic assault.

Nor must we blame God for the fallacies of human agencies generating failure and disaster in human destiny. Many of the great calamities and catastrophies of history are explainable on the basis of self-imposed penalties of wrong-doing on the part of man. Great conflagra-

tions and inundations of flourishing cities, terrible steamship and railroad disasters, even the awful havoc of famine and pestilence, are, as a rule, attributable to the violations of the laws of nature and reasonable propriety.

Was not the burning of Chicago, in a great measure, solicited by building a great city of wooden houses on lake shores whose familiar breezes were gales and whose gales were hurricanes to spread the rain of fire? Was not Johnstown's catastrophe self-imposed by the bursting of a man-made reservoir which inundated the town? Was not Galveston built on too low a plane and too near dangerous sea-shores, just as Herculaneum and Pompeii were built too near the crater of a great volcano? Yes, and yet there seems to be a peculiar fascination within close proximity to danger. Out of the ruins of Galveston, San Francisco, Valparaiso, and the recently destroyed cities of southern Italy and Sardinia, new and greater cities will loom up like mushrooms in the placid sunshine of a May morning, and, doubtless, in the future, as in the past, the record of disasters will be repeated, and self-imposed mortals, ocurting danger, will continue to marvel at the awful and inscrutable Providence befalling the human race.

But, while unto the wicked it must be an awful thing to fall into the hands of the living God, wiser and more grateful hearts will recognize both wisdom and mercy, as well as righteousness, in the judgments of the Almighty, just as the sounding bells and lighthouses, on the rocky shoals at sea, are welcome signals of warning against threatening danger.—J. M. R.

God's Warning Against Sabbath Desecration.

On the banks of a beautiful lake lived a wealthy ungodly man, who was having a handsome yacht built for Sunday pleasure trips. A neighboring minister, knowing the motive, said to him: "I fear your yacht will become a great Sabbath desecrator." The man, ungratefully resenting this well-meant remark, promptly and indignantly said: "Indeed it will. I had not yet named it, but you have suggested the name; we will call it " 'Sabbath-desecrator.' "

When the yacht was finished and launched on a Sunday morning, some thirty or forty drunken men hailed with demonstrations of wicked joy this new "Sabbath-desecrator," while a few older and more sober-minded people shook their heads at the proceedings. Quite a number of ungodly pleasureseekers went aboard to enjoy the first ride in the new yacht, bearing on its hoisted flag the name "Sabbath-desecrator." Music, drunken revelry, and song were the past-time of the hour in which all proposed to have a good time in their own way. But their feast and frolic was only of about four hours duration, when suddenly a mighty storm capsized the yacht, drowning forty persons almost instantly. The yacht went down, while in its flag, floating on the surface of the water, stood written in bold letters the name "Sabbath-desecrator."—H. Liebhart, D. D.

Profanity—Don't Swear.

Profanity is worse than theft or arson or murder, for these crimes are attacks on humanity—that is an attack on God.

This country is preeminent for blasphemy. A man traveling in Russia was supposed to be a clergyman. "Why do you take me to be a clergyman?" said the man. "Oh," said the Russian, "all Americans swear." The crime is multiplying in intensity. God very often shows what he thinks of it, but for the most part the fatality is hushed up. A few summers ago, among the Adirondacks, I met the funeral procession of a man who, two days before, had fallen under a flash of lightning, while boasting, after a Sunday of work in the fields, that he had cheated God out of one day anyhow, and the man who worked with him on the same Sabbath is still living, but a helpless invalid, under the same flash.

On the road from Margate to Ramsgate, England, you may find a rough monument with the inscription: "A boy was struck dead here while in the act of swearing." Years ago, in a Pittsburg prison, two men were talking about the Bible and Christianity, and one of them, Thompson by name, applied to Jesus Christ a very low villainous epithet, and as he was uttering it, he fell. A physician was called, but no help could be given. After a day lying with distended pupils and palsied tongue, he passed out of this world. In a cemetery in Sullivan County, in this State, are **eight headstones** in a line and all alike, and these are the facts: In 1861 diphtheria raged in the village, and a physician was remarkably successful in curing his patients. So confident did he become that he boasted that no case of diphtheria could stand before him, and finally defied Almighty God to produce a case of diphtheria that he could not cure. His youngest child

soon after took the disease and died, and one child after another, until all the eight had died of diphtheria. The blasphemer challenged God, and God accepted the challenge.

But I come later down and give you a fact that is proved by scores of witnesses. This last August (1886) a man got provoked at the continued drought and the ruin of his crops, and in the presence of his neighbors he cursed God, saying that he would cut His heart out if He would come, calling Him a liar and a coward, and flashing a knife. And while he was speaking his lower jaw dropped, smoke issued from mouth and nostrils, and the heat of his body was so intense it drove back those who would come near. Scores of people visited the scene and saw the blasphemer in the awful process of expiring.

But these cases I have noticed, I believe, are only a few cases where there are hundreds.

It is a very, very, very long roll that contains the names of those who died with blasphemies on their lips.

Still the crime rolls on.—Rev. Dr. Talmage.

Presumption Punished.

A lady who had given herself up to the vanities of the world, had been very much affected by an attendance at a mission. Going home, she had apparently written out at night a solemn promise to give herself to God that day six months. The word six had been run through with a pencil, and three substituted. This again had been cancelled, and the word one written above. Awful sin of presumption, which was, to all appearance, awfully judged! The next morning the lady was found dead in

her bed, that fearful witness against her being upon her toilet-table. This story was told during the London Mission of 1874, by a preacher who vouched for its truth. —Anon.

The Fatal Ball.

The subject of the following narrative was the idolized daughter of a gay and wordly father, who, in spite of the tears and expostulations of a pious mother, to whom such an act seemed little short of sacrilege, led her to the altar of worldly folly—the village dancing-school. She soon excelled all competitors, and was considered the unrivaled belle. At this crisis her father died, and she lent a willing ear to the explanations of divine truth from the mother, which satisfied her understanding and filled her heart pure and holy emotions. She was on the point of making a public profession of her faith in Christ, when the village in which she lived was agitated with preparations for a splendid ball. The poor widow shuddered as she witnessed the progress of this much dreaded evil; to complete her uneasiness, a brother of her husband, a man of the world, visiting in the family, declared that he would be at the expense of equipping her daughter as his own child, and that she should eclipse all the women of rank and fashion in the ballroom.

The poor girl was at first unwilling to lend an ear to these follies; but she had always delighted in dancing, and on this occasion suffered her better judgment to be overruled. " 'Tis but for once, mother," said she, "and to please my uncle—nay, to avoid giving him incurable offence. Believe me, I shall not suffer my head to be turned

by one night of gayety. Pray for me, mother, that this compliance with the will of my father's brother may not produce evil consequences." "My child," said the distressed mother, "I dare not so word my supplication. It is a compliance with your own will that you thus venture on the tempter's ground, and in this open act of disobedience to your heavenly Father I cannot lend my aid to excuse or extenuate your guilt. I have prayed, I will still pray, that you may not venture further in this matter; but if you do, the responsibility must rest with yourself." "But, mother, the Scriptures say themselves, 'there is a time to dance." "So they say, in the same place, 'there is a time to make war, and a time to hate.' The wise man means that all sins and follies will have their seasons; but he does not therefore advocate sin and folly. Oh, beware, my child, and let the same Scriptures teach you that 'he who hardeneth his neck under reproof shall be destroyed, and that suddenly.' These are fearful words for us to part with, my child. Oh, heed my reproof, and do not harden your neck!" "Mother," said the perplexed girl, "I have promised my uncle to go to this unlucky ball, and I cannot break my promise without incurring his resentment. He has been so kind, that it would be ungrateful to thwart him in this trifle." "Oh, my daughter," said the widow, holding her hands to her ears, "let me not hear you use such awful language! Can it be you, who calls this sin a trifle? Go, if you will; but make no more vain attempts to prevent right reason, lest you add to your own condemnation."

It was indeed with reluctance that the affectionate

daughter left her mother, under such circumstances; but she had surrendered her better judgment for the time, and created an imaginary necessity, by which she suffered herself to be controlled. Much admired, she was so often solicited to dance that her blood became painfully overheated; and finding the heat of the ballroom too oppressive, her partner was conducting her into a little back porch. As she swept rapidly along, panting with heat, she encountered a servant entering with a pitcher of water, more than half intoxicated, and as he staggered out of her way, the contents of the pitcher were discharged full in her panting and overheated bosom. The sudden revulsion of physical feeling occasioned by this accident was almost instantly fatal. A violent ague terminated in convulsions, and before the dawn of day this lovely and interesting girl expired in the arms of her almost distracted mother, breathing with her last grasp the word "suddenly!"—Arvine.

If Sinners Entice thee, Consent thou Not.

A clerical friend of the writer told him of the following case, which occurred in his parish. Fanny Turner, a young girl in one of the upper classes of the Sunday School, gave much promise to her teacher. But unhappily she had an evil companion, who sought to entice her to go for an excursion upon the Thames on a certain Sunday instead of attending the Sunday School as usual. At first the proposal was met with a decided negative; but by the urgent persuasion of her false friend, she was unhappily persuaded to give way. The teacher, a kind Christian lady, heard of it, and most earnestly warned her

of the sin, and besought her to refuse; and at last, failing said with emotion, "Well, if you will go, may my words follow you. 'If sinners entice thee, consent thou not!" They started on one of the penny steamboats on the Thames, which was to bring them back at night. They spent all the day pleasuring as they had planned, and came back in the evening. When nearly at the end of the journey something went wrong with the steamboat, and the passengers became very anxious. In the fright caused by this alarm, Fanny Turner was seized with a fit and became very ill. Four policemen had to carry her off the boat. She was taken to some lodgings near by, and became worse, and after a short illness died, and the last words she uttered were: "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not." There were no signs of repentance or of hope in her death.—Rev. G. S. Bowes.

XI. VISIONS OF HEAVEN.

Behold, I see the heavens open. Acts 7:56.

Paul's Vision of the Third Heaven.

It is not expedient for me doubtless to glory. I will come to visions and revelations of the Lord. I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, (whether in the body, or out of the body I cannot tell: God Knoweth;) How that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter. Of such an one will I glory: yet of myself I will not glory, but in mine infirmities. For though I would desire to glory, I shall not be a fool; for will say the truth; but now I forbear, lest any man should think of me above that which he seeth of me to be, or that he heareth of me.—2 Cor. 12:1-6.

John's Vision of the Heavenly Jerusalem.

And there came unto me one of the seven angels which had the seven vials full of the seven last plagues, and talked with me, saying, Come hither, I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife. And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God; and her light was like unto a stone more precious, even like a jasper stone clear as crystal; and had a wall great

and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel; on the east three gates; on the north three gates; on the south three gates; on the west three gates. And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb. And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof. And the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth: and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal. And he measured the wall thereof, an hundred and forty and four cubits according to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel. And the building of the wall of it was of Jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was Jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolyte; the eight, beryl; the minth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst.

And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl; and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass. And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of *the sun,* neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory

of God did lighten it, and the lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there. And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it. And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.—Rev. 21:9-27.

Visions of Dying Children.

While I was stationed in South St. Louis,I was up in the city one day when I met Brother C——, a prominent member of our Church, who told me the following incident. He said: "There is a family living near me; neither of the parents is a member of any Church, and their children had never been taught religion nor had they gone to Sunday-school. They had two little boys, one five years old, and the other three. The five-year-old, Charley, took sick and died; and in about three weeks after, little Willie, the three year-old, sickened and died. He had been lying apparently unconscious for some time, as he was dying, and his parents and friends were standing around his bed expecting to see him breathe his last every moment, when suddenly his eyes opened, and he raised himself up from his pillow and reached his little hands up as though he was reaching up for some one to take him, and, with his face beaming with joy, he said, "Me tum up too, Tarley, me tum too," and fell back on his pillow dead.

"Now," said he, "what have infidels to say to such a thing as that? If it had been an old Christian who had been expecting such an end, they might say they were expecting such an end, and it was only imagination. But here is a little child who had never been taught any such thing, and his imagination could not play any part in the matter at all." This brother was well acquainted with the family, and knew all the facts in the case.

Down in the backwoods of McDonald County, Missouri, a young girl lay dying. She had never attended Sunday-school—had never been taught anything about religion. Just as she was passing away she raised up in the bed, and pointing in the direction of the corner of the room, she said, "Who are these in white robes, and where did they come from?" and fell back dead. Her spirit had joined the whiterobed ones.—Rev. G. W. Hughey.

A Poor Invalid Sees Heavenly Glory.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Sometimes the happy fulfillment of this glorious promise appears where least expected, even by professional believers. During the writer's pastorate at Morrison, Mo., a few years ago, Albert Nuetzmann, brother of the late Malte Neutzmann, of the St. Louis German Conference, lay stricken with a lingering and deadly disease. He being the sexton of our church there, and a next door neigbor, the writer was a frequent caller at his home, night and day, and spent many hours at his bedside, in the capacity of both nurse and pastor, during the hot *summer* months preceding the September in which he

died. Brother Nuetzmann was a poor tailor and the father of a young family dependent upon his support. For him to be sick so long and then die leaving his family in sorrow and need seemed hard indeed, but by the powers of saving grace he was nevertheless a favored child of the Heavenly King. Shortly before his death one day, while the writer, then his pastor, was at Conference, brother Neutzmann seemed to be lingering within the shadow of the grave and the home call by his Master was momentarily expected, when suddenly just as life's cords seemed to be snapping, he passed into a trance condition in which he saw and praised the glory of the heavenly world. This condition lasted for hours. He was perfectly conscious and rational. His soul was enraptured in heavenly joy and he spoke clearly and distinctly of the glory of his vision to his loved ones and his friends, especially urging repentance and consecration upon the part of those whom he knew to be yet unsaved. He lived several days after this, and upon the writer's return to his bedside, spoke joyfully and rationally of his remarkable heavenly vision. All praise to the King of Glory, who honors a simple and childlike faith in the humblest of His believers.—J. M. R.

Wesley's Remarkable Story.

In Wesley's Journal we find this remarkable story of a pious young lady's vision of Heaven, during a trance lasting six hours. Upon rising at six o'clock in the morning, while she was inwardly praying to God, she was suddenly seized with a violent trembling. Quickly after she lost her speech; in a few minutes, her hearing; then

her sight, and, at the same time, all sense and motion. An apothecary called to administer treatment declared her dead. About twelve o'clock she began to stir, then opened her eyes and gave an account of her vision, which we quote in part as follows.

"My guide (apparently an angel conducting her through a spiritual realm) said: 'Come, I will now show you a glorious place.' I saw the gate of heaven, which stood wide open; but it was so bright I could not look at it long. We went straight in, and walked through a large place, where I saw saints and angels; and another large place, where were abundance more. They were all of one height and stature; and when one prayed, they all prayed; when one sang, they all sang. And they all sang alike, with a smooth, even voice, not one higher or lower than another."

"We went through this into a third place. There I saw God, sitting upon His throne. It was a throne of light, brighter than the sun. I could not fix my eyes upon it. I saw three, but all as one. Our Savior had a pen in His hand. A great book lay at His right side; another at His left; and a third partly behind Him. In the first He set down the prayers and good works of His people; in the second He set down all the curses and all the evil works of the wicked. I saw that He discerns the whole earth at a glance."

"Then our Lord took the first book in His hand, and went and said: 'Father, behold the prayers and the works of my people.' And He held up His hands and prayed, and interceded to His Father for us. I never

heard any voice like that; but I cannot tell how to explain it. And His Father said: 'Son, I forgive Thy people; not for their sake, but Thine.' Then our Lord wrote it down in the third book, and returned to His throne, rejoicing with the hosts of heaven."

"It seemed to me as if I stayed here several months; but I never slept all the while. And there was no night; and I saw no sky or sun, but clear light everywhere. Then we went back to a large door, which my guide opened; and we walked into pleasant gardens, by brooks and fountains. As we walked, I said: 'I did not see my brother here', (who had died some time before.) He said: 'Child, thou canst not know thy brother yet. Thy spirit is to return to the earth. Thou must watch and pray. Thou shalt come again hither, and be joined to these and know every one as before.' I said: 'When is that to be?' He said. 'I know not, nor any angel in heaven; but God alone.' "

"While we were walking, he said: 'Sing.' I said: ' What shall I sing?' And he said: 'Sing praises unto the King of the place.' I sang several verses. Then he said: 'I must go.' I would have fain gone with him; but he said: 'Your time is not yet; you have more work to do on earth.' Immediately he was gone; and I came to myself, and began to speak."

She received remission of sins when she was nine years old, and was very watchful from that time. Since this trance she has continued in faith and love."—John Wesley.

William Tennent's Vision of Heaven.

In the "Life of William Tennent," that zealous, devoted minister, and the friend and fellow-laborer of Whitefield, the author of his memoirs gives an account of Tennent being three days in a trance. He became prostrated with a fever, and by degrees sank under it, until to appearances, he died. In laying him out, one felt a slight tremor under the left arm, though the body was cold and stiff. The time for the funeral arrived, and the people were assembled. But a physician, Tennent's friend, pleaded that the funeral might be delayed.

Tennent's brother remarked: "What! a man not dead who is cold and stiff as a stake?" The doctor, however, prevailed; another day was appointed for the funeral. During the interval, various efforts were made to discover signs of life, but none appeared save the slight tremor. For three days and nights his friend, the physician, never left him. Again the people met to bury him, but could not even then obtain the doctor's consent. For one hour more he pleaded; when that was gone, he craved half an hour more. That being expired, he implored a stay of fifteen minutes, at the expiration of which Tennent opened his eyes.

The following brief account is given in Mr. Tennent's own language, and was related to a brother minister. "As to dying, I found my fever increase, and I became weaker until all at once, I found myself in heaven, as I thought. I saw no shape as to the Deity, but glory all unutterable. I can say as Paul did, I heard and saw things unutterable. I saw a great multitude before His

glory, apparently in the height of bliss, singing most melodiously. I was transported with my own situation, viewing all my troubles ended, and my rest and glory begun, and was about to join the great and happy multitude, when one came to me, looked me full in the face, laid his hand upon my shoulder, and said: 'You must go back.' "

"These words went through me; nothing could have shocked me more. I cried out: 'Lord, must I go back?' With this shock, I opened my eyes in this world. When I saw I was in this world, I fainted, then came to, and fainted again several times, as one probably would naturally have done in so weak a situation."

"For three years the sense of Divine things continued so great, and everything else appeared so completely vain, when compared to heaven, that could I have had the world for stoping down for it, I believe I should not have thought of doing it."

To the writer of his memoirs, Mr. Tennent, concerning this experience, once said: "I found myself, in an instant, in another state of existence, under the direction of a superior being, who ordered me to follow him. I was accordingly wafted along, I know not how, till I beheld, at a distance, an ineffable glory, the impression of which on my mind, it is impossible to communicate to mortal man."

"Such was the effect on my mind of what I had seen and heard, that if it be possible for a human being to live entirely above the world, and the things of it, for some time afterward I was that person. The ravishing sounds

of the songs and hallelujahs that I heard, and the very words that were uttered, were not out of my ears, when awake, for at least three years. All the kingdoms of the earth were in my sight as nothing and vanity. So great were my ideas of heavenly glory, that nothing which did not in some measure relate to it could command my serious attention."

Mr. Tennent lived a number of years after this event, and died in the triumphs of a living faith, March 8, 1777, aged seventy-one years; his mortal remains being interred at his chapel in Freehold, N. J. He was an able faithful preacher; and the Divine presence with him was frequently manifested in his public and private ministrations. In personal appearance he was tall, erect, and of spare visage, with bright, piercing eyes and grave, solemn countenance.—Rev S. B. Shaw.

Within Saintly Presence.

Rev. George W. Robbins, for many of the last years of his life a member of the Southern Illinois Conference, was in many respects a remarkable man. He began his ministry in the early part of the nineteenth century in Kentucky, in the latter part, in Southern Illinois. At one time for a number of years he was in Missouri, and while presiding elder had the oversight of superintendency of our Indian missions in Kansas, just across the Missouri line. He told me that on one of his quarterly visits to the Shawnee Mission,I think it was, while preaching to the Indians through an interpreter, and not a very spiritual interpreter either, the power of the Holy Spirit came upon him in such a wonderful manner that the

heavens seemed to open to his vision, and he was in the presence of "the spirits of just men made perfect." Among those present whom he recognized was James Axley, who was standing before the missionary, Brother Johnson, and holding out his hand as it were to shake hands. He said: "I said to Brother Johnson, 'Brother Johnson, if you knew how near James Axley is to you, you would be surprised.' " He and Axley were well acquainted in his younger days. This vision lasted for some time, and was then withdrawn. Brother Robbins was neither sensational nor emotional, but was severely logical and flexibly just, and a man of deep, unostentatious piety, and the last man whose imagination could play a part in such an experience as this. He was evidently in that condition styled in the Scripture as being "in the Spirit." The memory of this wonderful experience was ever afterward a source of joy and strength to him.—Rev. G. W. Hughey.

XII. WITHIN THE PORTALS OF ETERNITY.

Prepare to meet thy God. Amos 4:12.

Six Hours in Apparent Death.

The following remarkable story of the conversion of one of his parishioners was told by the late Dean of Litchfield. The person in question was, he said, in the worst sense of the word, a Pharisee. "I visited her," he said, "when she was ill, and read to her such portions of the Bible as I thought likely to meet her case, but they seemed to make no impression. I was obliged to leave the parish for a few weeks, and in my absence she got worse, appeared to sink, and, as all thought, died; for about six hours she lay as dead. At the end of that time she revived. When she could speak, she gave the following account of a vision she had seen during her trance: 'When,' said she, 'I ceased to see those around my bed, I found myself walking by the side of a wide, deep, clear river. It was so wide that there was no thought of passing over it; so deep that it was impossible to ford it; so clear that I could see to the very bottom; and yet I had an impression on my mind that I must cross that river, while to do so seemed impossible. I wandered on along its banks, hopeless of being able to pass that deep, wide, clear, rapid river, when at a distance

I saw what looked like a bridge. On getting near to it, I saw that it looked like a split rainbow, so thin, so narrow, so high that it was dreadful. As I came up to it, I thought. How can I ever cross it? And, as I looked at it more attentively, I saw that it was not only so high, so narrow, but studded with sharp thorns. While I stood hopelessly looking, convinced that I had to cross it, yet feeling that I could not, I saw hovering over the bridge an angel with a crown in his hand. The crown flashed and glittered and sparkled so brightly that I could look at nothing else. My eyes were fastened on that crown. As I looked, the angel flitted back. Instinctively and unconsciously I moved forward, my eyes still fixed upon that crown, for I could look at nothing else. He moved on, and I still followed, not looking down at the bridge or the thorns, but only looking up at the crown, until, to my surprise and joy, I found that I had safely passed over that high and dreadful and thorny bridge, without hurting my feet upon a single thorn or making a false step.' "She revived," added the Dean, "and she certainly was a Pharisee no longer. She came out of that seeming death really alive. Selfconfidence was gone; she steadily grew in grace and knowledge, in faith and love and Christian hope. I watched her for a considerable time, and her conduct was that of an humble and sincere Christian."—Rev. A. J. Jackson.

A Chinaman's Vision of Judgment Day.

In Hongkong, China, on the day of Pentecost in the year 1869, baptism was administered to a Chinaman, who had *been brought* to his conversion by a remarkable ex-

perience in a trance occasioned by sickness. For a whole day he was in a state of unconsciousness, apparently lingering at death's door, and for a while was supposed to have been actually dead. On awaking from his trance, he related a remarkable experience. His soul had undergone wonderful experiences. During this time he found himself upon the vast plane of a visionary realm occupied by a multitude of people, undergoing in part, as by turn, the solemn and heartsearching realities of the eternal judgment before the **Great White Throne.** But while multitudes were forced into the presence of the **Eternal Judge**, his approach was forbidden on account of a great chasm between himself and the **Throne.** Trembling in heartrending agony upon the brink of this awful chasm, he was finally observed by the **Judge,** who reached out his hand toward him saying: "Who is that man, he does not belong here!" Shocked at this remark so that his whole being quivered in heartrending agony, he was awakened from his trance and found himself restored to consciousness. This man was then fifty- four years old. He was yet unconverted and understood from this remarkable revelation that he was not in any sense ready to meet God in Judgment. From that day and hour this Chinaman fled from the wrath to come, and did not rest until he found the consolations of a saving grace in Christ our Lord.—John Huebner.

Restored from the Spirit World.

This would seem the place to record a remarkable statement sent to me for perusal a short time since. It *appeared in the form* of a letter to one of the papers, and

was written by a medical man who gave his own experience of dying, after having been restored to earthly life after that event. The statement was countersigned by two other doctors who were medically attending him. The gentleman had had a severe illness, and himself knew at last that there was no hope of his recovery. About an hour before the change came, he states that he was suddenly conscious that there was within his body a something that seemed as if it were floating in much the same way as a boat moored to a quay floats with the rise and fall of the water. Presently he became conscious of another sensation. It was as if a number of tiny cords or fibres along both sides of his entire body were being snapped one after another. The sensation was not painful. This went on for some time, until at length it seemed as if this floating something were contracting upward from the feet. Soon the contraction extended as far as the knees and then he knew that the parts below that point were dead. The contraction continued until the centre of the body was reached, and then he was aware that below the waist was likewise dead. Later he could feel that the contraction had extended to his chest, and lastly to his head. Then came an oblivion, and his next consciousness was that he himself was out of his body and standing beside the bed. He could see he was still in shape, but seemed to be a little taller than he had been in his other body. He distinctly remembered seeing one of the doctors feel for the pulse, and the other place his hand over the heart of the motionless form. He saw also his wife and daughter kneeling on either side of the

bed, both weeping. He tried to arrest their attention, but could not, and although he spoke to them they did not hear his voice. Then he moved across the room and lingered a moment at the door watching the scene. An impulse was drawing him away from the death-chamber. He distinctly remembered passing down the staircase out of his house into the garden, where he particularly noticed the redness of the ground washed by the heavy rains. Anon, he came to the road and brushed by several persons who evidently were not conscious of his presence. Then a darkness and a numbness fell upon him, and his next consciousness was that he was in bed, a tenant again of his earthly body.

Now, all this we admit might be easily attributed to no more than a mental impression, but for one fact. Both the doctors who countersigned that statement positively assert that their friend **had actualy died.** As medical men, they declare that all the acknowledged signs of death were present, and append their names to the declaration.

The testimony of the doctor who had the experience was given after he had been restored to health, and I see no reason for doubting that his spirit body really did leave its earthly tenement and came back to it as the spirit body of Lazarus did.

If that be so, then here is an illustration of the interpenetration of the spiritual and the physical. That doctor in his spirit-body, when in his house, his garden, and by the roadside, was in the Spiritual World.—Rev. Arthur Chambers.

Death of a Soul-Sleeper.

Mrs. Mattie Campbell relates the happy death of her sister, a soul-sleeper, which occurred last May. It seems that her views were changed just before she entered heaven.

"In Sabbath-school this afternoon a message came: 'Emma is dying. Come quickly if you want to see her alive.' My dear sister! We had played together, and more than all, we dreamed dreams of the fairy future, wherein we saw everything but care and temptation crowning the golden pathway for our jubilant feet. She was plump and rosy, full of laughter and frolic, which life's stern realities had not subdued. Strong and well I had seen her, but five days before. Yet, ah! in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh. On our way the sad face of our family physician confirmed the truth. 'She may linger until sundown,' he said; and all the way I prayed, and felt it would be answered: 'Lord, dear Lord, only let me have one word to know how it is with her soul.' Mother met me at the door. This was heavy grief. 'Ask how it is with her soul,' said she. I entered the room filled with weeping friends. I pressed the damp, damp, cold brow. She knew me, and spoke in the old sweet way. Soon I commenced slow and low the hymn we used to sing together: 'Jesus, lover of my soul, while I anxiously watched to catch a mark of grace upon her fast chancing features. A happy, peaceful smile broke over her face. I bent down and she spoke: 'God was always good to us, sister. He has not given me one harsh word since I came down to my bed.' How the praise

rushed to my lips. 'He giveth and upbraideth not.' Glory be to His name!

"Divinely assured that she was dying, she spoke of a long, sweet sleep, the sleep of the soul and body, until the general resurrection—for this was her belief. She called for one and another of her friends and neighbors, and exhorted them in burning words to meet her in heaven, charging them to bring their families for whom they were also responsible.

"With mind clear and composed, she then lay, waiting to pass into an unconscious slumber, only to awaken at the last trump. 'Hark,' said she, listening intently; 'I hear music; don't you hear it? And mother, I see a door.' 'Is it open?' asked her mother. And we held our breath as she answered: 'Yes, I see inside. It is a beautiful place. It is heaven. I see forms clothed in white, many, yes, a multitude of beautiful beings, their hands upraised, while they are waving something in their hands.' And then in wonder and astonishment. 'Why, there's Pa!' Then she very intelligently gave orders for her burial. Good-bye's were said, and in child-like pleading tones she called: 'Come, dear Lord, I am ready; come now, and take my breath, it hurts me so.' An effort on her part to close the dear eyes and mouth, a few more agonizing moments, and the open door received her gentle spirit. We led the bereaved mother from the room, all that was left of my happy childhood days."—Rev. S. B. Shaw.

Restoration from Death.

My father, the author of the Sinner's Friend, narrates

in his autobiography a circumstance which he often used to speak of with great emotion.

My mother was very ill, and apparently dying. The doctor said that now, if at all, the children might be brought for her to look at them once more. One by one we were brought to the bedside, and her hand was placed on our heads.

Then my father bade her farewell, and she lay motionless as if soon to breathe her last.

He then said to himself, "There is yet one promise I have not pleaded, 'If ye ask anything in my name I will do it.' " He then stepped aside, and in an agony of soul exclaimed, "O Lord, for the honor of thy dear Son, give me the life of my wife.' "

He could say no more, and sank down exhausted. Just then the nurse called him to the bedside saying, "She has opened her mouth again as if for food." Nourishment was given, and from that time she began to recover. The doctor said it was miraculous. My father said it was God, who had heard his prayer.—D. W. Whittle.

Experience in Bereavement.

In the latter part of August, 1854, our first bereavement came in the death of little Lottie, our second-born. She was a lovely little creature, with sky-blue eyes, and a great pet of mine. She lacked about a month of being one year old when she died. She had been a great sufferer for two or three months, and became doubly endeared to us by her suffering. Her older sister, our first-

born, was lying dangerously sick when Lottie died. After the little one had passed away, I went out into the grove near the house where we lived, to a large poplar tree, where I often went to pray, and kneeled down behind the tree to pray for grace to support me in this trial, and to ask my Heavenly Father to spare us our first-born, then about two years and eight months old.

While I was earnestly pleading for the life of my child, these thoughts came to my mind, just as though they had been spoken to me: "Your little one who has gone, is safe from all suffering and temptation, and all you have to do is to prepare to meet her in heaven. If the other one dies, she will also be safe from temptation and sin. If she lives, she may grow up in sin, and finally be lost." I remained there on my knees for a moment or two, almost startled by "this voice within." I studied for a moment and then I said from a full heart and from the depths of my soul. "Lord, Thou knowest whether my child, if she lives, will grow up to honor Thee, or whether she will grow up in sin and be lost. If Thou seest that my child will grow up in sin, and dishonor Thee, and be lost, take her now, and give me grace to bear it. If Thou seest that she will grow up to honor Thee and serve Thee and get to heaven at last, let her live." I arose from my knees, and returned to the house perfectly resigned to the will of the Lord. My child lived, though she was brought to the very gates of death. She was wonderfully converted at the age of eight years, and her whole life has been given to God, and she has been a *blessing and a joy* to her parents all her life, and a ben-

ediction to every community in which she has lived. —Rev. G. W. Hughey.

Rescued at Death's Door.

In a lonely rural district of New England, some years ago a promising young man lay feverstricken at death's door. His disease had reached a critical stage and from all appearances he was lingering on the verge of the grave. His aunt, at whose home he was being cared for, was a devout Christian lady of ripe experiences and mighty in prayer. When the parting moment seemed to have come and weeping friends gathered around his bed to see him die, his aunt retired to another room, and prostrated herself before God in prayer.

She pleaded earnestly and with mighty wrestling of soul, that the life of her nephew might be spared in order that he might become a missionary preacher of the gospel out on the frontiers of our great western territory. Though his case seemed hopeless from a medical standpoint, yet her prayer was charged with the powers of irresistible faith appealing to the omnipotent God of heaven. Her prayer was heard and the young man's life was spared. Soon thereafter he was educated for the ministry, and he is today a successful preacher of the gospel of our coming Lord.—Rev. C. G. Schuh.

XIII. TRIUMPHANT TRANSLATIONS.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Rev. 14:13.

Alfred Cookman's Glorious Vision.

Among the passengers of the ill-fated President was Rev. Alfred Cookman, whose eloquence matched that of Summerfield, and whose piety was akin to that of Fenelon. His son Alfred, upon whom the father's mantle fell, trod in the footsteps of that honored sire for thirty years, and then entered into rest. It was my great privilege to meet with the wife of him who, though in a watery grave, had gone where "there shall be no more sea," and the mother of him who had just gone home "sweeping through the gates into the city, washed in the blood of the Lamb," and with the newly-bereaved widow. Together we talked of the departed, but we talked as Christians.

A few hours before Alfred died, he called his wife to his bedside, and informed her that he had seen a glorious vision. There was no delirium. He was calm and rational. He said he had not been asleep; he knew he was awake although it seemed to him like a dream. The father, who had left him while he was quite young; the brother who had preceeded him to the better land, and the child, for whom the angels had come some time be-

fore, friends in the Christian ministry, and others, had appeared to him, and bade him "welcome to the skies." —Bishop Fallows.

Visions of a Dying Youth.

This young man about half past ten was evidently sinking; but he was still able to wave his hand gently, bidding those around him Farewell; and he added with a smile—"Death! where is thy sting? Grave! where is thy victory?" After a little time he spoke once more, to beg all about him would be perfectly still. "Don't speak, don't speak," he feebly uttered, "I am enjoying deep and blessed communion with God." For about half an hour perfect silence was maintained, during which he seemed wrapped in meditation, a smile frequently playing about his face. About the end of that time, his head gradually fell back, his eye brightened, and as if his ear caught the harmonies of the invisible world, he exclaimed in a calm loud voice, expressive of admiration —"Beautiful! Beautiful!" A few moments more, and then as if the veil had been withdrawn, which hides from mortal eye the radiancy of the upper world, he added— "Glory! Glory!" And with these words dying on his lips, he fell back upon his pillow, and his purified spirit took its flight to heaven.

This is a description of a fact. It is a fact, whether Christianity be true or not. It was the gospel that sustained and blessed him. And we ask for any system to come forward—any system of belief or any system of no belief—and let us see anything like that in their triumphs and in their results.

"Let me die the death of the righteous; and let my end be like his!"—Rev. Thomas Binney, D. D.

John Wesley's Home Call.

His death scene was one of the most peaceful and triumphant in the annals of the church. Prayer, praise, and thankfulness were ever on his lips. Many golden sentences, worthy to be held in everlasting remembrance, were uttered during his last hours. "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." "He is all! He is all!" "There is no need for more than what I said in Bristol; my words then were—

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!' "

"We have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus." "That is the foundation, the only foundation, and there is no other." "How necessary is it for every one to be on the right foundation!" "The Lord is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." "The clouds drop fatness." "He giveth His servants rest." "He causeth His servants to lie down in peace." "I'll praise: I'll praise." "Lord, thou givest strength to those that can speak, and to those that cannot. Speak, Lord to all our hearts, and let them know that thou loosest the tongue." "Jesus! Jesus!" His lips are wetted, and he says his usual grace, "We thank thee, O Lord, for these and all thy mercies. Bless the Church and king; and grant us truth and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord, for ever and ever." Those who look out of the windows are darkened, and he sees only the shadow of his friends around his bed: "Who are these?" "We are come to

rejoice with you; you are going to receive your crown." "It is the Lord's doing," he calmly replies, "and marvellous in our eyes." "I will write," he exclaims, and the materials are placed within his reach; but the "right hand has forgot her cunning," and "the pen of the once ready writer" refuses to move. "Let me write for you, sir," says an attendant. "What would you say?" "Nothing, but that God is with us." "Now we have done all. Let us all go." And now, with all his remaining strength, he cries out, "The best of all is, God is with us." And again, lifting his fleshless arm in token of victory, and raising his failing voice to a pitch of holy triumph, he repeats the heart-reviving word, "The best of all is, God is with us!" A few minutes before ten o'clock on the morning of the second of March, 1791, he slowly and feebly whispered, "Farewell! Farewell!"— and, literally, "without a lingering groan," calmly "feel asleep, having served his generation by the will of God."—H. Moore.

This is Heaven.

On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. H. S. Golding, feeling the approaches of death, broke out in these rapturous expressions—"I find now it is no delusion! Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of a man to conceive the glory I shall shortly partake of! Read your Bible! I shall read mine no more!—no more need it! His brother said to him, "You seem to enjoy foretastes of heaven." "Oh," replied he, "this is no longer a foretaste—this is heaven! I not only feel the climate, but I breathe the ambrosial air of heaven, and

soon shall enjoy the company! Can this be dying? This body seems no longer to belong to the soul; it appears only a curtain that covers it; and soon I shall drop this curtain, and be set at liberty!" Then, putting his hand to his breast, he exclaimed, "I rejoice to feel these bones give way; as it tells me I shall shortly be with my God in glory!" He repeated it, "I rejoice to feel these bones give way."

The last words which he was heard to utter were, "Glory, glory, glory!" He died on the Lord's day, April 17, 1808, in the twenty- fourth year of his age.—Rev. Charles Buck.

Grateful Testimony.

A missionary visited a converted native, in the South Sea Islands, who was in a dying condition, and before his departure addressed him as follows: "I am going, but you are to remain a little longer. When I get to heaven, I shall first of all praise and thank Jesus for having saved a poor creature like me; and then I'll tell him about you, for it was you who first told me the way to heaven. And then I'll look about and see where the door is through which the spirits go up; and if I find such a place, that will be where I will sit and wait for you. And when you come, oh! what a happy day that will be! And after our joyful meeting, I'll take you by the hand and lead you to Jesus, and say to him. "Jesus! Jesus! this is the man— this is the man I told you about. This is the man whom you sent to tell me about your own love— this is the man!' "—Rev. Dr. Turner.

Summoned to a Higher Bar.

Samuel Rutherford, one of the most resplendent lights that ever rose in Scotland, was a professor of divinity in the University of St. Andrews. When the Parliament of Scotland summoned him for a trial because he stood up for liberty and religion, he was on his dying bed. "Tell the Parliament," said he to the messenger, "that I have received a summons to a higher bar. I must needs answer that first; and when the day you name shall come, I shall be where few of you shall enter."

In his last moments he said to the ministers around him: "There is none like Christ. O, dear brethren, pray for Christ, preach for Christ, do all for Christ; feed the flock of God. And O, beware of men-pleasing!" Having recovered from a fainting fit, he said: "I feel, I feel, I believe, I joy, I rejoice, I feed on manna; my eyes shall see my Redeemer, and I shall be ever with Him. And what would you more? I have been a sinful man; but I stand at the best pass that ever a man did. Christ is mine, and I am His. Glory, glory to my Creator and Redeemer forever! Glory Shines in Immanuel's land. O, for arms to embrace Him! O, for a well-tuned harp!"

He continued exulting in God his Savior to the last as one in the full vision of joy and glory.—Rev. C. G. Schuh.

The Revelations of the Dying.

Is there not a large class of facts which have a most distinct and impressive bearing upon the relation that exists between the present and the eternal world, and the revelations that may be made to the soul while in

its transition state? Said a dying Sunday-school scholar from my flock, while in the very article of death, but with perceptive and reasoning powers still unimpaired, "The angels have come." The pious Blumhardt exclaimed, "Light breaks in ! Hallelujah!" and expired. Dr. McLain said, "I can now contemplate clearly the grand scene to which I am going." Sargent, the biographer of Martin, with his countenance kindled into a holy fervor, and his eye beaming with unearthly lustre, fixed his gaze as upon a definite object, and exclaimed, "That bright light!" and when asked what light, answered, "The light of the Sun of righteousness." The Lady Elizabeth Hastings, a little before she expired, cried out, with a beaming countenance and enraptured voice, "Lord, what is it that I see?" Olympia Morata, an exile for her faith, as she sank in death, exclaimed, "I distinctly behold a place filled with ineffable light!" Dr. Bateman, a distinguished physician and philosopher, died exclaiming, "What glory! the angles are waiting for me!" In the midst of delirium, Bishop Wilson was transported with the vision of angels. Not unfrequently the mind is filled with the most striking conceptions of the presence of departed friends. Most touching is the story of Carnaval, who was long known as a lunatic wandering about the streets of Paris. His reason had been unsettled by the early death of the object of his tender and most devoted affections. He could never be made to comprehend that she was really dead; but spent his life in the vain search for the lost object of his love. In most affecting terms he would mourn her absence, and chide her long delay. Thus life wore away;

and when its ebbing tide was almost exhausted, starting as from a long and unbroken reverie, the countenance of the dying man was overspread with sudden joy, and stretching forth his arms, as if he would clasp some object before him, he uttered the name of his long-lost love, and exclaiming, "Ah, there thou art at last!" expired. The aged Hannah More, in her dying agony and stretching out her arms as though she would grasp some object, uttered the name of a much loved deceased sister, cried, "Joy!" and then sank into the arms of death.

"Then, then I rose; then first, humanity
Triumphant pass'd the crystal ports of light,
Stupendous guest, and seized eternal youth."

Bishop D. W. Clark, D. D.

XIV. PROVIDENTIAL CONSOLATION IN SORROW.

Comfort ye my people, saith your God. Isa. 40:1.

Providential Consolation.

How wonderful are the ways of the Lord in dispensing His balm of soothing consolation to aching hearts in the sad hours of bereavement! While serving an appointment away from home on the Bland circuit in Gasconade County, Missouri, a few years ago, the writer one night, foresaw in a dream the proceedings of a funeral at his home in the main room of the old Bland parsonage. There, just in front of the bookcase and writing desk, stood the casket; the pictures on the walls were all draped in white, and the friends and neighbors assembled in the room. To the question, "who's in that casket?" the inquirer received no reply, but looking to his left, saw his beloved companion,Mrs. R., in bed, her eyes red and swollen from weeping. On awaking, this vision was as clear to memory as a realty could have been. Though strange and entirely inexplainable, yet it was only a dream and did not, at the time, occasion remark or serious thought.

Just a few weeks later, a darling little son was born in our home, and died the third day after his birth. Our

joy so soon overcome by sorrow left our hearts aching with sad disappointment and painful regret. The mother, in her sorrow, while yet confined to her bed, began to worry and surmise how, possibly, by using this home remedy or that, we might have saved our darling baby. Then the writer thought of, and, strange to say, for the first time told, the story of his remarkable dream and how exactly in every detail it had become a reality on the day of the funeral, so much so that in the consoling light of Providence it became perfectly clear to us that the Lord had decreed the early home-call of our darling even before he had been born, and thus our hearts were soothed and quickly reconciled in knowing the Great Shepherd, who gathers the little lambs to His Bosom, doeth all things well.

Later, on February 22nd, 1908, a still greater sorrow came to our home in the death of our dear fourteen-year-old son, Herbert. While all felt the exceeding sorrow of this bereavement, our elder son, Samuel, seemed to be most inconsolable of all. These two, our only boys, had been so much to each other, that Samuel's loss of his only brother seemed almost unbearable. But one morning Samuel awoke from a remarkable dream, that seemed so clearly and positively Providential as to throw a bright ray of God's light on our dark cloud of bereavement, and to console us all gloriously in our submission to the Divine will in Herbert's home-call to the better world —J. M. R.

The Bow Around the Throne.

A little boy once went out in the early morn and was

greatly delighted with the little globes formed by the dew on the brambles. He hastened back, and led his father out to see those miniature worlds; but when the father and son arrived, the sun was up and had drawn up in vapour the globes that had hung on the brambles, and thus the child was displeased. The child cried, and said, "The angry sun has taken them all up." The father looked up and saw the beautiful rainbow on the bosom of the cloud, and said. "There my child the sun has taken up the bramble globes, and they help to form that beautiful bow on the cloud." Ah, my friends, God has taken up some of our friends; and have we not murmured? But, where are they? Ah, do they not form the beautiful bow around the throne of God?—Beaumont.

God Knows Best.

In my girlhood days there fell upon me, without warning, a great sorrow. At that time our family physician related to me the following incident, which made a deep and lasting impression on my mind:

Some years previous to that time he was summoned to visit a man apparently at the point of death. The man's wife in agony besought the physician to save her husband; saying that if he died she did not wish to live. Contrary to expectation the man recovered, and—in less than one year was imprisoned for forgery!

The disgraced, heart-broken wife felt then how unwise and shortsighted she had been in setting up her will against the Most High.

Complete resignation to the will of God is very difficult to attain. Perhaps it is rarely attained to perfec-

tion in life; but it is a grace worth striving for. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee:" How many wakeful nights and anxious days, how many tears and broken hearts, might be saved by a simple, childlike trust that "God knows best."

Let us take our "worries," big or little, to Jesus; tell him "all about it," and we will find that he is, indeed, "a very present help in trouble." Nothing which concerns His people is too trifling for Him to notice, for even the very hairs of our head are all numbered.—H. L. Hastings.

Consolation by Rebuke.

One day when Lady Raffles, while in India, was almost overwhelmed with grief for the loss of a favorite child, unable to bear the sight of her other children or the light of day, and humbled on her couch with a feeling of misery, she was addressed by a poor, ignorant, native woman of the lowest class, who had been employed about the nursery, in terms not to be forgotten.—"I am come because you have been here many days shut up in a dark room and no one dares to come near you. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen? Were you not the envy of everybody? Did any one ever see him or speak of him without admiring him? And instead of letting this child continue in this world till he should be worn out with trouble and sorrow, has not God taken him to heaven in all his

beauty? For shame!—leave off weeping and let me open a window."—Arvine.

Why the Good Shepherd Takes our Favorite.

Bishop Heber related the following beautiful apologue to a lady who was bitterly lamenting the death of an infant child: "A shepherd was mourning over the death of his favorite child, and, in the passionate and rebellious feeling of his heart, was bitterly complaining that what he loved most tenderly, and was in itself most lovely, had been taken from him. Suddenly a stranger of grave and venerable appearance stood before him, and beckoned him forth into the field. It was night, and not a word was spoken till they arrived at the fold, when the stranger thus addressed him: 'When you select one of these lambs from the flock, you choose the best and most beautiful among them; why should you murmur because I, the good shepherd of the sheep, have selected from those which you have nourished for me, the one which was most fitted for my eternal fold?' The mysterious stranger was seen no more, but the father's heart was comforted."—Foster.

An Old Soldier's Story of Providential Consolation.

In a cozy and inviting residence located within a stone's-throw of the depot at Wright City, Missouri, a station west of St. Louis on the Wabash Railroad, resided and recently died, Lieutenant Herman Shaeper, an old veteran of our late civil war. He was a man of noble record, a Christian gentleman of strong faith in God and a deep sympathetic nature. Years ago when the writer was his *pastor, he related* this wonderful story of Providential

consolation. His aged mother, a devout Christian lady had died some years before, and, though hopeful of her salvation, yet on account of some unsettled misunderstanding she had with a neighbor, Brother Schaeper was uneasy and in doubt about her saintly destiny. The fact that his dear mother had not spoken a word of Christian testimony on her departure was indeed a matter of grave concern to our sorrowing brother, and how his soul's distress was to be overcome or removed nobody could tell.

But in God's Providence there was a way open to easy and abiding relief. One night Brother Schaeper dreamed he was standing at the bedside of his dying mother, and that just as she was breathing her last breath he asked her the question: "Mother, do you die saved?" and being unable to speak she nodded assent, meaning to say "yes," just as she passed away. But Brother Schaeper, not being a man of an easily inclined disposition to see a Providence in a dream, was still unconsoled. The dream was repeated, and with this difference, that in giving her second answer to the queston his dying mother indicated her eternal destiny by raising her hand and pointing to heaven. Then Brother Schaeper felt inclined to recognize Providential direction in his remarkable experience, and with deep humiliation and prayerful appeal cried out: "Lord, if this dream is Providential, let it be repeated once more." Again Brother Schaeper had a remarkable dream, but this time he dreamed that he had been called by a messenger to hasten to the bedside of his dying mother. As he was hasten-

ing home and passing along under a certain well-known tree in the road near the house, some one in his rear placed a heavy hand upon his shoulder, and as he turned he looked right into his mother's loving face, tenderly saying to her affectionate son, "Herman, I am saved; now let this matter rest." This was final. Brother Schaeper praised his Lord for sweet and abiding consolation, and, in answer to prayer and as a sign of Providential communication given, the dream was never again repeated.—J. M. R.

Paul Gerhardt Comforted.

Paul Gerhardt, the noble German preacher and Christian poet, was driven from his pulpit by the Elector of Brandenburg, and forced to leave the Principality where he had long found his field of labor and his home. One night during his weary journey through the forest, going he knew not where, he stopped with his wife and children at a little inn. After supper he went out alone under the stars, to talk of his sorrows to his Father in heaven. Words of comfort came to him which, before retiring to rest, he wrote into one of his sweet hymns of which these lines are a portion:

"At cost of all I have,
  At cost of life and limb,
I cling to God, who yet shall save:
  I will not turn from Him.

"The world may fail and flee,
  Thou standest fast forever;
Not fire nor sword, nor plague, from Thee
  My trusting soul shall sever.

"No hunger and no thirst,
No poverty nor pain,—
Let mighty princes do their worst,—
Shall fright me back again.

That night he was roused from sleep by a messenger who insisted upon seeing him immediately. The man was a messenger from Duke Christian of Merseburg, who had heard of Gerhardt's troubles, and sent to invite him to his dominions, with the offer of "church, home, and livelihood, with every comfort that could be added thereto." And thus one of the crowning blessings of that good man's life was to leave behind him what seemed to be only "a frowning providence."—Dr. Newton.

XV. CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE.

It is more blessed to give than to receive. Acts. 20:53.

The Reward of Goodness.

Occasionally a benevolent action wrought in faith brings with it an instantenous recompense in kind; therein Providence is seen as smiling upon the deed. The late John Andrew Jones, a poor Baptist minister, while walking in Cheapside, was appealed to for help by some one he knew. He had but a shilling in the world, and poised it in his mind to give or not to give? The greater distress of his acquaintance prevailed, and he gave his all, walking away with the sweet remembrance of the promise, "He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will He pay him again." He had not gone a hundred yards farther before he met a gentleman who said: "Ah, Mr. Jones, I am indeed glad to see you. I have had this sovereign in my waistcoat pocket for a week past for some poor minister, and you may as well have it." Mr. Jones was wont to add when telling the story, "If I had not stopped to give relief, I should have missed the gentleman and the sovereign too."—Spurgeon.

George Muller, of Bristol, England.

This mighty man of faith is too well known to the

Christian world to need any introduction from us. We quote the following from a brief sketch of his life:

"The support of his orphanage amounts to $230,000 annually. The milk-bill amounts to $10,000 yearly! He has sometimes paid out as much as $27,500 in one day. In all, Mr. Muller has received for his orphanage and other works of a Christian and benevolent kind a total of $4,275,000; and he declares that he never asked a human being for a sixpence! He has made it his uniform rule to go in prayer to Him who has the hearts of all men in His hands, and ask Him for all needed supply, and men have been moved to give it; some giving out of their abundant wealth, and others out of their poverty. He has received as high as $45,000 in one donation, and scores of times $5,000. A principle of his has been never to contract a debt in connection with his orphanage. Often the last sixpence has been spent, and within a few hours either money must come or starvation; but the money came without fail, and never were the children sent hungry to bed.

Hundreds of times he has held two prayer-meetings in a day with his helpers, beseeching God to send them supplies for the next meal of food for the orphans; and in every case the Lord has graciously answered their prayer. In eleven years he has received five thousand answers to prayer. In the course of his life he has received some thirty thousand answers to prayer within the same day of asking; for some things he has been praying every day for over thirty years, and the answer has not come as yet. He mentions these things to en-

courage Christians patiently to wait on God. He has received answer after waiting fifteen, twenty, and thirty years. When in the deepest poverty he never gives any human being the least intimation of his needs, either by word or look, but always carries every matter great and small to God, and continually rejoices in the Lord. He declares that his countenance never looks sad or anxious when in need, as he considers that would be dishonoring to God,, and inconsistent with a perfect trust in Him.

"He says: 'When I first began allowing God to deal with me, relying on Him, taking Him at His word, and set out over half a century ago, simply to rely on Him for myself, family, taxes, traveling expenses, and every other need, I rested on simple promises.'

'I believed the word. I rested on it and practiced it. I 'took God at His word.' A stranger, a foreigner in England, I know seven languages, and might have used them perhaps as a means of remunerative employment; but I had consecrated myself to labor for the Lord. I put my reliance in the God who has promised, and He has acted according to His word. I've lacked nothing—nothing. I have had my trials, my difficulties, and my empty purse, but my receipts have aggregated tens of thousands of dollars, while the work has gone on all these years." —Rev. S. B. Shaw.

Beneficence and Conscience.

There cannot be found a better example than I have met with in reading some memories of the great and good Colston, the founder of those excellent charities in Lon-

don, Bristol, and elsewhere. I find this passage in his life:—"It happened that one of his most richly laden vessels was so long missing, and the violent storms having given every reason to suppose she had perished, that Colston gave her up for lost. Upon this occasion, it is said, he did not lament his unhappiness as many are apt to do, and perpetually count up the serious amount of his losses; but, with dutiful submission, fell upon his knees and with thankfulness for what Providence had been pleased to leave him, and with the utmost resignation, reliquished even the smallest hope of her recovery. When, therefore, his people came soon afterwards to tell him that his ship had safely come to port, he did not show the signs of self-gratulation which his friends expected to see. He was devoutly thankful for the preservation of the lives of so many seamen; but as for the vessel and cargo, they were no longer his; he had resigned them; he could not in conscience take them back. He looked upon all as the gift of Providence to the poor; and as such he sold the ship and the merchandise—and most valuable they were—and praying for a right guidance, distributed the proceeds to the poor." How beautiful is such a charity! Here is no false lustre thrown upon the riches and goods of this world, that, when reflected, blinds the eyes that they see not aright. The conscience of such a man as Colston was the arbiter even against himself. It sat within in judgment to put aside his wordly interest, and make a steady light for itself to see by, where, naturally, was either a glare or an obscurity, that alike might bewilder less honest vision.—Blackwood.

Dividing with God.

A merchant in answer to inquiries refers back to a period when, he says, 'in consecrating my life anew to God, aware of the ensnaring influences of riches, and the necessity of deciding on a plan of charity before wealth should bias my judgment, I adopted the following system:

"I decided to balance my accounts as nearly as I could every month; and reserving such a portion of profits as might appear adequate to cover probable losses, to lay aside, by entry on a benevolent account, one-tenth of the remaining profits, great or small, as a fund for benevolent expenditure, supporting myself and family on the remaining nine-tenths. I further determined that when at any time my net profits, that is, profits from which clerk-hire and store expense had been deducted, should exceed $500 in a month, I would give twelve and a half per cent; if over $700, fifteen per cent; if over $900, seventeen and a half per cent: if over $1,100, twenty per cent; if over $1,300, twenty-two and a half per cent; thus increasing the proportion of the whole as God should prosper me, until at $1,500, I should give twenty-five percent, or $375 a month. As capital was of the utmost importance to my success in business, I decided not to increase the foregoing scale until I had acquired a certain capital, after which I would give one-quarter of all net profits, great or small; and on the acquisition of another certain amount of capital, I decided to give half; and on acquiring what I determined would be a full sufficiency of capital, then to give the whole of my net profits.

"It is now several years since I adopted this plan, and under it I have acquired a handsome capital, and have been prospered beyond my most sanguine expectations. Although constantly giving, I have never yet touched the bottom of my fund, and have been repeatedly astonished to find what large drafts it would bear. True, during some months I have encountered a salutary trial of faith, when this rule has led me to lay by the tenth, while the remainder proved inadequate to my support; but the tide has soon turned, and with gratitude I have recognized a heavenly hand more than making good all past deficiencies."—D. W. Whittle.

Charity Royally Blessed.

The King of Prussia once rang the bell of his cabinet, but as nobody answered he opened the door of the antechamber and found his page fast asleep upon a chair. He went up to awake him, but coming nearer he observed a paper in his pocket, upon which something was written. This excited curiosity. He pulled it out and found that it was a letter from the page's mother, the contents of which were nearly as follows. 'She returned her son many thanks for the money he had saved out of his salary and had sent to her. It had proved a very timely assistance. God would certainly reward him for it, and if he continued to serve God and his King faithfully and conscientiously, he could not fail of success and prosperity in this world.' Upon reading this the King stepped softly into his closet, fetched a rouleau of ducats, and put it with the letter into the page's pocket. He then rang so long, the page awoke and came into his closet. 'You

have been asleep, I suppose,' said the King. The page could not deny it, stammered out an excuse, put (in his embarrassment) his hand into his pocket, and felt the rouleau of ducats. He immediately pulled it out, turned pale, and looked at the King with tears in his eyes. 'What is the matter with you?' said the King. 'O!' replied the page,, 'somebody has contrived my ruin: I know nothing of this money.' 'What God bestows,' resumed the King, 'he bestows in sleep. Send the money to your mother: give my respects to her, and inform her that I will take care of both her and you.'—Rev. Charles Buck.

Princely Munificence.

Providence has placed over $100,000,000 of the world's wealth at our command constituting the United States of America the richest nation on the face of the globe. One fifth, or $20,000,000,000, of this wealth is in Christian hands, and the growing consciousness of stewardship in the disposition of wealth is an encouraging sign of our times. That the spirit of charity animates not only men and women of small means, who, as a rule, are the most liberal givers for God's cause, but that it also incites the rich to noble deeds of princely munificence, is evident from the dispensations of

The Leading Benefactors for the Year 1909.

John S. Kennedy	$26,550,000
John D. Rockefeller	12,852,000
Andrew Carnegie	6,056,511
Mrs. Christopher L. Magee	5,000,000
James Masterson Burke (estimated)	4,000,000

Ex-Senator William F. Vilas	2,000,000
C. N. Crittenton	2,000,000
James Milliken (approximately)	2,000,0000
Mitchel Valentine	2,000,000
Mary Rhinelander	2,000,000
Mrs. Russell Sage	1,900,000
Charles M. Pratt and Mrs. E. B. Dane, his sister	1,700,000
George Crocker (estimated)	2,000,000
Harry S. Henry	1,500,000
Mrs. Josephine L. Newcomb	1,500,000
Elizabeth Brigham	1,500,000
Dr. D. K. Pearson (estimated)	1,000,000
Thos. Murdoch, religious, charitable, educ'l (estim'd)	2,500,000
B. N. Duke	750,000
G. T. Oliver	500,000
L. I. Shoemaker	500,000
Unknown Donor for Home for Aged	1,000,000
Mrs. Sarah Todd	750,000
W. K. Vanderbilt	500,000
C. M. Schwab	500,000
Mrs. Sarah Morris	400,000
Nath. P. Bagley, to S. P. C. A., Boston	75,000
Ex-Governor Odell, N. Y. Home for Consumptives	75,000
James Patten, Hospital, Evanston, Ill.	40,000
John W. Gates, Hospital, Port Arthur, Tex.	500,000
J. E. Berwin, Maternity Hospital, New York	100,000
Edward Ginn, Promotion of Peace	50,000

Jacob H. Schiff, Jewish Schools and Colleges	1,000,000
Col. R. M. Thompson, Restoration Ft. Ticonderoga	500,000
Miss C. P. Stokes, Negro Schools	300,000
Joseph Fels, Philadelphia, Single Tax Promotion	250,000
Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Sanitary Tenements	1,000,000
H. H. Rogers, Schools of Fairhaven	100,000
Anonymous, Cure for Consumption	100,000

These and other benefactions of the year amount in grand total to $141,250,000, which is over $40,000,000 in excess of any previous year. Thus the increasing millions of munificent wealth flowing out annually from the treasures of the rich for the establishment of benevolent institutions and for the maintenance of great educational, philanthropic, and missionary enterprises are living evidences of the fact that, in the providence of God, many persons of ample means are realizing that riches are not given to be hoarded up in great fortunes to be squandered in sensuality, or to be displayed in gorgeous pomp and power, but to be dispensed in noble and immortal administrations of beneficence resounding to the glory of our Lord and the welfare of humanity.—J. M. R.

Opportunities for Exercising Charity.

None of us liveth to himself; no man or woman should. Yet in this country what an immense amount of power is *lost—lost to* God, and to the world! I know a person in

an humble position—she is a blacksmith's wife—who, sparing some hours each day for the work, has educated not a few of the neglected children where she resides. Her name, though unknown to fame, is known to heaven; and, better than on gold or marble, is graven on loving hearts. How many women there are, who treading in her humble footsteps, could change a languid into a bright, happy, blessed life! In this world of sin and misery, time ought not to be wasted on trifles; well-spent hours, like drops of oil spreading on the waters, diffuse themselves in blessing and pleasure all the day. —Guthrie.

XVI. CONTROLLING THE ELEMENTS.

He rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm. Matthew 8:26.

Camp Meeting Threatened by Storm.

At a camp-meeting held in Cook County, Illinois, by the Evangelical Association and superintended by Bishop Seybert during the month of July, 1841, an approaching storm threatened to damage or break up the meeting. Some unbelievers not friendly toward the meetings, rejoiced at the prospect and expected to see the worst. But the prayer of faith prevailed. The great black clouds arose within close proximity of the camp, and then at the very moment the heavens were expected to discharge a deluge of rain and storm, the clouds split and passed by on both sides of the camp, leaving it undisturbed, while in the immediate surroundings torrents of rain and storm swept the country. So marked was the intervention of Providence in this instance that even the nonprofessors of religion recognized God's hand in sparing the camp in order that the meetings, so gloriously blessed with the conversion of souls, might be continued.—Rev. S. Neitz.

Controlling Storms by Prayer.

On one occasion when a ploughing bee party assisting a neighbor, who had been sick all winter, was threatened

by a rain storm, Holy Ann was asked: "Why, Ann, could you ask your Father to stop the rain?", and the person asking the question suggested: "Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees." Ann at once made this a matter of prayer and received assurance of her answer, and with strong faith asserted that there would be no rainfall that day. The clouds continued to gather and things looked blacker than ever, and one of the young men asserted that it was bound to come. But Ann was unmoved, and the men were permitted to finish their day's work without any hindrance from the rain. Perhaps the writer might be pardoned for referring to a personal experience along the same line. A friend was expected to arrive by train at the depot about five miles from our home. The men were too busy to go, and it had been arranged that I should take the horse and buggy and go and meet him. However, just before the time to leave, a heavy thunder shower came up. I had always been very much afraid of the lightning, and dreaded the idea of being caught in a thunderstorm away from home. My mother sought to persuade me not to go, as there was no doubt about the storm bursting shortly. We then appealed to Ann, and after quiet communion she turned and said that it was all right for me to go, for not a drop would fall until I reached my destination. In spite of the gathering storm I drove off, and reached the end of my journey. The horse was put in, and just after meeting my friend, the rain began to come down in torrents, and we had a tremendous demonstration of electric power.—Helen E. Bingham.

Providence in the Wind.

The wind has called at yon city, fetid with miasma, and groaning with pestilence; and, with its besom of swift pinions, it has swept the plague away. It has looked into yon haven, and found a forest of laden ships sleeping over their freights; and it has chased them all to sea. And finding the harvest arrested in a broad and fertile realm, the earth chapped, and the crops withering, it is now hurrying with that black armament of clouds to drench it in lifesome irrigation. To narrow observation, to selfishness, that wind is an annoyance; to faith, it is God's angel forwarding the mighty plan. "Tis a boisterous night, and Pictish savages curse the noisy blast which shakes their peat-hovel round their ears; but that noisy blast has landed the gospel on St. Andrew's shore. It blows a fearful tempest, and it sets some rheumatic joints on aching; but the morrow shows, dashed in pieces, the awful Armada which was fetching the Spanish Inquisition to our British Isle. The wind blows east, and detains James' ships at Harwich; but it guides King William to Torbay. Yes, "the wind blows south, and the wind blows north; it whirleth about continually, and returneth again according to its circuits;" but, in the course of these circuits, the wind has blown to our little speck of seagirt happiness the gospel and Protestantism, and civil and religious liberty.—Dr. J. Hamilton.

Fasting and Prayer for Fair Weather.

In the life of the Rev. Robert Blair, a Scottish minister

of the seventeenth century, the following passage occurs:

"There having been incessant rain for a month in harvest, the corn was growing a finger length in the sheaves, and the whole crop was in hazard of perishing. In this deplorable situation the people resolved solemnly, by humiliation and fasting, to beseech the Lord to avert the threatened famine. When the day came, it rained heavily from morning till night; so that the Lord seemed to be thrusting out their prayers from Him. But that same night He sent a mighty wind, which did fully dry the corn and check the growing. This wind continued to blow fair two days, and the people ceased, neither night nor day, till the whole corn was got in. During these two days I and two neighboring ministers were continuing our supplications and thanksgivings to the Lord for His great mercy."—Arvine.

Prayer for Rain.

In the summer of 1853, while I was on my first circuit in Saline County, Illinois, we had a long dry spell, and it looked as though the crops would be burned up. I had two appointments in the southern part of my circuit, about three miles apart, which I filled on Sunday. There was a Baptist Church between the two. One Sunday morning during this drought, when I went to my appointment I found a message from the Baptist Church, announcing that on Monday morning all the Christian people of the community were invited to meet at the Baptist Church at eight o'clock, and spend the forenoon in fasting and prayer for rain. I made the announce-

ment at both of my appointments, and urged my people to attend. On Monday morning we met and fasted and prayed until noon.

The clouds began to gather before we left the church, and that afternoon it began to rain. The next morning the rain began to pour down, and continued all day, and the whole country was relieved. I shall never forget that day for I got thoroughly drenched with the rain.—Rev. G. W. Hughey.

John Easter's Prayer.

In his "Memorials of Methodism in Virginia, "Dr. W. W. Bennet relates the following incidents in the life of John Easter, one of the pioneer ministers who labored there nearly one hundred years ago. He is represented as being the most powerful exhortatory preacher of his day. His faith was transcendent, his appeals irresistible, his prayers like talking with God face to face. Perhaps no man has ever been signally honored of God as an instrument in the conversion of souls. On one of his circuits eighteen hundred members were added to the church in a single year.

Many thrilling scenes under his preaching yet linger among the people in those counties where he principally labored. A most extraordinary display of his faith was witnessed in Brunswick. At Merritt's meeting-house a quarterly meeting was in progress, and so vast was the concourse of people from many miles around that the services were conducted in a beautiful grove near the church. In the midst of the exercises a heavy cloud arose, and swept rapidly towards the place of worship.

From the skirts of the grove the rain could be seen coming across the fields. The people were in consternation; no house could hold one-third of the multitude, and they were about to scatter in all directions. Easter rose in the midst of the confusion—"Brethren," cried he at the top of his voice, "be still while I call upon God to stay the clouds, till His word can be preached to perishing sinners." Arrested by his voice and manner, they stood between hope and fear. He kneeled down and offered a fervent prayer that God would then stay the rain, that the preaching of His word might go on, and afterwards send refreshing showers. While he was praying the angry cloud, as it swiftly rolled up to them, was seen to part asunder in the midst, pass on either side of them, and close again beyond, leaving a space several hundred yards in circumference perfectly dry. The next morning a copious rain fell again, and the fields that had been left dry were well watered."—Dr. W. Whittle.

President Finney's Prayer.

Somewhat more than twenty years ago, the village of Oberlin and its adjacent county along the lake shore suffered severely through the hot season from a total failure of rain for nearly three months. Clouds, that seemed to promise rain, were repelled from the heated dry atmosphere over the land, and, attracted by the more moist atmosphere over the lake, to pour out their waters there. On one such occasion the clouds had gathered dark, low, and heavy over the lake, and lay there with no particular indication of rising. President Finney walked out with his eye on these clouds. I give the

sequel in his own words as they fell from his lips, less than three months since. "In this walk, I met Ralph who turned sharply upon me. 'Mr. Finney, I should like to know what you mean in preaching that God is always wise and always good; when you see Him pouring out that great rain upon the lake where it can do no good, and leaving us to suffer so terribly for the want of that wasted water?' His words cut me to the heart; I turned and ran home to my closet, fell on my knees, and told the Lord what Ralph had been saying about Him; and besought Him, for the honor of His great name, to confound this caviler, and show forth the glory of His power and the greatness of His love. I pleaded with Him, that He had encouraged His people to pray for rain, and that now the time seemed to have come for Him to show His power in this thing, and His faithfulness as a hearer of prayer. Before I rose from my knees, there was a sound of a rushing mighty wind. I looked out, and lo! the heavens were black; that cloud was rolling up, and soon the rain fell in torrents, two full hours.' The writer himself remembers how that cloud lay over the lake; how it drove him, also, to his closet; and that soon and signally the prayers of that hour came back to us in mighty rain."—Wm. W. Patton.

XVII. THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.

And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offense toward God, and toward men.
Acts 24:16.

Biblical Examples of Conscience.

Adam and Eve smitten with shame and fear. They knew that they were naked, and hid themselves. Gen. 3:7-10. Esau sold his birthright with profane indifference; yet what would he not have given years afterwards, could he have changed his father's mind? What bitter tears a few moments' pleasure cost him then! Gen. 25: 29-34; Heb. 12:16,17. Jacob, who obtained the birthright and the blessing by mean and ungenerous artifice, was filled with alarm when conscience awoke after twenty years. It is striking to compare Jacob's bold confidence when pursued by Laban, and charges with theft., Gen. 32:7, 8; 11. Judah, when he recognized his own signet and bracelets and staff, Gen. 38:26. Joseph's brethren —a remarkable instance of the avenging power of conscience long after the perpetration of a crime. Thirteen years after Joseph's brethren, with unpitying cruelty, plotted to take away his life, they stood before their brother; and, though by a circumstance which had no connection with their sin, conscience brought home the keen

remembrance of long-forgotten guilt. Happily Joseph forgave them, and returned good for evil; but seventeen years of kindness could not drown the voice of conscience —when Jacob was dead, their fears revived again. Gen. 50:15. Saul, smitten by David's generous kindness—conscience rebuked the cruel king, 1 Sam. 24:16-19; 26:21. Ahab—"Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" 1 Kings 21:20. Why should Ahab address Elijah as an "enemy," when a short time before they had parted as friends? The very spot where they met gives the answer. It was in the vineyard of Naboth the Jezraelite, which Ahab had obtained by the murder of Naboth. Zimri.... Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?" 1 Kings 16:18. Can there be peace in the breast when there is guilt on the conscience? Remember Joram's question and Jehu's answer. 2 Kings 9:22. Herod—"It is John whom I beheaded: he is risen from the dead." Mark 6:26. Herod was, Josephus says, a Sadducee (see Matt. 22:23.) Why, then, should he fear? It is a striking proof how little the sophistries of infidelity can withstand the awakening power of conscience. Judas, in the very moment of his success, found his bitterest remorse. Matt. 27:3 and 4; Prov. 5:22. Felix, the judge, trembling before the prisoner, because he was the slave of a guilty conscience. Acts 24:25.—Montaigue.

Conscience Universally Sin-Stricken.

The universal conscience of mankind is stricken with a sense of guilt. Alarmed by an instinctive sense of danger, men have felt the need of reconciliation; and *under a sense* of His displeasure, have everywhere and

in all ages, sought to make their peace with God. For this end altars were raised, and temples were built; sacrifices offered, and penances endured. If the colossal structures of Egypt, and the lovely temples of Greece and Rome, were erected, as well to adorn the state as to please the gods, it was less to please approving, than to appease angry divinities, that their courts resounded with the cries of victims, and smoking altars ran red with blood. So much did the heathen feel their need of peace, such store did they set by it, that many of them sought it at any price. They would buy peace at any cost; nor did they shrink from giving all their fortune, even the fruit of their body, for the sin of their souls. For peace with God, the Hindoo walked to his distant temples in sandals that, set with spikes, pierced his flesh at every step, and marked all the long, slow, painful journey with a track of blood; for peace with God, the Syrian led his sweet boy up to the fires of Moloch, and, unmoved in purpose by cries, or curses, or passionate entreaties, cast him shrieking on the burning pile; for peace with God the Indian mother approached the river's brink with streaming eyes and trembling steps, and, tearing the suckling from her bursting heart, kissed it, to turn away her eyes and fling it into the flood.—Guthrie.

The Power of Conscience Augmented by an Earthquake.

In the early part of 1750 repeated earthquakes alarmed the metropolis.... While Charles Wesley was rising in the pulpit of the Foundry (Church) to preach, at five o'clock in the morning, the earth moved through all London and Westminster with a strong, jarring motion, and

a rumbling noise like distant thunder. The walls of the Foundry trembled; a great agitation among the people followed; but Wesley cried aloud to them, "Therefore will we not fear though the earth be moved, and the hills be carried into the midst of the sea, for the Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." Multitudes flocked to the early Methodist service in deep alarm. Throughout the whole night many of the alarmed people knocked at the Foundry door, entreating admittance, though "our people," writes Wesley, "were calm and quiet as at any other time." During one of these terrible nights Tower Hill, Moorfields, and Hyde Park were filled with lamenting men, women, and children. Whitefield stood among them at Hyde Park preaching at midnight. A deep moral impression followed.—Stevens.

The Agency of Conscience in the Conviction of Sin.

A Christian minister, writing in 1834, states that it has been long his practice previously to the commencement of the assizes which were held in the town of his residence, to preach a sermon applicable to that solemn period. On one of these occasions his text was 2 Cor. 5:10. "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." A particular reference was made, in the course of the sermon, to the solemn proceedings of the judgment, that things done here in darkness would then be brought to light; and it was observed, "Perhaps there are some present this morning who have been *engaged in some* dark, dishonest transaction, which they

suppose is altogether unknown and will remain forever concealed. Vain supposition! Let them know that, even now, everything relative to that deed is fully exposed, and if unrepented of, will cover them with disgrace and confusion at the day of universal revelation; God will make their crimes to pass before them and set them in order before their eyes."

The next morning a gentlemen called on him and requested a private interview, having something of importance to communicate. Having adjourned to a private apartment, he said, "My business with you, sir, I confess, is singular, and must appear strange. The discourse you delivered last night has produced an extraordinary impression on Phebe T——. She sent for me early this morning and most earnestly entreated me to wait upon you, and to intercede with you not to send the officers to apprehend her for the purpose of conducting her to prison; and the only clue I can obtain from her to explain the cause of her excitement is, that 'you know it all.' "

It may be easily supposed that the minister was astonished at such a comunication. The sentence was an arrow from the bow drawn at a venture, but it was guided by a hand omniscient and powerful. He replied to his friend, that as he knew of nothing against the person in question, he might assure her she should have no officers to trouble her. He also requested him to endeavor to find out the real cause of her distressed feelings.

Her subsequent statement of the case was this:—On a dark evening of one market-day she had occasion to go

out for some article of food, and, in her way, stumbled against something that lay in the road; she turned back for a light, and perceived it was a parcel of considerable size, dropped from a cart. She removed it to her apartment, and suffered it to remain for some time without making any inquiry respecting the owner, for she was unable to read. Curiosity excited her to acquaint herself with the contents of this parcel. She soon found it consisted of various articles of linen and woolen. Having, like Eve, looked and admired, she was tempted to take them for her own use; and by degrees the parcel was considerably diminished. No one knew but herself—except one, whose piercing eye strikes through the shades of night! and no one was likely to reproach her, except the vicegerent of the Almighty—her conscience!

Phebe T——was convinced that she had acted wrong; but, as confession alone is insufficient without reparation, the next step was to find out the owner of the parcel, in order to its being restored to him. The directory soon discovered this, and the invoice forwarded with the goods helped to show the deficiency. In a short time the whole was made up and forwarded to the owner without the omission of a single article.—Anon.

A Converted Conscience.

Two infidel neighbors resided in New England. One of them heard the Gospel message and believed unto eternal life. A short time afterwards the converted man went to the house of his infidel neighbor and said to him, "I have come to talk to you. I have been converted." "*Yes, I heard* that you had been down there and gone

forward for prayers," said the skeptic with a sneer; "and I was surprised, for I had thought you were about as sensible a man as there was in town." "Well," said the Christian, "I have a duty towards you, and I want you to stop talking and hear me. I have not slept much for two nights for thinking of it. I have four sheep in my flock that belong to you. They came into my field six years ago, and I knew they had your mark on them, and I took them and marked them with my mark. You inquired all round, and could not hear anything of them. But they are in my field with the increase of them, and now I want to settle this matter. I have lain wake nights and groaned over it, and I have come to get rid of it; and now I am at your option. I will do just what you say. If it is a few years in the State's prison, I will suffer that. If it is money or property you want, say the word. I have a good farm and money at interest, and you can have all you ask. I want to settle this matter, and get rid of it." The infidel was amazed. He began to tremble. "If you have those sheep, you are welcome to them. I don't want anything of you, if you will only go away; a man who will come to me as you have, something must have gotten hold of him that I don't understand! You may keep the sheep, if you will only go away." "No," said the man, "I must settle this matter, and pay for the sheep—I shall not be satisfied without; and you must tell me how much." "Well," said the skeptic, "if you must pay for them, you may give me what the sheep were worth when they got into your field, and pay me six per cent interest on the amount, and go off, and let

me alone." The man counted out the value of the sheep, and the interest on the amount, and laid it down, and then doubled the whole.

The Self- Condemned Chief Magistrate.

A jeweller, a man of good character and considerable wealth, having occasion, in the way of business to travel some distance from his abode, took with him a servant. He had with him some of his best jewels, and a large sum of money, to which his servant was likewise privy. The master having occasion to dismount on the road, the servant watched his opportunity, took a pistol from his master's saddle, and killed him instantly; then rifling him of jewels and money, and hanging a large stone to his neck, he threw him into the nearest canal. With his booty he made off to a distant part of the country, where he had reason to believe that neither he nor his master was known. There he began to trade in a very low way at first, that his obscurity might screen him from observation. In the course of many years he seemed to rise up by the natural progress of business, into wealth and consideration; so that his good fortune appeared at once the effect of industry and the reward of virtue. Of these he counterfeited the appearance so well, that he grew into great credit, married into a good family, and by laying out his hidden stores discreetly as he saw occasion, and joining to all a universal affability, he was at length admitted to a share of the government of the town, and rose from one post to another, till at last he was chosen chief magistrate. In this office he maintained a fair character, and continued to fill it with no small applause, both as governor

and judge; till one day as he sat on the bench with some of his brethren, a criminal was brought before him who was accused of murdering his master. The evidence came out full; the jury brought in that the prisoner was guilty, and the whole assembly awaited the sentence of the president of the court (which happened to be himself) in the greatest suspense. Meanwhile he appeared to be in unusual disorder and agitation of mind; his color changed often; at length he arose from his seat, and, coming down from the bench, placed himself just by the unfortunate man at the bar, to the no small astonishment of all present. "You see before you," said he, addressing himself to those who sat on this bench with him, "a striking instance of the just awards of heaven, for this day, after thirty years' concealment, presents to you a greater criminal than the man just found guilty." He then made an ample confession of his heinous offense with all its peculiar aggravations. "Nor can I," continued he, "feel any relief from the angonies of an awakened conscience, but by the requiring that justice be forthwith done against me in the most public and solemn manner." We may easily imagine the amazement of all, especially his fellow-judges. They accordingly proceeded, upon his confession, to pass sentence upon him, and he died with all the symtpoms of a penitent mind.—Arthur G. Jackson.

The Conscientious Judge.

Sir Matthew Hale, when Chief Baron of the Exchequer, was very exact and impartial in his administration of justice. He would never receive any private addresses or

recommendations from the greatest persons in any matter in which justice was concerned. One of the first peers of England went once to his chamber and told him, 'That having a suit in law to be tried before him, he was there to acquaint him with it, that he might the better understand it when it should come to be heard in court.' Upon this Sir Matthew interrupted him and said, 'He did not deal fairly to come to his chamber about such affairs, for he never received any information of causes but in open court, where both parties were to be heard alike,' so he would not suffer him to go on. Upon this his Grace (for he was a duke) went away not a little dissatisfied, and complained of it to the King as a rudness that was not to be endured. But his Majesty bade him content himself that he was no worse used and said, 'He verily believed he would have used himself no better, if he had gone to solicit him in any of his own causes.'

Another passage fell out in one of his circuits, which was somewhat censured as an affectation of unreasonable strictness; but it flowed from his exactness to the rules he had set himself. A gentleman, who had a trial at the assizes, had sent him a buck for his table; so when he heard his name, he asked, if he was not the same person that had sent him venison. And finding he was the same he told him, he could not suffer the trial to go on, till he had paid him for his buck, To which the gentleman answered, that he never sold his venison, and that he had done nothing to him which he did not do to every judge that had gone that circuit, which was confirmed by several gentlemen present; but all that would

not do, for the Lord Chief Baron had learned from Solomon, that 'a gift perverteth the ways of judgement,' and therefore he would not suffer the trial to go on till he had paid for the present; upon which the gentleman withdrew the record. And at Salisbury the Dean and Capter having, according to custom, presented him with six sugar-loaves in his circuit, he made his servants pay for the sugar before he would try their cause.—Rev. Charles Buck.

XVIII. THE HOLY SPIRIT.

He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire.
Matthew 3:11.

The Tongue of Fire.

The fire is not a shapeless flame. It is not Abram's lamp, nor the pillar of the desert, nor the coal of Isaiah, nor the infolding flame of Ezekiel. It is a tongue, yea, cloven tongues. On each brow glows a sheet of flame, parted into many tongues. Here was the symbol of the new dispensation. Christianity was to be a Tongue of Fire. It was a symbol of their "power," the power whereby the new kingdom was to be built up; the power for which they had so long to tarry, and so eagerly to pray, when all other things were prepared; for which the whole arrangement for the world's conversion was commanded to stand still. The appearance of this one symbol was the signal that former ones had waxed old, and were ready to vanish away. Altar and cherubim, sacrifice and incense, ephod and breast-plate, Urim and Thummin—their work was done. Even of the most sacred emblem of all, that which was the "pattern of things in the heavens," the Ark itself, it had been foretold, "They shall say no more, The Ark of the Covenant of the Lord; neither shall it come to mind; neither shall they remem-

ber it; neither shall they visit it; neither shall it be magnified any more." Of the temple itself the Master had said, that not one stone should be left upon another.

All the emblems of the old dispensation were now forever superseded. In their room the Lord had appointed only two; and they chosen with a singular aptness at once to suggest ideas, and to avoid image representation: the water, wherein the mind could see a symbol of the cleansing Spirit, but the eye no attempted likeness: the bread and wine, wherein the body and the blood are forcibly brought to mind, but no personal similitude set before the eye. These two only were the inartistic emblems which Christ had ordained for His Church. His was to be a religion of the understanding and the heart; wholly resting on the convictions and the principles, building nothing on sense, and permitting nothing to fancy. ,

In strict keeping with this spiritual stamp of Christianity, was the symbol which, once for all, announced to the Church the advent of her conquering power—the power by which she was to stand before kings, to confound synagogues, to silence councils, to still mobs, to confront the learned, to illuminate the senseless, and to inflame the cold—the power by which, beginning at Jerusalem, where the name of Jesus was a by-word, she was to proclaim His glory through all Judea, throughout Samaria, and through the uttermost parts of the earth. The symbol is a Tongue, the only instrument of the grandest war ever waged: a tongue—man's speech to his fellow man; a message in human words to human faculties, from the understanding, from the heart to the heart.

A tongue of fire—man's voice, God's truth; man's speech, the Holy Spirit's inspiration; a human organ, a superhuman power. Not one tongue, but cloven tongues; as the speech of men is various, here we see the Creator taking to Himself the language of every man's mother; so that in the very words wherein he heard her say, "I love thee," he might hear the Father of all say, "I love thee."—Rev. William Arthur.

The Abiding Comforter.

Our Lord had promised to His disciples miraculous light and power by the Spirit; but it was not as a miracle-working power that He had chiefly foretold His coming. It was as a spiritual power, a comforter, a guide unto all truth, a revealer of the things of God, a remembrance of the words of Christ; one who would convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; one who would embolden the Lord's servants to bear witness before the most terrible adversaries, and would guide their lips to wise and convincing speech. Had it been His design that they should expect the Holy Spirit chiefly as a miraculous power, the leading promise would have had this aspect.

When He first clearly proclaims that the Comforter shall come as a substitute for His own presence, he marks the classes who shall know Him, and those who shall not. The distinction between them lies not in apostleship or ministry, not in gifts or powers, but in being of the world, and "not of the world." "Whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him: but ye know Him; for He dwell-

eth with you, and shall be in you." Not, "For He will work miracles by you." That was not promised to all. Not, "He will prophesy by you." That He did not promise to all. But He did promise to all who are "not of the world," that He should dwell with them and be in them. Nor is this promise confined to the apostolic age, or to the times immediately succeeding. "That He may abide with you forever," gives an interest in the personal influences of the Comforter to the disciples of all ages, as well as to those of the first days.—Rev. William Arthur.

The Spirit of Power.

"While the methods of the Spirit are by no means uniform, His power in the quickening of the heart and in leading to a complete surrender to Christ, is unvarying in every true conversion. That Spirit can find a sinner anywhere, and can make even the most unthought of means, the instrument of deep conviction. During a series of special revival meetings in a large city a few years ago, one merchant called upon another whom he knew to be irreligious and profane. He was surprised to find him reading the report of a sermon to the unconverted in a daily paper. He was surprised still more when the man laid down his paper and said with emphasis, 'The Holy Spirit is on that man, or he could not preach so.' He had not been attending the meetings, but by reading the sermons in the papers God's Spirit got hold of him and he became concerned for his soul, and was soon happily converted. He then called his partners in business together and told them of his change. 'Bus-

iness has been first with me, as you know very well,' he said to them; 'hereafter religion is to be first, and business second.' "—Rev. M. R. Drury.

The Third Person of the Holy Trinity.

The word which we translate "Comforter" is employed in the last discourse of our Lord, I believe, for the first time. Unless I am much mistaken, it is a word wholly inapplicable to a thing. It belongs to a person. And if we inquire, as we needs must, who is the Person designated by it, the answer is at hand. Twice in this most blessed sermon the means of explaining this word are distinctly furnished to us:—in the fourteenth chapter of John, twenty-sixth verse, "But the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, He shall teach you all things," &c.; and in the fifteenth chapter, twenty-sixth verse, "But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, He shall testify of Me." In other parts of the same discourse, the same great doctrine of the personality of the Comforter is distinctly taught. He is referred to by personal pronouns; there are ascribed to Him acts which only a real person can perform. He is to "teach," to "testify," as, after their manner, the Apostles were to testify; and the inference is fair, that He, who was to testify as they did, was as real a person as any of the Apostles were.

A young student preparing for Cambridge was assailed by a certain village skeptic who sneered at the

idea of the Holy Ghost being a person. "Personality of the Spirit!" said he; "why, the Spirit is wind, breath, air—the very Greek word shows you this, for it simply means wind." "Be it so," replied the youth; "then be so kind as to tell me the meaning of this passage, 'Except a man be born of water and of the wind, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of wind is wind. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the wind.' " The skeptic, taken aback, had No answer; and the student passed on, saying to him, "Your words are born of the wind, but not of the Spirit."—Dr. Osborn.

The Spirit of Love for Bible Truth.

The Rev. Frederick G. Clark thus writes of an answer to prayer from one who wanted to love the Bible more:

"Twenty-seven years ago, in the congregation of my first charge, was a lady whose love for the Bible was something remarkable. In the confidence of a pastoral visit she told me of her joy in the divine word, and also recited the incidents of her experience in this regard. She had formerly read her Bible as so many do—a chapter now, and a half-chapter then, without much interest or profit. She was, even then, most interested in religious things. But her chief sources of spiritual strength were in such writings as those of Baxter, Payson, and Robert Phillips. It was her custom to read the Bible from duty, and then turn to these uninspired volumes for the kindling of a higher devotion. For a good while this satisfied

her; but at length, she came to feel grieved about it. She thought it a dishonor to God's work that any other book should be as interesting to her as the Bible. She tried to change this, but at first, with little success. The Bible was still duty—Baxter was pleasure and spiritual elevation.

"At length, she could bear it no longer; so she took the case to God with strong crying. She told her Heavenly Father how grieved she was that any other book should rival the Bible in her affections. She asked this one thing—and she renewed her prayer every day—that her first delight might be in reading the word of God. I think it was some time before she felt that her request was granted. But at length, the answer to her prayer was complete and marvelous. A strange light came over the sacred page. A fascination held her to her Bible. She discovered a depth, a meaning, a curiosity, a charm, which were all new and most wonderful. Sometimes when she had finished reading her Bible for the night, and had closed the book and had moved towards her bed, she would go back again and enjoy the luxury of a few more verses.—D. W. Whittle.

The Spirit of Gracious Revival.

The following marvelous account is fully authenticated: Rev. John Easter was holding a meeting in the forest; it was in the mid-day of his fame and power; hundreds and hundreds had gathered to hear the wonderful man. In the midst of his sermon, while all were hanging on his lips in breathless silence, suddenly a rushing *sound as of a mighty* wind smote the ears of the hearers.

All eyes were instantly turned upward, but no storm had smitten the forest; not a twig, not a leaf stirred; still the awful sound swept over and around them. Instantly several hundred horses broke from their fastenings, and rushed wildly in all directions through the woods; hundreds of men and women fell flat upon their faces, stricken down by the mighty power of God. The cry of conviction that arose was appalling; even the holiest of Christians trembled in the presence of that mysterious sound. The work of conversion was as instantaneous as the work of conviction, and many were the witnesses for Christ that arose in the midst of the awe-stricken multitude. The effects of this display of divine power were great indeed on the part of the people far and near. The work spread like fire in dry stubble, and hundreds were added to the church.—Foster.

The Voice of God in the Soul.

A lady, timid and fearful by nature, and feeble in health, was compelled to take a voyage by sea. Of the ocean and its perils, she had always had a dread amounting to terror. Every way which could be thought of to avoid the sea and reach her proposed destination was sought out. She had said often she would not be tempted, under any consideration, to go by water. But in vain; every resource failed, and she must either abandon her enterprise or take the dreaded alternative. She summoned all her faith and trust—she thought of the little child who asked, "Is not God upon the sea as well as on the land?" —but all were weak and helpless. She resigned herself

to the alternative as if she would find in it only her death. The season was stormy, and the seas were rough.

The night before sailing she retired to rest as usual, faint yet prayerful. When nearly asleep a voice seemed to whisper in her ear a verse she had never read but once, and had never thought of on any other occasion, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." She rose in her bed and clasping her hands, in the deepest emotion poured out her thanks to the Divine Promiser for His blessed words. Her faith grew strong, she allowed no fears to trouble her, but went as calmly on board the ship as she would have entered a carriage, hearing the beautiful and soothing words every hour, as if they had been spoken by an audible voice.

Two days out at sea, and cruising coastwise, the winds rose in a gale. The black waves leaped and foamed and dashed against the little craft, which rolled and pitched, while the passengers were nearly all so ill as to be unconscious of danger. The captain came not to his meals, in vain was the table set—he remained firm at his post. The woman in her cabin, more ill than any one, yet looked out at her window as she lay in her berth, and thought, "This is what I dreaded, but I will pray and God will save us." The prayer was almost agony, so earnestly she pleaded for the lives of all in that ship. The storm lasted two days and nights, and but for her hope in God, but for her constant prayers, she would have died with the terror. There were those on that vessel who were unbelievers; there were a few who feared God; and doubtless, their prayers ascended too, but hers were wrestling pray-

ers. Years may pass, but she will never cease to believe that God saved them in answer to prayer. When all became calm, and the company could once more assemble in the cabin, she gave God the praise for His protecting care.

As the vessel went on, at one side lay the stranded wreck of another vessel of the same line. This lady had bought her ticket a few days before she left, but had been advised to defer going till the next steamer should go out. She did so, and was saved. Such a voice of providence!—H. L. Hastings.

XIX. PROVIDENTIAL ORIGIN OF SACRED HYMNS.

He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God. Ps. 40:3.

God, a Mighty Fortress.

This hymn should be very near to the heart of every Protestant Christian, for it was written in the year when the Evangelical Princes delivered their historic protest at the Diet of Spires, out of which the Word "Protestant," in its present religious sense, was born. In 1530, while the Diet of Augsburg was in session, Luther used often to sing it to comfort himself and his friends. It has been called the "Marseillaise of the Reformation."

Born, as this hymn was, in time of storm, it has graced many a stormy scene, not only in Germany, but in other lands. When the struggle for Protestantism was transferred to the hands of the great king, Gustavus Adolphus, that heroic Swede found comfort and inspiration in Luther's immortal hymn, and commanded it to be sung on the day of his death, at the battlefield of Lutzen. On the morning of his last battle, when the armies of Gustavus and Wallenstein were drawn up, waiting till the morning mist dispersed to commence the attack, the king commanded this hymn to be sung, accompanied by the

drums and trumpets of the whole army. Immediately afterwards, the mist broke and the sunshine burst on the two armies. For a moment Gustavus Adolphus knelt beside his horse, in face of his soldiers and repeated his usual battle prayer: "O Lord Jesus Christ! bless our arms, and this day's battle, for the glory of Thy holy name!" Then passing along the lines, with a few brief words of encouragement he gave the battle cry, "God with us!"—the same with which he had conquered at Leipzig. Thus began the day which laid him low amidst the thickest of the fight, with those three sentences on his dying lips, noble and Christian as any that ever fell from the lips of dying men since the days of the last martyr: "I seal with my blood the liberty and religion of the German nation!"

"My God, my God!"—and the last that were heard,
"Alas! my poor queen!"

Luther's splendid hymn has received many a baptism of fire like that. It is related that on the Sabbath afternoon before the overthrow of the French army in the last Franco-Prussian war, the second Napoleon, then in the shadow of his swiftly coming doom, rode out to review his troops. In doing so he came near enough to the German camps to hear them singing, and he inquired what it was they sang. He was informed that it was Luther's hymn,—

"A mighty fortress is our God."

It is said that the fated emperor went away sadly, remarking that it was impossible to fight against soldiers

who went into battle with hymns like that upon their lips.

This hymn is suggestive of the source of Martin Luther's invincible courage and strength. To him God was ever present, as the source of all blessing.—Louis Albert Banks.

"TAKE MY LIFE AND LET IT BE."

The origin of this hymn of Miss Havergal is very interesting and helpful. In a letter to a friend, she writes: "Perhaps you will be interested to know the origin of the consecration hymn, 'Take My Life.' I went for a little visit of five days. There were ten persons in the house, some unconverted and long prayed for, some converted but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer, 'Lord, give me all in this house!' And He just did. Before I left the house, evey one had got a blessing. The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise and renewal of my own consecration, and these little couplets formed themselves and chimed in my heart, one after another, till they finished with 'Ever, only, all for Thee.' "—Rev. E. S. Lorenz.

Coronation.

Edward Perronet composed this most inspiring hymn in the English language, in the year 1779. Heroic Christian faith which overcomes the world and boldly declares the majesty of our kingly Christ, gave inspiration for the origin of this immortal hymn. It was at first published in "The Gospel Magazine." At once it became popular *among all classes,* gained an extensive circulation, and is

now sung in notes of gospel praise in many tongues in all parts of the Christian world. Later the author of this hymn, who was an intimate friend of the Wesleys, became pastor of a Dissenter church, and in the year 1792, he died in the triumph of the Christian faith. His last words were: "Praise God in the heights of His divinity. Praise God in the depth of His humanity. Praise God in all His fulness. In His hands I commend my spirit." One out of many instances that might be quoted is here related to indicate the blessedness of this glorious hymn. Many years ago a Methodist local preacher named William Dawson, a farmer, who was an original genius and a very striking and popular speaker, was preaching in London on the divine offices of Christ. After setting him forth as the great Teacher and Priest, he showed Him in His glory as the King of saints. He proclaimed Him as King of His own right, and then proceeded to the coronation. His ideas were borrowed from scenes familiar to his hearers. He graphically portrayed the marshalling of the immense procession. Then it moved towards the grand temple to place the insignia of royalty upon the King of the universe. So vividly was all this depicted, that those who listened thought they were gazing upon a long line of patriarchs, kings, prophets, apostles, martyrs, and confessors of every age and clime. They saw the great Temple filled; and the grand and solemn act of coronation was about to be performed. By this time the congregation was wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, and while expecting to hear the pealing anthem arise from the vast assembly upon which they

seemed to gaze, the preacher lifted up his voice and sang,—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown Him Lord of all!"

The effect was overwhelming. The crowd sprang to their feet, and sang the hymn with a feeling and a power which seemed to swell higher and higher at every verse. "It was," says Rev. S. W. Christophers, who relates the incident, "a jubilant multitude paying harmonious homage to their Sovereign Lord and Savior."—Rev. J. G. Hildenstein.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

"Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war."

Written for a special occasion, the author was totally unprepared for the subsequent popularity of this hymn. In 1895, he said regarding its composition: "Whit-Monday is a great day for school festival in Yorkshire. One Whit-Monday, thirty years, ago, it was arranged that our school should join forces with that of a neighboring village. I wanted the children to sing when marching from one village to another, but couldn't think of anything quite suitable; so I sat up at night, resolved that I would write something myself. 'Onward, Christian soldiers' was the result. It was written in great haste, and I am afraid some of the rhymes are faulty. Certainly nothing has surprised me more than its popularity. I don't remember how it got printed first, but I know that

very soon it found its way into several collections. I have written a few other hymns since then, but only two or three have become at all well known." The tune to which it is now sung is the one by which Sir Arthur Sullivan is likely to be known longest to posterity.—Ira D. Sankey.

"Let the Lower Lights be Burning."

This song was suggested to the author, Mr. Bliss, by the following anecdote told by Mr. Moody:—There are two light houses at Cleveland, Ohio—one on the bluff, called the upper lights, and the other at the mouth of the river, called the lower lights. One wild, stormy night, a steamer was trying to make her way into the harbor. The officers were anxiously looking for the lights. By and by the pilot said, "Do you see the lower lights?" "No," said the captain; "I fear we have passed the lower lights, and have lost our chance of getting into the harbor." They looked back and saw the dim outline of the lower lighthouse against the sky. The lights had gone out. They could not turn around as the ship would not answer to her helm. Vainly they tried to make the harbor, and finally they went crash against the rocks, and sank to the bottom. Very few escaped; the great majority found a watery grave, because the lower lights had gone out. —Rev. E. S. Lorenz.

"Ninety and Nine."

Sankey, the revival singer, tells of his favorite song and the way it originated:

" 'The Ninety and Nine' I place at the head of the list. I well remember how I came to compose the music to

the words. It was done on the spur of a great and exalted feeling. When I was going from Edinburgh to Glasgow, I picked up a paper on the train and came across the words. They at once struck me as being full of feeling; so I hid the paper away in my pocket. The words rang in my ears. At Glasgow, we had a glorious meeting. Mr. Moody preached from the twenty-third Psalm. He touched the hearts of the people. When he was about to close his sermon, I did not know what to sing. I wanted to select something appropriate to the sermon, but I found nothing suitable. Those grand words, full of poetry, simple, yet beautiful: 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake,' as Mr. Moody closed with them, acted as an inspiration. I hastily pulled the crumpled newspaper from my pocket and sang the words of 'The Ninety and Nine' to music that came to me then and there. I did not know how the accompaniment would go. The feeling of the moment carried me through and I afterwards wrote the music." —Louis Albert Banks.

Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Fanny Crosby, the world-renowned authoress of over three thousand beautiful hymns, is said to have written this precious hymn in fifteen minutes. One day Mr. Doane said to her: "I have but forty minutes until my train goes. I should like to have a hymn for this tune." Then he hummed the tune to Fanny and in the short time *of a quarter of* an hour this immortal hymn was com-

pleted. It was born of heavenly inspiration. Who can estimate the blessedness of this hymn! It is the song with which repenting sinners come to the arms of Jesus, and it is the song we gently sing for consolation to Christian friends in bereavement. Out of a volume of stories that might be written about this hymn, only one little instance may indicate its resourcefulness for sweet consolation.

One of McAll's missionaries, laboring in the neglected quarters of a great city, among others, found a poor dying girl. The missionary bowing over this poor departing soul tenderly sang: "Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast." While she sang, the dying girl ceased her moanings of agony and with a triumphant shout: "O how glorious!" she answered the heavenly home-call of her Lord.—Anon.

XX. INSTANCES OF HEROIC MORAL COURAGE.

Be strong and show thyself a man. 1 Kings 2:2.

Courage Providentially Rewarded.

On the English coast there was a wild storm and a wreck in the offing, and the cry was, "Man the lifeboat!" But Harry, the usual leader of the sailors' crew, was not to be found, and they went without him and brought back all the shipwrecked people but one. By this time Harry, the leader of the crew, appeared and said, "Why did you leave that one?" The answer was, "He could not help himself at all, and we could not get him into the boat." "Man the lifeboat!" shouted Harry, "and we will go for that one." "No!" said his aged mother who was standing by, "you must not go. I lost my father in a storm like this, and your brother Will went off six years ago, and I have not heard a word from him since he left, and I don't know where he is, poor Will, and I cannot let you also go, for I am old and dependent on you." His reply was, "Mother, I must go and save that one man; and if I am lost, God will take care of you in your old days." The lifeboat put out, and after an awful struggle with the sea, they picked the poor fellow out of the rigging just in time to save his life, and started for the shore. And as they came within speaking distance, Harry cried

out, "We saved him, and tell mother it is brother Will!" —J. Ellis.

Courage that is Christlike.

In 1386, the little Swiss army of fourteen hundred valiant men waging a warfare in self-defense and in the cause of patriotic rights, stood out in bold defiance at Sempach against the whole Austrian phalanx in battle array more than four times superior in number. Just as the battle was about to begin the Swiss heroes sang the old battle hymn, "In the midst of life we are surrounded by death;" then falling upon their knees and lifting their hands, as well as their voices, heavenward in earnest appeal, they implored God in prayer. "Behold," cried one of the Austrian leaders, "they are imploring grace!" "Yes," said another, but more enlightened observer, "they are imploring grace, yet not of us, but of God, and what that means we shall soon find out." And they did find out. The little Swiss army stood invincible in battle. Again and again the Austrian hosts came on, but again and again they were driven back. Then the Austrians, overwhelmingly superior in number, seemed determined to overpower the Swiss heroes by brute force. Standing shoulder to shoulder, they held out their spears before them so as to make, as it were, an iron fence of pointed spears, which neither man nor horse could break through. Then Arnold von Winkelried, stepping out boldly from the ranks of his countrymen, said: "Take care of my wife and children. I will break their ranks." He threw away his armor, pushed in upon the enemy, took as many spears as he could in his breast and arms

and body, and so fell down dead himself at the very moment he broke through the fence. The others rushed in after him, and the Austrians were soon defeated and put to flight.—H. Liebhart, D. D.

The Boldness of Luther at Worms.

Luther was a remarkable instance of the boldness of the righteous. Singlehanded he fought against popes and kings and cardinals and other dangerous enemies. Oftentimes he was left alone, unsupported by his most intimate friends. Still he remained unshaken. "Ah!" said some to him,..... they will burn you, they will consume your body ashes, as they did that of John Huss." But nothing daunted the monk. "Although they should make a fire that should reach from Worms to Wittenberg, and that should flame up to heaven, in the Lord's name I would pass through it; I would appear before them; I would enter between the jaws of this Behemoth; I would break his teeth, and would confess the Lord Jesus Christ." At a subsequent period of his journey, his friend Spalatin sent a messenger to him to say that he must not think of entering Worms. The imperturbable Luther looked steadily at the messenger and replied, "Go tell your master that, even although there were as many devils at Worms as there are tiles upon the roofs of the houses. I would enter it." When told that Duke George would certainly arrest him, he replied, "If it would rain Duke Georges for nine days together, I would go."—Foster.

Moral Courage Rebuking Ministerial Cowardice.

At a conference session in Nashville, Tennessee, the following incident, related by Mr. Cartwright, occurred

in a fashionable church of that city. In the course of the Sabbath the city preacher informed me that I was to preach on Monday evening in Dr. Blackbourn's Church, and charged me to be sure to behave myself. I made him my best bow and thanked him that he had given me any appointment at all; and I assured him I would certainly behave myself the best I could. "And now," said I, "Brother Mac, it really seems providential that you have appointed me to preach in the doctor's church, for I expect they never heard Methodist doctrine fairly stated and the dogmas of Calvinism exposed; and now, sir, they shall hear the truth for once." Said the preacher, "You must not preach controversy." I replied, 'If I live to preach there at all, I'll give Calvinism one riddling." "Well," said the preacher, "I recall the appointment, and will send another preacher there; and you must preach in the Methodist Church Monday evening, and do try and behave yourself." "Very well," said I; "I'll do my best."

The preacher's conduct toward me was spread abroad, and excited considerable curiosity. Monday evening came; the Church was filled to overflowing; every seat crowded, and many had to stand. After singing and prayer, Brother Mac took his seat in the pulpit. I then read my text: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" After reading my text I paused. At that moment I saw General Jackson walking up the aisle; he came to the middle post, and very gracefully leaned against it, and stood, as there were no vacant seats. Just then I felt some one pull my

coat in the stand, and turning my head, my fastidious preacher, whispering a little loud, said: "General Jackson has come in; General Jackson has come in" I felt a flash of indignation run all over me like an electric shock, and facing about to my congregation, and purposely speaking out audibly, I said, "Who is General Jackson? If he don't get his soul converted, God will damn him as quick as He would a Guinea negro!"

The preacher tucked his head down, and squatted, low, and would, no doubt, have been thankful for leave of absence. The congregation, General Jackson and all, smiled, or laughed right out, all at the preacher's expense. When the congregation was dismissed, my city-stationed preacher stepped up to me, and very sternly said to me: "You are the strangest man I ever saw, and General Jackson will chastise you for your insolence before you leave the city." Very clear of it," said I, "for General Jackson, I have no doubt, will applaud my course; and if he should undertake to chastise me, as Paddy said, 'There is two as can play at that game!"

General Jackson was staying at one of the Nashville hotels. Next morning, very early, my city preacher went down to the hotel to make an apology to General Jackson for my conduct in the pulpit the night before. Shortly after he had left, I passed by the hotel, and I met the General on the pavement; and before I approached him by several steps he smiled, and reached out his hand and said:

"Mr. Cartwright, you are a man after my own heart. I am very much surprised at Mr. Mac, to think he would

suppose that I would be offended at you. No, sir; I told him that I highly approved of your independence; that a minister of Jesus Christ ought to love everybody and fear no mortal man. I told Mr. Mac that if I had a few thousand such independent, fearless officers as you were, and a well-drilled army, I could take old England." —Peter Cartwright.

The Heroism of Christian Martyrs.

When the executioner went behind Jerome of Prague to set fire to the pile, "Come here," said the martyr, "and kindle it before my eyes; for if I dreaded such a sight, I should never have come to this place when I had a free opportunity to escape." The fire was kindled, and he then sang a hymn which was soon finished by the encircling flames.

Thomas Bilney suffered at Norwich in the year 1531. The night before he suffered, he put his finger into the flame of a candle, as he had often done before, and said, "I feel by experience that the fire is hot; yet I am persuaded by God's holy word, and by the experience of some spoken of in it, that in the flame they felt no fear, and in the fire no consumption, and I believe that, though the stubble of my body shall be wasted, yet my soul shall thereby be purged; and that after short pain, joy unspeakable will follow."

As he was led forth to the place of execution, one of his friends spoke to him, praying to God to strengthen him, and to enable him patiently to endure his torments; to whom he answered with a quiet and pleasant cou[illegible]

tenance, "When the mariner undertakes a voyage, he is tossed on the billows of the troubled seas; yet, in the midst of all, he beareth up his spirits with his consideration, that ere long he shall come into his quiet harbor: so," added he, "I am now sailing upon the troubled sea, but ere long my ship shall be in a quiet harbor; and I doubt not but, through the grace of God, I shall endure the storm; only I would entreat you to help me with your prayers."

John Lambert suffered in the year 1538. No man was used at the stake with more cruelty than this holy martyr. They burned him with a slow fire by inches; for if it kindled higher and stronger than they chose, they removed it away. When his legs were burnt off, and his thighs were mere stumps in the fire, they pitched his poor body upon pikes, and lacerated his broiling flesh with their halberts. But God was with him in the midst of the flame, and supported him in all the anguish of nature. Just before he expired, he lifted up such hands as he had, all flaming with fire, and cried out to the people with his dying voice, with these glorious words, "None but Christ! None but Christ!" He was at last beaten down into the fire, and expired.—Rev. Charles Buck.

Christian Heroism in Missionary Enterprises.

There is not a mission which cannot be adduced as an example. Take West Africa as one. From the unhealthy climate it was long called "the white man's grave." The *early missionaries* went out, one after another, with

martyrdom full in view. In 1768, a party of nine were sent out by the Moravians to the coast of Guinea, but within two years they all died, and the mission was abandoned. In 1798, there were six sent by other societies to the neighborhood of Sierra Leone, and within two years three died, one was murdered, and the mission was given up. During the first twenty years of the Church Missonary Society, no fewer than fifty-three missionaries, or missionaries' wives, died at their post; and for the first twelve years the Society was without the encouragement of a single baptism. In 1823, five missionaries went out from the Church Missionary Society; four died within six months. In 1825, six went out, and two died within six months. Yet, notwithstanding all the danger and discouragement, there was never wanting "another man to take the colors," and what has been the result? Scarcely any mission has been more blessed. Of the present population of Sierra Leone, of about 37,000, 32,000 are professing Christians, and the mission has developed into a self-supporting Church, there now. It has itself also become a Missionary Church, and during the last thirty-three years has sent out fifty educated native pastors to work as missionaries, the greatest part of whom are on the Yoruba and the Niger.

The same Christian heroism was illustrated in the Niger mission. Fifty European out of one hundred and fifty died within sixty-one days. Yet it is now a field of richest promise and blessing, watched over by a native bishop, and a noble band of Christian workers.—G. S. **Bowes.**

God Uses Bold Men.

See Elijah on Mount Carmel, full of boldness. How the Lord used him! How the Lord stood by him! How the Lord blessed him! But when he got his eyes off the way, and Jezebel sent a message to him that she would have his life, he became afraid. He was not afraid of Ahab and the whole royalty, not afraid of all the nation. He stood on Mount Carmel alone, and see what courage he had! But what came over him, I don't know, unless it was that he got his eyes off the Lord. That, I think, is the trouble with a great many of God's people. We become frightened and are afraid to speak to men about their souls. We lack moral courage. The work of soul-saving will not begin until we get the courage to invite men to Christ, personally. We read that when the Apostles were brought before the council, they perceived their boldness, and it made an impression on the council. The Lord could use them then because they were fearless and bold.—Moody.

XXI. GOD'S CALL TO CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

Go ye also into the vineyard. Matt. 20:4.

God's Call to Labors in His Vineyard.

My call to the ministry dates back prior to my conversion. God knows a man's place and how to shape his destiny. Originally it was my intention to become a teacher in the state schools of Germany, and with this calling in view I pursued and finished a five years' course of study in the Seminary of Wuertemberg. While undergoing this course of training I was, in the Providence of God, building wiser than I knew, but I felt strangely dissatisfied with myself and the course I was pursuing. God's spirit was striving mightily within my soul. Providentially Bible instruction was a prominent feature of my schooling. My environments were strictly religious. Both in my home and in my congregation, Bible truth and prayer, augmented by God's Spirit, aroused within me the desire to a higher life not yet attained. Unconverted, as I was, I felt the sting of sin in my soul and the aching void within my heart. Though in my desire for the powers of saving grace in experimental religion, I attended the meetings of the Pietists and sought the spiritual advice of prominent ministers, yet I was unsaved from sin and devoid of peace with God.

Then came a providential turning point in my life. It is marvelous how little things sometimes affect our destiny. One day, as by mere coincidence, there came to my notice a little religious paper containing an earnest call for young Christian men to candidacy for the ministry, with a view to undergoing a course of theological training in a Seminary at Columbus, Ohio, U. S. A., and after due qualification, to enter the missionary service of the Evangelical Lutheran Church. To me, this call seemed providential and resulted in my emigration to America. But instead of going direct to the Theological Seminary at Columbus, I first visited my uncle in the State of Iowa, where revival meetings, conducted by Rev. Peter Martin of the German Methodist Episcopal Church, were in progress. The first evening I attended, the meeting was conducted by a local preacher, a dear old brother, whose head was white with age but whose face was radiant with Christian hope and spiritual sunshine. His humble message of salvation warmed my heart, and led me to see the way of the cross that leads to peace with God. After a brief but earnest season of penitence and prayer, I found the Christ of my salvation, whose call to labor in His vineyard was now stronger and better understood than ever, and led me to respond by consecrating my life to His noble service in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church and in the editorial labors now entrusted to my charge.—Friedrich Munz, D. D., Editor Haus & Herd.

Bishop Marvin's Call to the Episcopacy.

At the General Conference of the Southern Methodist

Episcopal Church at New Orleans in 1866, Enoch Marvin was elected to the Episcopacy; and his election was so evidently the result of divine direction that he was in a special sense regarded "a providential Bishop." Though a man of deep piety, marked ability, and ample qualifications in every respect, the office came to him entirely unsought on his part. Knowing that against his will he was being regarded as a candidate, he supposed the election to have transpired. While telegrams, summoning his attendance for ordination, were being dispatched here and there over the country, he was on a boat steaming down Red River. Mr. McLean gives this note of the journey as Bishop Marvin related it. "He was sitting on the bow of the boat in meditation when," he said, "the devil suggested to me, as I thought, that I was going down to New Orleans to be ordained Bishop." Startled at the temptation as he regarded it, he went immediately into his stateroom and kneeled before his Maker, bewailing the mere thought. When on his arrival at New Orleans he was formally apprised of his election, his feelings were so deeply agitated that he retired to a private room and stretched himself upon the bed, where a few of his most intimate brethren gathered around him. To a friend congratulating him on his election he said: "I don't know that you can congratulate me." On being asked why not, he answered: "I don't know that I can stand up there and say I believe that I am called of God to this office."

However, after prolonged counsel with his brethren, warmly assuring him of the distinct providentiality of

the call, he began to regard it with submission. He could regard it as the call of God in the sense in which he had often been called from place and position to another, by the voice of his brethren, and the economy of the Church, and which indications in the line of duty he had not hitherto felt at liberty to disregard. The office sought him; he did not seek it. He had a keen perception and a heavy sense of the responsibility involved; and in making up his mind prayerfully, to be ordained, it was with the expressed hope and belief, that he might multiply his usefulness in the Church through his relations to the preachers; and his noble record indicates in what a marvelous manner, and to what an enlarged extent, his wishes in that regard have been realized.—Dr. Thomas M. Finney.

Doctor Trumbull's Call to an Army Chaplaincy.

When in 1860, the Civil War began by the firing on Fort Sumter, H. Clay Trumbull was an active worker in the Sunday-school missionary field in New England. To Mr. Trumbull the call to defend the government in its peril seemed providential. Unfortunately, however, on account of his much impaired health, he was not regarded an able-bodied citizen, and hence not available for army services. Though the Tenth Connecticut Regiment called him to its chaplaincy, and though he felt desirous to accept, yet he felt compelled to decline; but in his patriotic zeal Trumbull asked God in prayer if there was not something he might do in his country's behalf; and Providence evidently regarded his patriotic zeal with favor.

Later on his health improved, and on one Monday

morning, while engaged in meditation, and
desire to do service in an army chaplaincy wit
first mail delivery brought him a letter from New Berne, North Carolina. Concerning this letter Mr. Trumbull says, "It was from the colonel of the Tenth Connecticut Regiment and of the military post where it was now stationed, and he suggested reason why I should accept the call. The providence was too marked to leave me in any doubt as to God's purpose for me. From my library chair I called to my wife in the room above:

"Alice, God has called me to war."

"Then I suppose you'll go." was the quiet response of the brave and patriotic and self-denying little woman.

And this was the way that God pointed out my place in army service.—H. Clay Trumbull.

Theodore L. Cuyler's Call to the Ministry.

During the first eighteen months after I graduated from Princenton College, I was balancing between the law and the ministry. Many of my relatives urged me to become a lawyer, as my father and grandfather had been, but my godly mother had dedicated me to the ministry from infancy, and her influence all went in the same line with her prayers. With the exception of my venerated and beloved kinsman, Dr. Cornelius C. Cuyler, Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, who died in 1850, no other man of my name has stood in an American pulpit. During the winter of my return from Europe to my home on the Cayuga Lake, one of my uncles invited me to to go down and attend an afternoon prayer service in the neighboring village of Ludlowville.

There was a spiritual awakening in the church, and the meeting was held in the parlor of a private house. I arose and spoke for ten minutes. When the meeting was over, more than one came to me and said: "Your talk did me good." On my way home, as I drove along in my sleigh, the thought flashed into my mind, "if ten minutes' talk today helped a few souls, why not preach all the time?" That one thought decided the vexed question on the spot. Our lives turn on small pivots, and if we let God lead us, the path will open before our footsteps. I reached home that day, and informed my good mother of my decision. She had always expected it and quietly remarked, "Then, I have already spoken to Mr. Ford for his room for you in the Princenton Seminary." My three years in the Seminary were full of joy and profit. I made it a rule to go out as often as possible and address little meetings in the neighboring schoolhouse, and found this a very beneficial method of gaining practice.—Theodore L. Cuyler. D. D.

Bishop Simpson's Call to the Ministry.

Though trained religiously, Matthew Simpson came to a young man's years before making a public profession of religion. Prior to his conversion, thoughts of the ministry sometimes flashed across his mind, but as he says these thoughts were only flashes. After his conversion the conviction grew on him that he must preach, but since he was lacking in the gift of speech, and had often been told by his fellow students at school that he could never become a public peaker, and withal having a poor voice, he sought to banish the thought of the

ministry because he feared he could never succeed. His second difficulty was that his mother was a widow and he was her only son—the only child remaining at home. In his Yale Lectures on Preaching he says: "It seemed impossible to leave her. I feared it might almost break her heart to propose it. But as I saw the Church would probably call me, and I had promised God to follow His openings, I, one day, with great embarrassment, introduced the subject to my mother. After I had told her my mental struggles, and what I believed God repuired, I paused. I shall never forget how she turned to me with a smile on her countenance, and her eyes suffused with tears, as she said: "My son, I have been looking for this hour ever since you were born." She then told me how she and my dying father, who left me an infant, consecrated me to God, and prayed that if it were His will I might become a minister. And yet that mother had never dropped a word or intimation in my hearing that she ever desired me to be a preacher. She believed so fully in a divine call, that she thought it wrong to bias the youthful mind with even a suggestion, so much as uttered in vocal prayer. That conversation settled my mind."—J. M. R.

Ira D. Sankey's Call to Gospel Singing.

When Ira D. Sankey was a young man, he was employed in a rolling mill or blast furnace at New Castle, Pa. His love of music and song, as often manifested when he went about his work, attracted the attention of Mr. John Jones, a fellow employee of the same establishment. Jones was a genial Christian Welshman, fond of

music and good singing, and was much given to cultivate these accomplishments in his family. He saw something in Sankey worth cultivating, and one day about quitting time, he approached the timid but musical lad and said to him, "Ira, we sing a good deal of evenings up at our house, and we have an organ. If you would like to sing with us, why, come over this evening and we'll be glad to see you."

From that time on young Sankey was a frequent and a welcome caller at the Jones's evening song services. Mr. Jones became greatly interested in his wide-awake and precocious pupil. Ira learned very rapidly—indeed, he was a real surprise to all who knew him. Of course, his teacher became very proud of him and redoubled his efforts to have him grow and excel. In a few years Sankey was one of the chief singers and leaders of gospel song in New Castle, and his fame swiftly spread to the surrounding villages and towns.

Not long afterward, Mr. Moody came to that section of Pennsylvania to hold revival meetings. Naturally enough, young Sankey had much to do with the singing connected with the meetings. His day had come. Dwight L. Moody knew men whenever and wherever he saw them. His experience eye was on that well-built young fellow, and he had work that was just suited to him. So the word soon went out that Mr. Moody had captured young Sankey. Soon Ira left the blast furnace, saying good-by to kith and kin, and, with that greatest of lay evangelists, he was going about the world to bring men back to God.

We shall never tire of lauding the usefulness of Ira D. Sankey; but where does John Jones come in? Has he no part in all this? Where would Sankey have been but for John Jones? I incline to the opinion that in the great day of accounts, John Jones will not be overlooked.—G. C. Wilding.

Chaplain McCabe's Call.

The call to the ministry evidently came to Charles McCabe in that first experience of the love and favor of God when, as a boy, he went to the altar on the invitation of "Saint" Minturn. With his subsequent wonderful baptism of spiritual power in the revival at Burlington, the call became louder, clearer, and more unmistakable. The Church likewise acknowledged that he possessed the gifts and grarces that qualified him to become a candidate for the ministry. It was the conviction of his pastors and fellow church members that he was "called." The genius of success was early manifest in all the endeavorings of young McCabe. He possessed a magnetic power that drew men to him and won their admiration and confidence. He always made friends, ardent, lifelong friends, wherever he went. He was brave, even daring, and always optimistic and the embodiment of good humor. As a born leader, he had the vision of a seer and would often startle others from their quiet ease and indifference by the very educacity of his faith and courage. His whole being seemed to exemplify the divine precept, "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Frank Milton Bristol, D. D.

XXII. REMAKABLE PREMONITIONS.

And the Lord said, shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do? Gen. 18:17.

Some Remarkable Premonitions.

While there are many foolish superstitions concerning presentiments and premonitions, yet there are occasional forebodings of human events so remarkably striking that their providentiality is unquestionable.

During the writer's pastorate at Chamois, Mo., a few years ago, brother Fritz Begemann, then an active member of the Church there, had a remarkable premonition of his approaching death. Though a strong man in good health and in the prime of life, he declared, some four or five months before his death, that in a little while he should be with us no more. On the morning of his last day on earth, he was unusually earnest in his family devotions. Both in his Scripture reading and in his prayer he was deeply moved. After prayer he said: "Now let us sing, 'God be with you till we meet again,' " and with much emotion he sang with his family this beautiful farewell song. On going out of the door of his home that morning, he smiled pathetically to his wife, and, as if going away on a long absence from his loved ones, said: Good-by, Mamma, till we meet again." Then he went out to his work in a clearing on his farm, and

in the forenoon of that day was killed instantly by a falling tree.

The writer's father-in-law, J. H. Riske, an ablebodied man, in his seventy-fifth year, became suddenly paralyzed in his right side and lay absolutely helpless and speechless for two years and a half. Shortly before his death, one night, as the writer came near his bed to give him any attention he might need, his face was radiant with great joy and his look was upward. He raised his left hand and in long continued demonstrations by gesture, sought to convey emotions that he could not express in language. The writer, understanding well what he wanted to say, said, "Father, you are going home soon." "Yes," he shouted, and we were as much surprised as he was positive in his answer, for he had not spoken a word for two years and a half. His premonition was providential. Early on a Sunday morning shortly thereafter, the Lord released him from his afflictions and called him to his heavenly home where his beloved companion and others had gone before.

Some years ago a bride and groom, both acquaintances of the writer, stepped into a parlor in the presence of a large company of relatives and friends to be married. Just as the couple stood up before the officiating clergyman to have the ceremony performed, an aunt of the bride, in that presence, screamed and fainted, so she had to be taken away and cared for in another room. On being asked what caused her excitement, she declared that she saw the bride laid out a corpse in her bridal outfit in her coffin. Three months later this woman's

vision became a realty. The bride died suddenly, and her casket stood on the same identical spot. Many of those relatives are still living, and the writer therefore refrains from giving names or further detail of facts, but the realty of this incident is vouched for by a prominent minister who was present, both at the marriage and the funeral of this bride.

Another striking incident of premonition has just recently been brought to the writer's notice by a near neighbor lady, who one night was loudly and repeatedly called by her name, and that in a manner indicating great distress. Being called, she stepped out on the rear porch of her residence, and looking in the direction she heard the voice, saw two persons arrayed in white and standing in her yard. The figures silently advanced toward her, and she promptly stepped back into the house and closed the door. Then she heard, out on her porch, a mournful wailing that was distressing beyond description. Neither the lady nor the writer offer any explanation for this remarkable experience, further than that it must have been a providential premonition. At the same hour three nights later, that same call was repeated in identically the same voice and from the same direction. The lady, of course, was shocked and afraid to respond; but her husband, who had been absent before, but was now at home, answered the call, and found it was a neighbor woman just across the street, calling this lady for help in her great distress, because of the sudden death of a woman in the house, whence the call was coming.—J. M. R.

Abraham Lincoln's Premonition.

"No man," said Mrs. Stowe, "has suffered more and deeper, albeit with a dry, weary, patient pain, that seemed to some like insensibility, than President Lincoln." "Whichever way it (the rebellion) ends," he said to her, "I shan't last long after it is over."

"He told me, "says a correspondent of the Boston Journal, "that he was certain he should not outlast the rebellion."..... There was dissension among the Republican leaders. Many of his best friends had deserted him, and were talking of an opposition..... convention to nominate another candidate; and universal gloom was among the people. (He also said,) "I feel a presentiment that I shall not outlast the rebellion. When it is over my work will be done."—Raymond.

A Vivid Premonition of Bereavement.

On the eleventh day of December, 1886, the saddest bereavement of my life fell upon me. On that day, at about five P. M., my oldest son, Samuel Arthur Beaumont Hughey, M. D., fell dead in his office in Carthage, Mo., six weeks and three days after his marriage to Miss Cora E. Gunn, of St. Louis, Mo. I was then stationed in Carthage, and he was living with us, as he had not yet gone to housekeeping. He was dead half an hour before we knew it. We were waiting for him to come to supper, when a messenger came from his partner for me to come to the office. The shock was a terrible one to us all, especially to his mother, his young wife, and myself, notwithstanding God had been preparing us for it in a very strange and wonderful manner.

For a month or more I had been walking under a great shadow of some impending sorrow. During that time I was led, in my family and private prayers, to make this petition. "Lord, prepare that one of my family that is nearest death." It was so impressed upon me that some member of my family was near death, that I spoke about it several times and said to my family: "It has now been more than twenty years since death has come into my family, and we can't expect much longer to escape. Some one of us may be taken soon. Let us be ready."

My wife was contemplating a visit to her aged parents near Eldorado, Ill., to spend Christmas with them; but I said to her: "My dear, you must not go. Something tells me you must not, and I can not consent for you to go at this time." I had never felt so before when she wanted to make a visit to her parents, which she usually did every year, nor have I ever felt so since; but then I could not bear the thought of her going. But she persisted in her preparation, and did not think my presentiment amounted to anything. On Friday evening she packed her valise and got ready to start, and picked up the valise to start to the depot, when I turned and burst into a flood of tears and wept aloud. I could not help it. She put her valise down, and did not go, and in twenty-four hours our son fell dead in his office. Had she gone, she would not more than have reached her father's until a telegram would have reached her, calling her home to the funeral of our dear boy.—Rev. G. W. Hughey.

Forewarned by Visions from the Spirit World.

Two ladies—sisters—were one summer afternoon sitting at needlework in a drawing-room in the suburbs of London. Happening to look up at the same moment, they saw, standing in the centre of the large room, a fair-haired little girl, who after a minute or more vanished. Both ladies were intensely astonished, and found that their description of what each had seen tallied. They there and then made a note of the day and time of the appearance.

Four weeks later, the mail from India came in and brought them a letter from a sister who had married abroad and had not since been home, informing them of the sudden death of her little child, and enclosing a photograph taken a few weeks before she died. The two ladies immediately recognized the photograph as that of the child they had seen, and, moreover, corresponded, (after allowing for the difference between London and India time) with the memorandum they had made.

Two years ago, I was visiting at the bedside of a middle-aged man, who was dying of consumption in one of the infirmaries of London. On the day before that on which he passed away, at the close of a long conversation, during which I noticed his intellect seemed to be particularly bright, he said to me, "You consider, do you not, that my mind is perfectly clear?" I assured him that I had never known it to be more so. "Very well, then," he continued, "now I want to tell you what occurred last evening. But first you must understand that

I was neither dreaming, nor under a delusion. As I lay here, my father, who died some years ago, stood in the place where you are now standing, and spoke to me. He told me I had only a very little longer time to remain on earth, and said that he and other dear ones passed away were waitng to welcome me into the Spiritual World. I tried to raise myself in bed, in order to attract the attention of the nurse who was at the other end of the ward. I thought you might still be in the building, and I wanted her to send for you, so that you too might see my father. I suppose the effort to raise myself must have been too much for me, for I slipped back on the pillow and felt I was fainting. When I opened my eyes again I looked for my father, but he was gone. Don't tell me I was dreaming, because I tell you with my dying breath I was not. My father was as really there as you are now, and I think he will come again."

Two days later, the poor fellow had been called away. I passed the empty bed and spoke to a man in a bed close by. Without knowing what had been said to me, he described the death-scene. Just before he died, he saw him raise himself into a sitting posture, fix his gaze very earnestly on the spot where I had so often prayed and conversed with him, smile as if he were recognizing some one, and then fall back on his pillow motionless. A minute or two afterward the screen was put around the bed, and he knew he was gone.

I am convinced that dying man was not relating a dream, and I do not believe he was the victim of a fevered imagination.—Arthur Chambers.

Startling Premonitions of Death.

The first symptom of approaching death with some is the strong presentiment that they are about to die. Ozanam, the mathematician, while in apparent health, rejected pupils because of the feeling that he was on the eve of resting from his labors; and he expired soon after, of an apoplectic stroke. Foote, prior to his departure for the continent, stood contemplating the picture of a brother author, and exclaimed, his eyes full of tears, "Poor Weston!" In the same dejected tone he added after a pause: "Soon others shall say, 'Poor Foote!" and to the surprise of his friends, a few days proved the justice of his prognostication. The expectation of the event had a share in producing it; for a slight shock completes the destruction of prostrate energies. The case of Wolsey was singular. The morning before he died he asked Cavendish the hour, and was answered "Past eight." "Eight of the clock!" replied Wolsey, "that cannot be; eight of the clock, nay,, nay, it cannot be eight of the clock for by eight of the clock shall you lose your master." The day he miscalculated, the hour came true. On the following morning as the clock struck eight, his troubled spirit passed from life. Cavendish and the bystanders thought he must have had taken possession of his mind, we suspect that he had relied on astrological prediction, which had the credit of a revelation in his own esteem. —T. Wakely.

Presentiment of the Field of Battle.

While Colonel Osterhaus was gallantly attacking the centre of the enemy at Pittsburry Landing, a sergeant of

the Twelfth Missouri requested the captain of his company to send his wife's portrait, which he had taken from his bosom, to her address in St. Louis, with his dying declaration that he thonght of her in his last moments. "What is that for?" asked the captain. "You are not wounded, are you?"—"No," answered the sergeant; "but I know I shall be killed today. I have been in battle before; but I never felt as I do now. A moment ago I became convinced my time had come; but how I cannot tell. Will you gratify my request? Remember I speak to you as a dying man."—"Certainly, my brave fellow; but you will live to a good old age with your wife. Do not grow melancholy over a fancy or a dream."—"You will see," was the response. The picture changed hands. The sergeant stepped forward to the front of the column, and the captain saw him no more. At the campfire that evening, the officer inquired for the sergeant. He was not present. He had been killed three hours before by a grape-shot from one of the enemy's batteries.—Foster.

Swedenborg's Premonition.

The following well-authenticated account of the prophecy of his death, of that wonderful mystic, Emanuel Swedenborg, is equally curious and interesting. In 1772, "he was attacked by apoplexy, and for three weeks he continued in a state of great prostration and lassitude, taking no sustenance beyond a little tea, without milk, cold water occasionally, and once a little currant jelly." Toward the end of February, he addressed a note in Latin to the Rev. John Wesley, then sitting at the Conference with his preachers, nearly as follows:

Cold Bath St., Cold Bath-Fields,
February, 1772.

Sir—I have been informed, in the World of Spirits, that you have a strong desire to converse with me. I shall be happy to see you if you favor me with a visit. I am, &c.
Emanuel Swedenborg.

Wesley said to the company that he had been strongly impressed with desire to see and converse with Swedenborg, and that he had not mentioned the desire to any one. He wrote to him, and said that he was going on a journey which would occupy him six months; but would visit him on his return to London. To this the seer replied, that it would be too late, as he should go into the World of Spirits on the 29th day of the next month, and should not return.

Afterward he again mentioned the day on which he should die; and the servant, in her simplicity, said, that he seemed as pleased as she should have been if she were going to some merry-making.

On Sunday, the 29th of March, 1772, his powers all active and clear, the maid and mistress were sitting by his bedside, when the clock struck. He asked what o'clock it was. They answered "Five." He said, "It is well—I thank you—God bless you!" and in a moment after, his spirit gently and peaceful passed away. Henry Hupfeld.

XXIII. DIVINE GUIDANCE.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye. Pas. 32:8.

Personal and Providential Guidance.

When we think of the millions of people inhabiting this earth and of the fact that this planet is only a very small part of the great universe of God's creation, and if, with all, we think of man in his sinfulness and insignificance as compared with God's holiness and majesty, then the probability or even the possibility of a personal Providence in human events seems almost incredible. But how beautifully and positively the personality of God in His being and in His dealings with mankind stands exemplified in Jesus Christ, the Son of God and Savior of the world. Christ is ideal individualism exemplified. The dispensations of His Providential ministry included not only the multitudes, but also the individuals, who were the happy recipients of His marvelous bounties and His heavenly benedictions. Many of His sweetest and most important messages and the great majority of His miracles were His direct attentions given to individuals, including even the poorest, the weakest, and meanest of mankind. Thus Christ our

Lord and King stands monumental to the great eternal truth that God's Providence is direct and personal in the purest and strongest sense of individual dispensations.

How wonderful and sometimes how trying are God's lessons of personal Providence as imparted to us individually. Years ago the writer was lost, on a dark rainy night, in the dense woods and hills of Gasconade County, Missouri. All trace of the rude path he had been traveling was lost, continuous and laborious wandering about was of no avail, the dark clouds grew heavier, and the rain began to increase. Not a single star nor ray of light could be seen and midnight was coming. Lost, lost, O what an unwelcome and displeasing fate. Yet, even this experience was a blessing in disguise. After a season of laborious and hopeless rambling, faith dawned upon the lone and lost traveler in the dark woods. Impulse, strong and positive, commanded, "Stop a moment and resort to prayer." Quick as thought, the writer dropped down upon his knees and offered an earnest appeal to Him who holds out, to believers, the promise: "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye." That prayer was rewarded with immediate answer. A second impulse, just as emphatic as the command to pray, said, "Now go straight as best you can, in the direction you are facing;" and in a little while the lone lost wanderer landed in the public highway and was joyfully and gratefully finding his way home.—J. M. R.

Finding the Lost Manuscript.

I was at work at my library table in Hartford one

evening. I had just finished a piece of work for a Sunday-school magazine in Chicago. I had definitely promised the article, and it must go that evening in order to be on time. I was, moreover, to leave home on the midnight train for Boston in order to fill an important religious appointment on the next day.

As I was folding my finished Chicago manuscript, I was startled by hearing a cry of pain from my wife in the room above me. Starting from my seat, I bounded upstairs to my wife's assistance. She had burned her hand slightly with a spirit-lamp. Having assisted her in its treatment, I returned to my library; but my finished manuscript was not to be found.

After searching the table and the floor for it, I went upstairs again to see if by any possibility I had taken it with me, or dropped it on the way. Then I searched my eight or ten pockets, thinking that I might have slipped it into one of these as I sprang at the cry of pain. But still it was not to be found. The time approached for my start for Boston. The manuscript for Chicago must be mailed before I left. I was in extremity and I realized it. So I dropped on my knees at my stdy table, and called on God for help.

I am accustomed at such a time to state fully the case to my God, as if to convince myself that I am not shirking any duty, but am doing as I am entitled to do in His service. I told God that all this had occurred while I was at work as His child. The manuscript was for Him; so was my jumping to my wife's relief, so also was my purposed trip to Boston. Moreover, I had exhausted my

efforts to recover the paper, which must be found at once. He could help me. What should I do? At once there came the familiar voice to me or the mental impression as if a voice had said:

"Stand up, and throw off your coat and vest."

No explanation was added. I asked for none, but instantly I did as I was directed. As my vest was turned back I discovered the missing manuscript in a pocket in the inner lining of that vest, which I had not before known was there. Without stopping even to wonder over the incident I dropped again on my knees, and gave God thanks for His goodness; then I hurried on my way to Boston, mailing the paper as I went.—Dr. H. Clay Trumbull.

God's Guidance in Finding Lost Money.

On one occasion Ann Preston had risen in the morning, and as usual, had asked her Father for a verse with which to start the day. The special portion that was given to her was, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." It came while they were at family prayer, and Ann said, "And we will see it before night, too. God will show it." All through the day Ann watched, but nothing unusual happened. However, when the girls returned from meeting that night Ann asked if they had had a good meeting. One of them answered, "Why, how could we when I lost all the money I had to live on next week on the way there?" Then they told how the money had been lost and they had looked for it all the evening with a lantern. Before they retired, at the family altar Ann reminded her

Father of the promise of the morning, and asked that He would keep the money for her wherever it was. Early in the morning she was wakened with the instruction, "Arise and get the money that you gave Me to keep for you last night." Then came the other voice: "Nonsense! Your leg is too bad for you to get up and go." She did not obey at once and was just falling to sleep when again the voice spoke, bidding her to arise. She went out and walked down the path, not looking especially for it, but all at once she was stopped by her Father and she saw a bill lying almost hidden with the snow, by the side of a small hill. She picked it up and took it across the road, where her friend, Mr. Hughes, lived. Rapping at the door she said. "Get up and see if this is a bill." The lady took the bill and looked at it in amazement, and said, "This is a five-dollar bill." Ann said, "Come and let us praise the Lord for this." After prayer Ann went back home, and going in, threw the bill down and said, "There, there is your money." The girls looked at it in surprise, for they had searched so long for it. Then they said, "O Ann, don't tell it in class meeting, or people will think we were so careless." —Helen E. Bingham.

Providence Directing a Ship.

In the year 1694, one Captain Rogers was in command of a ship called the Society, then in the Virginia trade. She was outward-bound for a cargo of tobacco; and as it was paid for in specie, she was very lightly laden. Wind, seas, and weather were favorable; day by day the good ship went bounding over the green waves of

the Atlantic; and she was but a few days' sail distant from the Cape. One day, as usual, the noon observation was taken: captain and mates compared their reckonings,—all agreed that they were about a hundred leagues from shore: wind fair, studsails set, crew in high spirits, sky perfectly clear. The captain and mates passed a social evening: and towards ten o'clock, the Society having now run by log about thirty leagues, the captain turned into his hammock. He slept soundly for some three hours; then awoke and heard the watch relieved. The second mate passing his cabin, he inquired, "What sort of night?" "The finest night I ever knew," said the mate; "I heaved the log just now, and she is running ten knots an hour." "We shall be in tomorrow evening." said the captain. "Good night." And he went to sleep again. Still the vessel flew on like a race-horse; there was no motion; steadily she cut the calm sea; and, except the rush at her prow, all was as still as death. The phosphoric lights danced gloriously behind; and the man at the wheel could hardly resist the sleepy contagion of time and place. Suddenly, something pulled the captain, and said, "Get up, and turn out.' The captain started up, saw nothing, thought it was a dream, turned around and went to sleep again. Again he was pulled; again he heard the words, "Get up, and turn out." Still he thought it was a dream, and again composed himself for sleep. Then he was pulled more strongly, and the voice came louder, "Get up, and turn out!" Amazed at the occurrence, he got up, dressed, and went on deck. The night was clear; the wind fair as ever; the second mate

walking up and down; all things in the highest degree favorable. "You, sir!" said the mate; "what's the matter?" "I can't tell," said Captain Rogers; " but either somebody told me to get up and turn out, or I dreamt it three times over, and I could lie still no longer.', "A dream, I suppose," said the mate. "All's well, as you see." "So it is," said the captain. "How's her head?" or as the phrase then went, "How does she capt?" "Sou'-west by south," replied the mate; "the wind east and north." "Nothing can be better," answered the captain; "I'll turn in again." And he was going to do so, when a voice, as if close to his ear, cried, "Heave the lead, heave the lead." "When did you heave the lead?" he asked. "About an hour ago." "What water had you?" "Sixty fathoms." "I wish you would heave again." "There can be no occasion sir," said the mate; but if you like it shall be done." "No," said the captain, "there can be no occasion certainly. Good night." Again he heard the warning voice, "Heave the lead, heave the lead!" "I can't tell what ails me," said he turning back, "but I can't be easy; call some hands aft, and heave the lead." The sailors were summoned; the line dashed into the sea. "What water?" said the captain. "Eleven fathoms," was the answer. "Impossible," cried the captain. "Heave again. How now?" "Seven fathoms, sir." "Helmalee," cried the captain, "call all hands." The ship obeyed the rudder. "Now, sir heave the lead again." It came up at four and a half. The captain stood seaward till day-break, and then, a few leagues under the stern, the fair hills of Virginia towered through the morning mist. Had

it not been for the providential interpositions I have related, in half an hour from that time, the vessel must have been ashore.—Dr. Neale.

The Opportune Scripture Text.

The Rev. Mr. E——, a pastor well known to the writer, was one Sunday morning unnusually embarassed by having forgotten both his text and his notes for that morning's sermon. After fruitless efforts to recall or to find his text, he concluded to speak extemporaneously upon Romans 8:20, "But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

Just as he arose to announce this text he noticed a stranger coming in and taking a back seat. The preacher's extemporaneous sermon was very unsatisfactory to the speaker that morning, and he was feeling much depressed in spirit as he walked home to the parsonage just back of the Church. As he stepped back into his study and referred to his notes, his whole outline of thought, as he had intended to present it, was recalled to his mind. While he was yet marveling over this unpleasant and unusual circumstance, there was an emphatic knock at the door of his study. The caller was the stranger above mentioned. He had been an attentive listener to what seemed to be a sermon especially for him personally. God's Word had found lodgement in his heart, and he was under the spirit of conviction and repentance. He desired the council of the pastor and an interest in the prayers of the Church. His story of experience, as told, indicated God's providence in the pastor's presentation of his text and in this man's coming to Church

at that hour. Overwhelmed with despair on account of his burden of sin, he had been walking along the bank of the river, contemplating suicide by drowning himself that morning. But for some unaccountable reason he was attracted by the ringing of the Church bell near by, and, following this call to the house of the Lord, he was led to his deliverance from his awful temptation, and finally to his happy conversion under the salutary powers of saving grace in Christ Jesus.—J. M. R.

God's Care for an Aged Mother.

In the year 1854, an old German lady, aboard the emigrant ship Albert, sailed from Bremen to New York. She hailed from Wurtemberg and was bound for America, where she had a married daughter living, she knew not where. Her daughter had, when a child twelve years of age, emigrated to the United States. She had been blessed with good fortune, had married and had invited her aged mother to come to her home and spend the evening of her life with her beloved daughter. Following this invitation, the good old mother was on her way to America, but unfortunately she knew neither the name of her son-in-law nor his place of residence. Nor did she find much consolation in the counsel and encouragement of fellow passengers, for many aboard ship could not well understand her peculiar dialect, and no one, not even the captain, could advise her what best to do. Thus her perplexity was great, and all because she had forgotten to take with her the letter of instruction from her daughter.

When the ship landed in New York she ventured out

into the city, and, after wandering about from street to street, finally was lost in an alley, where she met a man to whom she ventured a word of inquiry. To her joy and surprise, the man understood and answered in her native dialect; and, what was more to her delight, this man happened to be her son-in-law, who lived three hundred miles away, and had just arrived in the city on a matter of business, which was to detain him only two hours longer before returning home. They immediately went back to the ship to get the mother's trunks, and soon mother and daughter embraced each other and praised the Lord for His wonderful care and guidance. —John Huebner.

Divine Guidance to Gospel Light and Liberty.

My faith in direct divine revelation and in a personal Providence of God was deeply and abidingly impressed upon me in the hour of my conversion. Though born and reared of religious parentage, and influenced by religious environments, yet I grew up to young manhood before I was ever induced to read the Bible or taught anything about real spiritual worship. Even in the ignorance and dead formalism of my youth, God's Spirit strove with my soul and generated in my heart a desire to be religious and consecrate my life to the service of Christ our Lord.

What I needed was guidance to lead me from the darkness of sin into the light of gospel experience attained by the powers of saving grace. This the Lord gave. By a Christian young man, I was led to attend divine services in a free Scotch church in Breslau, Germany, where the Rev. Daniel Edward was pastor at that

time. Though the plain preaching service was entirely different from the accustomed formalities of my mother church, yet I was at once mightily impressed with the power of gospel truth.

Now, at the age of eighteen years, I found myself presented with an open Bible and began to speak from the heart in prayer to God. What a joy to read my Bible and find my Lord speaking words of eternal life to my soul! Never shall I forget the happy experience of one afternoon in the year 1884. While all alone engaged in Scripture-reading and prayer, I was wonderfully overcome by the Spirit of enlightenment and power. Suddenly my room was filled with a glorious enrapturing light, and in that light appeared to me a vision of my dear Savior beautifully transfigured before my eyes. Then my soul cried out: "O my Lord, now I do know that Thou art a real and a living Savior. O, let this joy of Thy salvation abide with me evermore!"

That happy experience was as surprising and wonderful as it was real to my soul. Though it has never been repeated, yet its effect has been permanent in all the succeeding years of my life; and I herewith place this word of testimony in "The Wonders of Providence," so that others who read may be strengthened in their faith. —Rev. R. A. Friedrich.

XXIV. GOD SUPPLYING HUMAN NEEDS.

My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.—Phil. 4:19.

Providence Spring.

The story of Andersonville prison is one of the sad and remarkable chapters of our great civil war. Of that prison city located on less than twenty acres of ground, and inhabited by thirty-three thousand prisoners of war, one shallow, narrow creek, passing through the stockade, was at once the main sewer and source of water supply for bathing, drinking, and washing. Of course the filth of the prison and the pollution of the water became unbearable, and occasioned untold sufferings. But one afternoon in August a violent rain storm, coming like a Providential Dispensation, swept away a great deal of the filth of the prison and left it in a more wholesome condition.

Says an old soldier, then an inmate of the prison, "One morning, after the rain storm, the camp was astonished beyond measure to discover that during the night a large, bold spring had burst out on the North Side, about midway between the swamp and the summit of the hill. It poured out its grateful flood of pure, sweet

water in an apparently exhaustless quantity. To the many who looked in wonder upon it, it seemed as truly a heaven-wrought miracle as when Moses' enchanted rod smote the parched rock in Sinai's desert waste, and the living waters gushed forth.

The police took charge of the spring, and every one was compelled to take his regular turn in filling his vessel. This was kept up during our whole stay in Andersonville, and every morning, shortly after daybreak, a thousand men could be seen standing in line, waiting their turns to fill their cans and cups with the precious liquid. I am told by comrades who have revisited the Stockade of recent years, that the spring is yet running as when we left, and is held in most pious veneration by the negroes of that vicinity, who still preserve the tradition of its miraculous origin, and ascribe to its water wonderful grace-giving and helping properties, similar to those which pious Catholics believe exist in the holy water of the fountain at Lourades.

I must confess that I do not think they are so very far from right. If I could believe that any water was sacred and thaumaturgic, it would be of that fountain which appeared so opportunately for the benefit of the perishing thousands of Andersonville. And when I hear of people bringing water for baptismal purposes from the Jordan, I say in my heart, "How much more would I value for myself and friends the administration of the chrismal sacrament with diviner flow from that low sand-hill in Western Georgia."—John McElroy, Late of Co. L. 16th Ill. Cav.

Timely Providence in Extremities.

We find a multitude of Providences so timed to a minute, that had they fallen out ever so little sooner or later, they had signified but little in comparisin to what they now do. Certainly, it cannot be casualty, but counsel, that so exactly nicks the opportunity. Contingencies keep no rules.

How remarkable to this purpose were the tidings brought to Saul, that the Philistines had invaded the land, just as he was ready to grasp the prey (1 Sam. xxiii, 27.) The angel calls to Abraham, and shows him another sacrifice, just when his hand was giving the fatal stroke to Isaac (Gen. xxii, 10,11). A well of water is discovered to Hagar just when she had left the child as not able to see its death (Gen. xxi, 16-19.) Rabshakeh meets with a blasting providence, and hears a rumor that frustrated his design, just when ready to give the shock against Jerusalem (Isaiah xxxvii 7;8.) So when Haman's plot against the Jews was ripe, and all things ready for execution, "On that night could not the king sleep" (Esther vi,1). When the horns were ready to gore Judah, immediately carpenters are prepared to fray them away (Zech. 1, 18-21.) How remarkable was the relief of Rochelle, by a shoal of fish that came into the harbor when they were ready to perish with hunger, such as they never observed either before or after that time. Mr. Dodd could not go to bed one night, but felt a strong impulse to visit (though unseasonably) a neighboring gentleman, and just as he came he met him at his door, with a halter in his pocket, just going to hang himself. Dr. Tate and his wife, in the

Irish rebellion, flying through the woods with a sucking child which was just ready to expire. the mother. going to rest it upon a rock. put her hand upon a bottle of warm milk by which it was preserved. A good woman, from whose mouth I received it, being driven to a great extremity when all supplies were failing, was exceedingly plunged into unbelieving doubts and fears, not seeing whence supplies should come, when lo! in the nick of time, turning some things in a chest, she unexpectedly lights upon a piece of gold which supplied her present wants, till God opened another door of supply. If these things fall out casually, how is it that they observe the very juncture of time so exactly? This is become proverbial in Scripture; "In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen." (Gen. xxii, 14.)—Flavel.

The Lord Provides.

Our Lord addressing His disciples, said, "When I sent you without purse, scrip and shoes, lacked ye anything?" And they answered, "Nothing." Though conditions since then have changed, and even Paul in his day suffered need, yet gospel ministers, though as a rule poorly paid for service done, are safe in their reliance on Divine Providence disposing human agency and means for their support. A business man enjoying a handsome income, desired to know of a ministerial friend how the people of his profession could live respectably on salaries the average of which is so small. The explanation was that, though miracles are not apparent in maintaining "the barrel of meal" and "the cruise of oil" in the parsonages,

yet Providence is quite naturally and certainly manifest in the ministerial maintenance of the present day.

How wonderfully, and yet how naturally, the Lord sometimes provides in clerical life may be illustrated in the following incident:

The writer, while serving a pastorate in Warren County, Missouri, a few years ago, was in need of a hundred dollars to pay a debt on short and pressing notice. Praying and planning under the pinch of this occasion, the embarrassed preacher soon found himself reluctantly pursuing his way toward the only man just then conveniently near to be approached for help in this emergency. Stopping on his way for a pastoral call at the house of a brother parishioner to whom no mention was made of this pressing need, that brother all of his own accord, said to the writer, "Don't you want to borrow one hundred dollars? I have just that amount on hand and would like to loan it out." These words sounded like providential music to an inclining ear, and the Lord, as well as the good brother, received praise and grateful recognition for this remarkable and timely aid.—J. M. R.

Need Relieved by Prayer.

On one of the circuits I traveled in Michigan, an incident occurred worth relating. The district camp-meeting was held nearly 100 miles away. My horse was old and slow, the roads new and rough. We had no money to go on the train. My wife thought we ought not to make any effort to go, but I urged her to prepare for the camp-meeting, for I felt we must go. On Sunday morning before the camp-meeting while conducting family

worship I was led in a special manner to pray for means with which to go to camp-meeting. That morning I had an appointment at a distant point of my circuit in a new settlement where the people were quite poor. After preaching I was about to dismiss, as I had another appointment some distance away at three o'clock in the afternoon. Just then a man arose and requested to speak. I gave permission, when to my surprise he turned to the congregation and addressed them in the following manner: "Friends, this man has been preaching to us some time and we have never done anything toward his support. This morning I feel that he needs help. I am going to give him five dollars. Now, what will you do?" Immediately a stranger arose and took the five dollars and then, walking to the desk, he laid down a ten-dollar bill before me. Others gave smaller amounts. That evening when I reached home one of my little boys met me at the gate and inquired, "Pa, did the Lord answer your prayer for money?" In answer I pulled out the ten-dollar bill and held it up before him. He quickly ran to the house to tell the good news to the rest of the family. Our trip to camp-meeting was now an assured fact.

At another time I needed a new suit. I had no money, but I told my wife if the Lord wanted me to have a new suit of clothes it was easy for Him to provide them. About a week later I got a letter from a friend in New York with a money order enclosed for fifteen dollars. In the letter she said she thought it must be time for me to have a new suit.

One day my wife told me that she was out of flour, and, as we had no money, she thought I ought to go to the stewards of the circuit and tell them of it. The only steward living near us had done so much for us that I did not feel free to go to him. About 11 o'clock I prayed in secret for some flour. After dinner wife again reminded me that I ought to go and look for flour, and said she would need it that evening. I pleaded for time 'till three o'clock, and said if no flour had come then I would go and look for some. After dinner a man and his wife stopped at our gate. They brought a hundred pounds of flour, some meal, a sack of potatoes, and some corn for my horse. While we were unloading it the woman told my wife that at 11 o'clock her husband said, "Wife, hurry up dinner, I must go to town." When asked what was the matter, the man said, "I must take some flour to the preacher or I'll go to hell."—L. B. Reber.

Bread in Answer to Mother's Prayer.

As a stormy night shut in, a mother had not a particle of food for the next day's need. When they lay down that night, she prayed with her children, without telling them of her helplessness—for, indeed, she was not helpless while she trusted God as her helper. With the new, bright morning the mother prayed for their daily bread, assured that her Father could supply it—as he alone knew how.

She asked her children to go down to the shore before breakfast, and get some clean sand from the beach for their sitting-room floor. Before the days of woolen carpets, in the humbler New England homes they were

accustomed to strew sand on the floor, and to ornament the borders by arranging it in figures with a broom. When the children had gone, the mother again kneeled and prayed for their daily bread. After this she spread the breakfast-table, for which she had no food.

Suddenly the children returned without the sand, but bringing gleefully a fine fish, which they had found in a hollow of the beach, as left by the outgoing tide after the storm, and which they together had captured. As with grateful heart she thanked God for His goodness, and began to prepare the fish for their breakfast, she was called to the door by a visitor.

A man from the country above the village had called to say that on one occasion her husband, now dead, had done some work for this man for which he had not been paid. The man had now brought a bushel and a half of corn-meal to give the widow on account, promising to bring more by and by. As with swelling heart the mother thanked the donor, and brought the meal into their now doubly glad home, she told the children of how God had answered her prayer, and they kneeled together to give Him thanks.

Then she hastily made a "johnny-cake" of the Indian-meal, and baked it by the fire, while she broiled the fish for their breakfast. Together they asked God's blessing on that God-given meal, and thenceforward they served and trusted God more fully and joyously than ever.—Dr. H. Clay Trumbull.

Relief for a Starving Family.

A clergyman of the state of New York (says the Re-

ligious Museum,) through a misapprehension of a leading member, was precipitately deprived of his pulpit, which involved a large family in necessity. At supper, the good man had the pain of beholding the last morsel of bread placed upon the table, without the least means or prospect of a supply for his children's breakfast. His wife, full of grief, with her children, retired to her bed. The minister chose to sit up and employ his dark hours in prayer and reading the promise of God. Some secret hope of supply pervaded his breast; but when, whence, or by whom, he knew not. He retired to rest, and in the morning appeared with his family, and performed the duty of prayer. It being the depth of winter, and a little fire upon the hearth, he desired his wife to hang on the kettle, and spread the cloth upon the table. The kettle boiled—the children cried for bread—the afflicted father, standing before the fire, felt those emotions of heart unknown to those whose tables are replenished with affluence.

While in this painful state, some one knocked at the door, entered, and delivered a letter into the minister's hand. When the gentleman was gone, the letter was opened, and to the minister's astonishment, it contained a few bank bills with a desire of acceptance. So manifest an interposition of Divine goodness could not but be received with gratitude and joy; and should be a lesson to others to trust in that Savior who hath said, "Verily thou shalt be fed;" Psalm 37:3. "I never will leave thee nor forsake the;" Heb. 13:5.

This remarkable occurrence being communicated to

the writer, he, having an intimacy with the gentleman said to be the hand that offered the seasonable relief, was determined the next time he made him a visit to introduce the subject, and if possible, to know the reason that induced the generous action. The story being told, the gentleman discovered a modest blush, which evinced the tenderness of his heart. On interrogation, he said, he had frequently heard that minister; on a certain morning he was disposed for a walk; thought in the severity of the winter season a trifle might be of service, as fuel was high; felt a kind of necessity to enclose the money in a letter, went to the house, found the family adjusted as was described; delivered the paper and retired; but knew not the extreme necessity of the minister and his family until this moment.—Arvine.

The God-Sent Canary.

At an early morning hour a poor man residing in a village of Saxony, Germany, sat on the door-steps in front of his humble cottage. His eyes were red from weeping, and his heart was sighing to God in prayer; for with sad forebodings he was expecting an officer of the law to come and execute judgment against him for a debt he was unable to pay. He had made every effort he could to raise the money, but all in vain, as no one heeded his tears and his appeals. While thus, with aching heart, indulging his sad contemplations a beautiful bird came near him, fluttering and hovering about as if likewise ensnared in encumbering agony. Then suddenly it flew as straight as a dart over his head into his cottage and perched itself upon his empty bread-box. The poor

man, without intending harm or without knowing as yet who had sent the bird, arose quickly from his door-steps, closed the door, caught the bird and placed it in a cage. Soon the bird indulged lustily in the sweetest strains of melody and began to cheer his desponding soul.

But this providential entertainment was of short duration. Suddenly there was a knock at the door. "O my," sighed the frightened man, supposing the messenger to be the unwelcome officer of the law. But to his delight it was not the expected officer, but the servant of a wealthy lady of the village inquiring about her lost bird. The man gladly surrendered the bird and the servant joyfully carried it home. The lady was exceedingly glad over the capture and restoration of her prize singer, which she valued even higher than her gold. In gratitude for the kindness done, she promptly hurried her servant back to the humble cottage, thanking her poor neighbor and rewarding him handsomely in cold but welcome cash—exactly the amount needed to pay the debt, which was now promptly canceled with the poor man's declaration: **"My God gave It to me!"**—John Huebner.

XXV. LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE KINGDOM.

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Mark 10:14.

The Angels of the Home.

I know a man. He is not a Christian. His daily life is not in acccordance with even principles of morality. He has three beautiful, wellbehaved children. The other day he told me this incident of one of them, his little girl, three of four years old.

Said he—"Perhaps some people would think it sacri lege, but I don't; but for some time back I have been in the habit of reading the Bible and of having prayers every night before the children go to bed. I have done it because it has a good influence on the children, and because I hope it may have a good influence on myself. Last night I went to 'Lodge' (he is a Mason,) and did not get home till after 11 o'clock. The children, of course, were all abed, and I supposed asleep. Before going to bed I knelt down by my bed to pray, and had been there but a moment when I heard Nobie get up from her bed in the next room, and her little feet came pattering across the floor toward me. I kept perfectly still, and she came and knelt down beside me without saying a word. I did not notice her and in a moment, speaking just above her breath, she said, 'Pa, pray 'oud.' I prayed. I kissed

her, and she went back to bed; and I tell you, G——, I have thought of nothing else all day long but that little —'Pa, pray 'oud.' "—Dr. Haven.

A Child's Prayer Answered.

I remember a child that lived with her parents in a small village. One day the news came that her father had joined the army (it was at the beginning of our war,) and a few days after the landlord came to demand the rent. The mother told him she hadn't got it, and that her husband had gone into the army. He was a hard-hearted wretch, and he stormed and said that they must leave the house; he wasn't going to have people who couldn't pay the rent. After he was gone, the mother threw herself into the arm-chair and began to weep bitterly. Her little girl, whom she had taught to pray in faith (but it is more difficult to practice than to preach,) said, "I will pray God to give us a little house, and won't He?" What could the mother say? So the little child went into the next room and began to pray. The door was open and the mother could hear every word. "O God, you have come and taken away father, and mamma has got no money, and the landlord will turn us out because we can't pay, and we will have to sit on the doorstep, and mamma will catch cold. Give us a little home." Then she waited, as if for an answer, and then added, "Won't you, please, God?" She came out of that room quite happy, expecting a house to be given them. The mother felt reproved. I can tell you, however, she has never

paid any rent since, for God heard the prayer of that little one, and touched the heart of the cruel landlord. God give us the faith of that little child, that we may likewise expect an answer, "Nothing wavering."—D. L. Moody.

Little Mary's Three Letters.

I knew of a little girl who had given her heart to Jesus, and whose daily prayer was that her father might do the same. She sat down and wrote, "Dear Father, won't you be a Christian?" and she left the slip of paper on his table, where she knew he would find it. He saw it, read it, tore it into small shreds, and threw it on floor. He said nothing about it and the faithful child thought she would try it again. She wrote, "Dear father, do be a Christian," and placed the slip as before on the table. This time he folded it up and placed it in his pocket, and walked away, thinking of the words of his little monitor. The child was still unsatisfied, so for the third time she wrote, "Dear father, won't you be a Christian? Tell Mary." On the following morning, seeing the third note on the table, the father was overcome. He could stand it no longer. "Where is Mary?" he called. Mary was in sight in a moment. He embraced her with an unutterable tenderness of feeling. His hard heart was completely subdued, and his little daughter was the means of bringing him to Jesus.—Selected.

A Child Missionary—A Hospital Scene.

A poor little fellow was picked up in the street, with both thighs crushed by a dray. He was carried to a hospital. By his side was temporarily placed, from the

same slum, a little fellow who was very ill with the famine fever, a disease caused by hunger and bad air. He lay side by side with this broken-legged little boy. Creeping up to him he said, "Bobby, did you ever hear of Jesus?" "No, I never did." "Bobby, I went to the mission school once, and they told me that —that Jesus would take you to heaven when you die, and you wouldn't never be hungry no more, if you'd ax him." "Oh, I don't know no sich great big gentleman as He is; and if I did, He wouldn't speak to a poor boy like me."

"In the mission school they told me He would. Don't you want never to be hungry no more?" "Oh, just don't I!" "Then you ax Him." "How could I ax the gentleman if I dont know where He lives, and if I did know, my leg is broke and I couldn't go." "Bobby, they told me in the mission school that Jesus passed by, and we sunged about Jesus passing by, and teacher told us it means He comes round. How do you know He isn't coming round this hospital tonight? And if He should, and you are watching for Him, you could see Him, and then ax Him." "I couldn't watch for Him, my legs ache so awful and I couldn't keep my eyes open."

"But say, Bobby, you can hold up your hand, and if He should come round and see your hand up, He'd know you was after something."

He held his hand up, but it dropped. He held it up again and it dropped. He held it up again and it dropped. He held it up the fourth time, and as it dropped he burst out crying and said, "I'll give it up, I can't hold my hand up no longer." "Bobby, I don't want my

pillow, you let me prop your elbow up with it," and the child—whom perhaps you would sweep off your door-step, or turn from in disgust—took his own hospital pillow, and placing it under the elbow of his sick companion, propped up his arm. In the morning the boy lay dead, with his hand held up for Jesus.

You may search the world over, and you can not find a grander illustration of faith, trust and confidence than was manifested in that little fellow who had been in the mission school but once.—J. B. Gough.

Influence of a Child.

A gentleman lecturing in the neighborhood of London, said, "Everybody has influence, even that child," pointing to a little girl in her father's arms. "That true!" said the man. At the close he said to the lecturer, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I could not help speaking. I was a drunkard; but as I did not like to go to the public-house alone, I used to carry this child. As I approached the public-house one night, hearing a great noise inside, she said, 'Don't go, father!' 'Hold your tongue, child.' 'Please, father, don't go!' 'Hold your tongue, I say.' Presently I felt a big tear fall on my cheek. I could not go a step further, sir. I turned round, and went home, and have never been in a public-house since, thank God for it. I am now a happy man, sir, and this little girl has done it all; and when you said that even she had influence, I could not help saying, 'That's true, sir.' All have influence."—N. Hall.

A Star in the Crown.

A young lady was preparing for the dance hall, and

standing before a large mirror, placed a light crown ornamented with silver stars upon her head. While thus standing, a little fair-headed sister climbed in a chair and put up her tiny fingers to examine this beautiful head-dress, and was accosted thus,—"Sister, what are you doing? You should not touch that crown!" Said the little one,—"I was looking at that, and thinking of something else." "Pray, tell me what you are thinking about —you, a little child." "I was remembering that my Sabbath-school teacher said, that if we save sinners by our influence we shall win stars to our crown in heaven; and when I saw those stars in your crown, I wished I could save some soul." The elder sister went to the dance, but in solemn meditation; the words of the innocent child found a lodgment in her heart, and she could not enjoy the association of her friends. At a seasonable hour she left the hall and returned to her home; and going to her chamber, where her dear little sister was sleeping, imprinted a kiss upon her soft cheek, and said: "Precious sister, you have one star for your crown;" and kneeling at the bedside, offered a fervent prayer to God for mercy.—H. L. Hastings.

The Children's Paradise.

"Paradise Lost" is perhaps nowhere more in evidence than in the slums of our large cities and especially in the filthy, crowded and poverty-stricken tenement house district of New York. To see full-grown people suffer is saddening, but to see little innocent children denied the necessities and comforts of life and exposed to want, disease and death in miserable quarters, where wretched

homes are pestiferous and where even the streets and alleys are not only evil-smelling, but evil-breeding, is heart-rending. Is there a merciful God to care for these little ones so as to come to their rescue during the hot summer months and restore them, at least temporarily, to occasional glimpses and foretastes of better things in store? The answer comes and reechoes through the charity organizations providing summer outings and children's summer resorts in practically all of the great cities of our Republic.

One of the fairest among all these "little Edens" is Mont-Lawn, "The Children's Paradise," founded sixteen years ago, by the late Dr. Louis Klopsch, Editor of The Christian Herald. Magnificent and beautifully diversified is that delightful garden spot. Located on the banks of the dear old Hudson river, and nestled among the hills of Tarrytown, New York, with rocky hillsides forming a romantic background, verdant fields and grassy meadows unfolding beautiful landscape views, giant shady trees inducing rest and recreation, an inexhaustible artesian well furnishing abundant water supply, a clear sky and pure breezy atmosphere reinvigorating health, beautiful cottages and "Fort Plenty" standing guard over all—this is indeed "Paradise Restored" in miniature.

Surely this beautiful Christian charity, devised to make poor children happy and good, and to offer an opportunity for much needed rest to mothers, is heaven-born and far-reaching in its beneficent influence. See those hosts of little waifs gathered up from the slums

of the city, temporarily delivered from filth and rags, all neatly and comfortably clad. See them indulging in their games out on the beautiful lawns. Join them in their songs of praise at their Sunday services in the Temple. Hear them at their tables spread sing grace:

"God is great and God is good,
And we thank Him for this food.
By His hand must all be fed;
Give us Lord, our daily bread. Amen."

Listen to their retiring evening song:

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb tonight.
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light. Amen."

Then look into the smiling face of the dear old Chaplain of the Children's Home, Rev. Stephen Merritt, who, in the course of a long and useful life, has brought hope and comfort to many a sinking heart, who is adored by the children and is never happier than when addressing his congregation of "little ones;" and hear him say: "I would rather be Chaplain of Mont-Lawn than President of the United States." No wonder he thus glories in his position.

When we read of the gospel story of the Savior's love for little children, we can easily recognize His providence in the sweet charity that cares for God's little ones. Let good people everywhere be encouraged to support with their prayers and their gifts such noble institutions extending an uplifting hand and spreading love, peace and sunshine among the needy and neglected children in the great cities of our beloved land.—J. M. R.

XXVI. MIRACULOUS HEALING.

Wilt thou be made whole? John 5:6.

Pastor Blumhardt's Faith-Work.

The name of Christoph Blumhardt, founder of Bad Boll Faith Institute, near Goeppingen, Germany, is well known to thousands of people in Europe and America who were blessed by his labors.

He taught that the spirit's health was more important than that of the body. He sought, by penitence and faith, to lead visitors at Bad Boll into real communion with the Lord. To a visitor for whom he prayed, he made no scruple about saying that he looked for no cure while there was no believing contact of the spirit with God. In numerous cases he regarded sickness and mental disease of the devil. He possessed a keenness of spiritual insight that judged, with rarely mistaken accuracy, whether the removal or the continuance of disease would be in accord with the will of God. He held that this discerning faculty was a "charisma," a gift of God. "I was not aware," says he, "that this gift was intended for me. I had not asked it; rather, I accepted it with fear and trembling." Even possessed of this gift, he carefully guarded all persons from any impression that it was merely by laying on of hands, or by any

physical exertion that cures came. "My remedy," he invariably said, "is simply prayer."

He entertained the idea that one reason why Jesus desired those He healed not to speak of it, to prevent presumptuous abuse and imitations that would hinder the work of God. Hence he seldom spoke publicly of the cures, for he was very much afraid of the instrument being exalted; but referred the whole to the great love of God.

Thus this grand work was continued without interruption for many years, and many hundreds of well-attested cases could be related, to show the wonders of God's power and love in the history of this humble and faithful servant.—Rev. Charles G. Schuh.

The Consumptive's Home.

In the United States there is a Parallel Record to George Muller's life of Faith and Trust, found in the history of the Consumptive's Home of Boston, Mass. It was established thirty-five years ago by Doctor Cullis, who, in the ardor of his faith and trust, gave himself to the work of the Lord by ministering in Jesus' Name to the poor consumptives who were unable to provide for themselves. Doctor Cullis is a man abundantly blessed by the Lord in his field. To the honor and glory of our Heavenly Father, he has never been forsaken by Him.

The Institution began thirty-five year ago, in small quarters. Now it embraces a very large gathering of useful enterprises: A Consumptives' Home, Children's Home, Grove Hall Church, Tract Repository, Training

College, and a Cancer Home. The means provided have all been sent by the Lord, who has prompted the hearts of good people to send to it their voluntary contributions.

There is no financial fund, endowment, or pecuniary provision whatever existing for the support of the Home. No individuals have made any agreement for its support; there is no trade or occupation used or connected with it, whereby to obtain any remuneration. There has never been any appeal to man for assistance, no subscriptions ever taken, no contributions solicited, either publicly or privately; there are no agencies or connections to receive funds from any religious society for procuring charitable relief. They have also pleaded in faith, without a doubt, "Anything ye shall ask the Father in my name, I will do it."

The supplies for the carrying on of this work, during these twelve years, have been wholly in answer to believing prayer to the Lord.

They have fulfilled faithfully the Lord's commands, "Cast all your cares on Him, for He careth for you." And they have asked and received, and the Provider has never yet failed them.

During the twelve years' time there has been sent to the Consumptives' Home, without any solicitation whatever, but in answer to believing prayer and faith and trust in God's providence, a sum no less than three hundred and sixty thousand dollars, and over fifteen hundred patients have been gratuitously cared for. No one has been urged, asked, or even hinted to contribute to

it. Each morning, noon, and night, prayer has been offered to send means to provide for their daily wants, and the Great Shepherd has sent the supplies.

During these thirty-five years the experiences of Doctor Cullis, the founder, have been most remarkable in the frequent answers to prayer in the minute details of life, and especially in healing. There are so many such cases, that there is no possible room to doubt. There have often been moments, yes, days of distress and intense trial, when with not a single penny on hand, it seemed as if failure had come; but faith could not let the promise go, neither was it possible for them to believe that He who could do so much would forsake so good a work, which was undertaken only in obedience to the guidance and direction of the Lord; and God has always brought deliverance, and honored them and brought glory to His own name.

In the daily history of these struggles and trials and triumphs of faith, are found numerous surprising incidents.—D. W. Whittle.

A Blind Man's Eyesight Wonderfully Restored.

Joseph Dixon, a pioneer settler on Horse Creek in Illinois, many years ago endured the perils and privations of frontier life, and lost his eyesight. His condition became utterly helpless and hopeless. He began to reflect on his dreadful condition, while he felt nothing but certain death, and realized himself to be a great sinner and unprepared to die. Almost for the first time in his life, he kneeled down and asked God for mercy and deliverance from this awful condition. Then and

there he promised God if he would spare and deliver him, he would from that solemn moment serve Him faithfully the rest of his life. This promise, he told me, he had faithfully kept; and there is not in my mind a single doubt but he kept his covenant till he was safely housed in heaven.

When he made this covenant with God in his desperate condition, all of a sudden there was a strong impression made on his mind that if he would take the inside bark of a certain tree that stood a few steps from the mouth of his earthly habitation, and beat it up soft and fine, soak it in water, and wash his eyes with it, he would soon recover his sight. He groped his way to the tree, got the bark and prepared it as impressed, bathed his eyes, bound some of this bark to them, and lay down and slept, not knowing whether it was day or night. When he awoke his eyes felt easy, the inflammation was evidently subsiding, and in a short time his sight began to return and soon was entirely restored. When he gained confidence in his restoration to sight, he fell on his knees to return thanks to God; a sweet and heavenly peace ran all through his soul, and he then and there, all alone, shouted aloud the high praise of God. He then felt that God had forgiven his sins, blessed his soul, restored his sight, and that he ought to praise and give glory to His holy name.—Peter Cartwright.

Recovery from Lockjaw.

A few years ago while serving a pastorate on the Warren Circuit and residing in the parsonage at the old

German Methodist Camp ground, seven miles north of Warrenton, Missouri, where at the annual Campmeetings during the last forty years, hundreds of souls have been spiritually born into God's Kingdom, a young lady, a Miss B—— from White Cloud, Kansas, who was attending the meetings of that year, called at our parsonage for some salve to be applied to a foot-sore occasioned by stepping on a nail. The salve, however, was non-effective, since the wound was already some days old, and with constant use the pain and the inflammation in the foot continued to increase, blood-poisoning set in, and, shortly after the meetings, resulted in a severe case of lockjaw. At the home of the young lady's uncle near by, all that tender care and medical skill could do was done to save the life of the patient and restore her health. But soon her condition became serious and critical. Lying stretched out upon her couch, with jaws locked, her body stiff as a stick, vacant and glazen-eyed countenance, stricken with a burning fever beyond control, and apparently bereft of all consciousness, death seemed to hold this poor girl in fatal grasp.

The attending physician declared there was no hope, and from all appearances the end was near at hand. At the young lady's bedside stood, first in line the young man to whom she was engaged to be married soon, her father, her mother, her aunt and uncle, the writer, and other friends. Overwhelmed with feelings of sympathy and sorrow, and dominated by an unswerving faith in God, we sought consolation in the promises of the gospel, and prostrated ourselves in earnest prayer before the

throne of grace. Though our patient's condition was exceedingly discouraging, yet we clung to hope and pleaded with God, not only for saving grace of soul, but also for the grace of recovery and continuation of life. This was about four o'clock in the afternoon. There were no visible signs of immediate answer to our prayers, except the happy omen of complete resignation to God's will. While at the time, it did not appear presumable that the sick lady was at all conscious of our prayers in her behalf, yet later we learned that, although speechless and helpless, as she was, she was sensitively and sincerely conscious and quietly, though fervently, joined us in our appeal to the Great Physician. The God who answers prayer restored that young lady in His own way and manner. About four o'clock the next morning she awoke as from a deep sleep. The powers of her disease were broken, she spoke with a loud clear voice, and the hope of recovery was fully justified. From that hour on she recovered rapidly, and is today living in Kansas as the life companion of the young man who joined us then in our prayer at her bedside. To King Jesus be all praise!—J. M. R.

The Healing of Colonel Wilcox.

At the battle of Port Hudson, Louisiana, Colonel Wilcox, while commanding his regiment, was overcome with sunstroke and fell apparently dead from his horse, After some hours he regained consciousness, but remained a physical wreck from softening of the brain. Though the best physicians in St. Louis and Minneapolis pro-

nounced his case hopeless, yet he clung to hope, and after years of suffering had his wife write to Dr. Cullis in Boston imploring his aid by the power of prayer for his healing. Dr. Cullis appointed a day and an hour for him and his friends in Minnesota, where Col. Wilcox resided, to join with him and his company in Boston in a concert of prayer for his healing. In the meantime his wife had about reached the point where she could agree with him in the prayer of faith. The day and the hour arrived, when the Colonel, his wife, and a few pious friends met in his house, and Dr. Cullis and his company in Boston joined them in the prayer of faith for his healing; and while these two companies, so widely separated in body, united in spirit in the prayer of faith, he was instantly healed, and sprang from his bed, and "walked and leaped, and shouted and praised God," like the man "at the Beautiful Gate," in Acts 3,8. —Rev. G. W. Hughey.

Verna Hertzler's Miraculous Healing.

One of the clearest cases of divine healing appears in the remarkable recovery of Miss Verna S. Hertzler, daughter of Rev. E. E. Hertzler, formerly of Bloomington, Illinois, but now of Portland, Oregon. Accounts of this modern miracle were, at the time of its occurrence, published in the papers of Quincy, Bloomington, Chicago and Cincinnati. Miss Verna was then eighteen years or age. She is to this day the picture of health and is now pursuing a course of education and training preparatory to a sphere of future usefulness in the serv-

ice of the Lord. Below we submit a word of testimony from her own pen.

Miss Hertzler's Testimony.

During the autumn of the year 1903 my health began to fail. Gradually I became weaker and weaker. My appetite left me entirely, and when I did force myself to eat, even liquid foods would annoy me very much. My parents consulted the best physicians, and did everything possible to restore my health, but all in vain. Among our relatives is a prominent physician, who was well acquainted with my condition, and he, besides other good specialists, pronounced my disease incurable, and said as yet no remedy for this disease had been found, consequently nothing but certain death stared me in the face.

In July, 1904, an extreme agony in breathing set in, which, in addition to my other troubles, increased until it became torture. During my entire illness, however, I had sweet communion with my blessed Savior, and could constantly perceive His presence. My parents, as well as myself, did not doubt Christ's power to heal me even yet, but were entirely submissive to His Almighty will, and the utterance of my heart was, "To live is Christ, to die is gain," which words I had chosen as my funeral text. On the third of October, 1904, it seemed as though my end had come. I was propped up in pillows, for lying down I could not breathe at all, and even in this position I had great distress. I could take no food whatever, not even a drop of water, for everything

caused great agony in breathing; in consequence of which I lost much flesh, until I was emaciated to a mere skeleton.

Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon I felt that death was very, very near, and oh, I had yet so much to tell my dear mother, who was sitting on the edge of my bed; on account of my great weakness I could hardly speak. However, I tried to tell her a few more little items in broken accents. While I was thus speaking the precious promise that Jesus would heal me fell like sweet, celestial music on my ear, so distinctly and audibly that I could not doubt. I stretched forth my hand of faith and touched the hem of my Savior's garment, and instantly all my ailments left me; even the bed-sores, which annoyed me very much, had disappeared; in fact, all that had distressed me had vanished. With a loud clear voice I could praise my precious Savior, who had snatched me from the jaws of death, and filled my soul with such unspeakable joy. That very evening, between six and seven, I enjoyed a hearty meal for the first time since January of that year. Since then I have not missed a single meal. The following week I was able to attend our weekly prayer-meeting again. The next Sunday I went to both services, and have attended every service since. Day by day I regained my strength until, in a short time, I not only reached, but far excelled my normal weight, and am today enjoying the best of health. Certainly Jesus is the best physician, who can heal not only the soul, but also the body. He has done great and marvelous things, and is very pre-

cious to my soul. All glory and honor be to Jesus for my healing!—Verna S. Hertzler.

Bishop Simpson's Recovery.

Bishop Bowman gives the following instance from his own experience:

In the Fall of 1858, whilst visiting Indiana, I was at an annual conference where Bishop Janes presided. We received a telegram that Bishop Simpson was dying. Said Bishop Janes, 'Let us spend a few moments in earnest prayer for the recovery of Bishop Simpson.' We kneeled to pray. William Taylor, the great California street preacher, was called upon to pray, and such a prayer I never heard since. The impression seized upon me, irresistible, Bishop Simpson will not die.' 'Why do you think so?' 'Because I have had an irresistible impression made upon my mind during this prayer.' Another said, 'I have the same impression.' We passed it along from bench to bench, until we found that a very large proportion of the conference had the same impression. I made a minute of the time of day, and when I next saw Simpson he was attending to his daily labor. I inquired of the Bishop, 'How did you recover from your sickness?' 'It was a miracle," he said. I then said to the Bishop, 'Give me the time and circumstances under which the change occurred.' He fixed upon the day, and the very hour, making allowance for a distance —a thousand miles away— that the preachers were engaged in prayer at this conference. The physician left his room and said to his wife, 'It is useless to do any-

thing further; the Bishop must die.' In about an hour, he returned and started back, inquiring, 'What have you done?' 'Nothing,' was the reply. 'He is recovering rapidly,' said the physician; 'a change has occurred in the disease within the last hour beyond any thing I have ever seen; the crisis is past; and the Bishop will recover.' And he did."

The doctor was puzzled; it was beyond all the course and probabilities of nature and the laws of science. What was it that made those ministers so sure—what was it that made the patient recover, at the exact hour that they prayed? There is only one answer, "The ever living Power of a Superior Spirit which rules the world."—D. W. Whittle.

XXVII. DELIVERANCE IN GREAT EMERGENCIES.

Thou calledst in trouble, and I delivered thee. Ps. 81:7.

John Brenz's Deliverance.

The great Reformer, John Brenz, fleeing before the imperial forces, had just arrived at Stuttgart, where he was informed by the Duke Ulrich, who had called him hither, that his presence there had been betrayed and that a large company of horsemen had been detailed to capture him. On his way home he knelt in prayer and commended himself to God. Then an impression of warning said to him: "Take a loaf of bread, hasten up town, and run in at the first open door you come to and hide in the attic." He did so. All the doors except the last one he came to, on the street he travelled, were locked. He ran into this open door and without being seen by any one succeeded in hiding himself. For fourteen days the houses were searched everywhere. From what he could hear and see, he could pretty well determine the progress of search. Finally he could hear the clash of arms nearing his hiding-place, and at one time was obliged to dodge the stroke of a deadly weapon blindly thrust into the dark corner of the attic he was occupying. Finally he overheard the troops commanded to

withdraw. The Lord, who protected him from injury by the deadly weapon, also shielded him from starvation. Of course, the one loaf bread would have been insufficient to maintain his life for fourteen days. But on the first day of his hiding a hen quietly stole her way into the attic near him, laid an egg at his feet, and departed without cackling. This was repeated throughout the whole time, but on the fifteenth day, on which the troops were withdrawn and the search was abandoned, the hen did not return.—Schwencker.

How the Lord Wonderfully Sustained His Gospel Messenger.

At a meeting in Green County, Illinois, near what is now called Whitehall, I made this experience:

John Kirkpatrick, a local preacher form the Sangamon Circuit, went down and arrived there a little before me. When I came he approached me and said,

"Brother, I sincerely pity you from my very heart."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"The people have heard that you are one of the greatest preachers in the West, and their expectations are on tiptoe, and no bishop could satisfy them; but do your best."

These statements somewhat disconcerted me, though I never was very anxious to gratify idle curiosity; I knew my help must come from God, and unless the Lord helped me, every effort would be vain; but if God would help me, I asked no other aid. At length the hour arrived and I rose in the stand, and tried to preach the best I knew how. The people gave me their kind

attention, but I saw in their countenances they were disappointed. During the intermission, Brother Kirkpatrick came to me and said,

"I told you so, you have fallen several degrees under the people's expectations. You must try again."

Accordingly, on Sunday I took the stand and tried to look wise, and I not only tried to look so, but I tried to preach so, and in all good conscience I went at the top of my speed and did my very best, but it was a failure. Brother Kirkpatrick came to me again, and deeply sympathized with me.

Said I, "Brother. I know what is the matter; I'll come it the next time."

So on Sunday night I mounted the stand, took my text, and though I had loaded in a hurry, drew the bow at a venture, and let fly arrows in almost all directions: some laughed, some cried, some became angry, some ran, some cursed me right out, some shouted, some fell to the earth, and there was a general uproar through the whole encampment. Our meeting lasted all night, and the slain of the Lord were many; and although this discourse was delivered without connection, system, or anything else but exhortation, I redeemed myself, and now it was admitted that I was a great preacher.—Peter Cartwright.

Providential Deliverance from Mob Violence.

"The wicked flee, when no man pursueth." During our great Civil War, Missouri, as a seceding state, lying between the borderlines of North and South, was the stamping ground of both Confederate and Union forces.

Warfare of brother against brother and neighbor against neighbor was an object lesson demonstrating to the world that "war is hell." Horse stealing, robbery, murder and mob violence were the common occurrences of the hour, and for a time, in certain localities no man, when retiring at night, could be sure of life or liberty for the next day.

Yet even in that dark hour of Satan's high carnival, God's hand was often wonderfully displayed in the preservation of human life. Among the many witnesses of God's shielding powers in those days, an experience of the late Doctor F. H. Drunert, then an able-bodied young man and first Lieutenant of Company F of the Missouri Militia, stands monumental. Falsely accused of having betrayed to Union forces the location of a certain rebel camp, Doctor Drunert had unawares become the chosen target of contempt in rebel circles, and, as a result, one night a mob gathered around his house with the avowed purpose, as was later discovered, of whipping him into a confession and then hanging him by the neck until dead. On discovering their presence as they sought to force an entrance at the south door of his house, the Doctor inquired who was there. He was told they were some of Col. Krekel's men, or in other words, that they were Union soldiers from an adjoining county. Suspected of falsehood and foul play, the intruders were promptly refused admittance, and the discharge of a pistol from an upstairs room and a loud call for help told them that their identity and evil purpose had been discovered. This evoked, from the infuriated mob, a tirade of curses

and abuses that were shocking to hear, but were suddenly called to a halt by a terrible panic of fright among the men composing the mob. So great was their alarm that every man of them mounted his horse in an instant and instead of going back over the public highway as they doubtless had come, they fled at a "break-neck" speed over fences, crops and gullies across the fields, as if the Devil were nabbing them at every jump. But while the Devil was in that mob, God was in this panic of mysterious alarm, in order to shield from violence the man of faith and prayer in his humble country home. —J. M. R.

Deliverance from Bondage.

Mr. G——, who was just starting from Cape Colony on an overland trip into the interior of South Africa, was requested to take with him $3,000 for a ministerial friend with whom he was contemplating a visit at his home in that region. He generously complied with this request, but was unaware of the wonderful Providence implied in this circumstance. On his journey he stopped at a public auction, where the slaves and other property of a planter, who had died, were sold. On the auction block stood a beautiful mulatto girl to be sold to the highest bidder. By her side and near the block, stood a white woman with a baby in her arms. She was a married sister of the mulatto girl, and both were daughters of the deceased planter whose property was being sold.

These two women had grown up together on the plantation and were much attached to each other. The

white woman consoled her mulatto sister in her trying ordeal and proposed, through an agent, to purchase her freedom. But the presence of a vulgar slave-dealer, who was evidently determined to capture this poor girl as a prize, aggravated the painful suspense of the situation. While this poor mulatto girl was writhing in agony, the bids soon ran up to $3,000, and the last bid was held by the vulgar slave-dealer. The agent was discouraged and ceased bidding. The auctioneer cried, "Are you all done?" and raising his hammer, said, "Once, twice"—and then while he paused, before that almost breathless crowd, the poor girl on the block cried out, "O, Jesus, help me!" and, fainting, dropped unconscious to the ground. While the girl was being restored to consciousness and the auctioneer was waiting, Major M., who in passing by had been impressed to stop and see what was going on, drew near and out of sympathy for the poor girl entered into the contest for her freedom. The slave-dealer stood him off until Major M. raised his bid to $3,450 and declared he would have her at any price. The slave-dealer was angry, and the auctioneer, whose sympathy was in his favor, demanded cash payment. The Major offered his draft for the full amount, but the auctioneer refused papers and demanded spot cash. Now what could be done to save the poor mulatto girl to her sister and to freedom? Only one man in the crowd could offer a solution, and that was Mr. G——, who now thought of the $3,000 in his care. The Major's paper was good for the amount and Mr. G—— gladly offered his cash in this emergency. The deal was

closed; and thus the Lord answered the prayer of that poor slave girl on the auction block, when she cried: "O, Jesus, help me!"—Paul Kloeppel.

The Ladder of Rescue.

To the north of Scotland lies an island called Bressay. It is one of the Shetland islands, and its shores are very rocky. On the south coast of Bressay is a slate-quarry. The workmen had to descend the cliff to it by means of a ladder. One evening a violent and sudden storm drove the quarrymen from their work. The ladder was left fastened to the cliff. The night was very dark and stormy. A ship which was struggling with the waves was driven close to the island. Her crew beheld with terror the white foam of the breakers as they dashed against the rocks. They knew that if their ship was stranded, they must be wrecked. Still the howling winds drove her forward. The waves dashed over her, filled the cabin with water, and drowned the wife of the captain. The sailors now climbed into the rigging. They were at the mercy of the furious wind and the raging sea. They gave themselves up for lost. Many prayers and cries for deliverance were uttered. On came the ship, and struck against the shore. The poor seamen felt that death was almost certain. On the summit of the cliff was safety: but how could they, who were helplessly dashed at its foot, reach it? But just where the ship struck near the cliff was a ladder. It seemed as if placed there on purpose for them. In haste they sprang from the rigging, mounted the ladder, and reached the top of the cliff in safety. The vessel went to pieces so

quickly that by the next morning hardly a trace of her was left.—Dr. Joseph Exell.

A Providential Blunder.

Though God never blunders, yet in human events one blunder may be providentially overruled by another. The door-bell of a pharmacy rang at a very late hour in the night. The clerk, somewhat vexed on account of being aroused from his nightly slumbers, waited hurriedly upon a boy calling for medicine prescribed for his sick mother. But not long after the boy had gone away with his bottle of medicine, the pharmacist discovered that his clerk had, by mistake, given the boy a rank poison, which, if taken, might prove fatal to the life of his patient. The pharmacist's distraction was almost unbearable, and at first he knew not what to do. After some reflection, however, he resorted to prayer; and while thus imploring God to save the life of the patient, the door-bell rang a second time. The caller was the boy, who was weeping and regretfully said: "Oh, Mr. Pharmacist, I fell down and broke my bottle; please give me another."—Schwencker.

Spiritual Help for a Dying Soldier.

Bishop McIlvaine mentions in a letter an interesting case which occurred in America. At one of the prayer-meetings after the battle of Chancellorsville, a fine young man came forward and declared his peace in Christ, and asked the agent to write to his wife in New York, who had often been urging him to seek the Savior, and tell her what joy he had found. The agent asked the history of the case, which was this: during the battle of Chan-

cellorsville he was detailed for ambulance duty. While engaged in carrying away the wounded, he picked up a little book out of the trampled road. He did not look to see what it was, but put it into his pocket. Soon he came to a wounded man and was about to remove him, when a surgeon said he was dying, and that it was no use to attempt to do anything for him. The poor dying man said to the young man, "Pray for me; I am dying; pray for me." The other said, "I cannot; I don't pray for myself." "But you must pray for me; I am dying." The young man was greatly troubled. For the first time he wanted to pray. What could he do? He thought of the book. What was it? He took it out. It was a copy of "The Soldier's Prayer-Book," put out by the Episcopal clergy of Philadelphia. On the first torn and muddy page was a prayer for a dying soldier. How remarkable! He read it for that dying soldier. It was blessed to his own soul. He was captured, and carried to a prison in Richmond, and then the Spirit of God visited him with deep convictions of sin and great distress. He had now found the Savior, could pray with his fellow-soldiers, and tell them of Christ.—G. S. Bowes.

XXVIII. PROVIDENTIAL PROTECTION.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them. Ps. 34:7.

Shielded in Battle.

Among the remarkable providential experiences of my life two, which occurred during our civil war, come to me with vividness at this time.

At the second attack of Vicksburg, Miss., by the Union Army, the attempt was made by General Grant to carry the city by storm in order to avoid a lengthy siege. From the right wing of the army, the 15th Army Corps facing the strongest part of the enemy's lines, a number of regiments were detached to help in attacking the center of the line, which was supposed to be less strongly fortified. Among these regiments was the 12th Missouri regiment (General Osterhaus's) of which I was a commissioned officer. He lost many men and officers even before we could take up a proper position to form a storm-column in regimental front. The signal having been given, we advanced. As soon as the regiment in front of us (the 9th Iowa) came in sight of the fort, the object of our attack, this regiment received a fire, both artillery and musketry, direct as well as from the flank, that seemingly prostrated every man. Our

regiment advanced over the fallen men and received the same terrible fire. I was at this action, though first lieutenant of company A, in command of company F, the color-company of the regiment. The color with six non-commissioned officers was at my right. Every man of this color-guard was killed and the flag-staff cut to splinters. The man next to me in the company, the man behind me, together with the majority of my command, were left on the field. If ever balls were flying like hail it was here; yet I did not receive a scratch. Many of the men buried, had received from five to ten balls. How was I preserved under these circumstances, if not providentially?

A second providential experience occurred the year following. The Union Army in its Georgia Campaign, was driving General Johnson from position to position, mostly by flank-movements. The 15th Army Corps made a movement to force the Confederate Army to evacuate Resecca, a strongly fortified town and position on the Railroad leading to Atlanta. As captain of company B, (having been promoted for bravery during the siege of Wicksburg, as the commission reads) I was at the time in command of the skirmish line covering the front of the first brigade. Having advanced too far towards the enemy's works, and losing many men by sharpshooters, I received the order to withdraw the line somewhat. Stepping out of a depression of the ground, where I had found partial protection from the fire, in order to give the necessary command, an inward voice said to me: "Step Back; Step Back!" The words were uttered with

such authority that I could not but obey instantly. Hardly had I stepped back when a cannon-ball plowed the ground, exactly where I would have been had I not obeyed the inward voice. I was completely covered with the ground the cannon-ball threw up, and the officers of the regimental staff some distance in the rear, shouted: "Captain G. is gone; he is gone!" But I rose unharmed, shook off the ground, waved my hat and shouted back: "He is not gone; he is alive!" and then advanced to command my men to withdraw to a more sheltered position. I shall attempt no explanation of this experience; I simply relate the facts as they are written in my personal consciousness. If my preservation was not providential, what was it?—Rev. H. Grentzenberg, Editor of "The Guide to Holiness."

Providential Finding of a Pistol.

Old Father Walker, of excellent memory, and myself set out in the month of April, 1820, to the General Conference in Baltimore on horseback. In passing on our journey going down the mountains, we met several wagons and carriages moving west. Shortly after we had passed them, I saw lying in the road a very neat pocket-pistol. I picked it up and found it heavily loaded and freshly primed. Supposing it to have been dropped by some one of the movers, I said to Brother Walker, "This looks providential." The road across these mountains was at this time infested by many robbers, and several daring murders and robberies had lately been committed. Brother Walker's horse was a tolerably

good one, but my horse was a stout, fleet superior animal. As we approached the foot of the mountains, and were about two miles from the public-house where we intended to lodge that night, and the sun just declining behind the western mountains, we overtook a man walking with a large stick as a walking-cane. He appeared to be very lame, and was limping along at a very slow rate. He spoke to us, and said he was travelling, a poor cripple, and begged us to let him ride a little way as he was nearly given out, and was fearful he could not reach the tavern that night.

Brother Walker said, "O yes," and was in the attitude of dismounting and letting him ride his horse. Just then the thought struck me that this fellow's lameness was feigned, and that it was not safe to trust him. I said to Walker, "Keep your horse. We are a long way from home, and have a long journey before us. Under such circumstances trust no man," and we trotted on down the hill, thinking we had left our lame man more than a hundred yards behind. Walker was rather ahead of me. All at once my horse made a spring forward; I turned to see what was the matter, and lo! and behold, here was the lame man within a few steps of me, coming as fleet as a deer. I grasped my pistol which was in my overcoat pocket, cocked it, wheeled about, and rushed toward him; he faced about, and in a few jumps more I should have been on him, but he plunged into the thick brush and I could not follow him. When we got to the tavern the landlord said we had made a very fortunate escape, for these robbers in this way had

decoyed and robbed several travellers lately.—Peter Cartwright.

John Wesley's Escape from Fire.

The house of Rev. Samuel Wesley, the father of John Wesley, was one night fired by a rabble, and totally consumed. The family barely escaped with their night garments upon them. Mrs. Wesley was in feeble health; unable to climb with the rest through the windows, she was thrice beaten back from the front door by the flames. Committing herself to God, she at last waded through the fire to the street, scorching her face and hands, when it was found that one child was missing. The father attempted to pass up the stairs to rescue him, but the consuming steps could not bear his weight. He returned in despair, and kneeling down upon the earth, resigned to God the soul of his child. Meanwhile, the latter, waking from his sleep, and finding his chamber and bed on fire, flew to the window, beneath which two peasants placed themselves, one on the shoulders of the other, and saved him at the moment when the roof fell in and crushed the chamber to the ground. "Come, neighbors," said the father, as he received his son, "let us kneel down and give thanks to God. He has given me all my eight children; let the house go, I am rich enough." A few moments more and the founder of Methodism would have been lost to the world.—Abel Stevens, D. D.

Washington's Narrow Escape.

Major Ferguson, who commanded a rifle corps in advance of the hussars under Kniphausen, during some skirmishing a day or two previous to the battle of

Brandywine, was the hero of a very singular incident, which illustrates in a most forcible manner the overruling hand of Providence in directing the operations of a man's mind in moments when he is least of all aware of it.

He says: "We had not lain long, wnen a rebel officer remarkable by a hussar dress, pressed towards our army within a hundred yards of my right flank, not perceiving us. He was followed by another dressed in dark green and blue, mounted on a bay horse, with a remarkable high cocked hat. I ordered three good shots to steal near to them and fire at them, but the idea disgusted me so that I recalled the order. The hussar, in returning, made a circuit; but the other passed within a hundred yards of us, upon which I advanced from the wood towards him. Upon my calling, he stopped; but after looking at me, he proceeded. I again drew his attention, and made signs to him to stop, leveling my piece at him; but he slowly cantered away. As I was within that distance at which, in the quickest firing, I could have lodged half a dozen balls in or about him, before he was out of my reach, I had only to determine; but it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual, who was acquitting himself very coolly of his duty; so I let him alone.

"The day after, I had been telling this story to some wounded officers who lay in the same room with me, when one of the surgeons, who had been dressing the wounded rebel officers, came in and told us that they had been informing him that General Washington was

all the morning with the light troops, and only attended by a French officer in a hussar dress, he himself dressed and mounted in every point as above described. I am not sorry that I did not know at the time who it was." —Arvine.

The Disarmed Robber.

In early life, says a correspondent of the New York Sun, Samuel J. May was settled over a small parish in Brooklyn, Conn., and rode in a one-horse chaise about the country. Having prepared for a day's journey for an exchange, he was advised by a neighbor not to go alone, as footpads infested the road he was to take. He heeded not the advice, and when a few miles out of the village he saw a man jump over a low fence, out of a thick wood. He said to himself, "Mine enemy is upon me." When he overtook the man he stopped and said, cheerily, "Good morning, my friend; I have an empty seat. Will you not share it with me?" They had a long ride and a long talk. Mr. May gave his passenger a great deal of moral advice by the way. As they neared the point of Mr. May's destination he said: "I am a minister, and shall preach in the next village tomorrow. If you would like to hear me, I am sure the friends who are expecting me will entertain you." The man declined the invitation with apparent confusion, and when they alighted from the vehicle, said he would like to speak with Mr. May a few moments. When alone he grasped Mr. May's hand, looked him squarely in the face, and said, "I must not part with you without confessing that when I sprang into the road, I intended to blow your

brains out, steal your horse and carriage your watch and escape." "Oh, yes," said Mr. May, very pleasantly; "I knew that. I was warned against footpads on the road this morning, and felt sure you were armed when I asked you to ride with me." "You are a noble Christian man," said the robber, with great feeling. "Your counsel today has sunk deep into my heart, and I hereby promise you solemnly I will henceforth lead a temperance and blameless life." The promise was kept. There had not been a correspondence between them for more than thirty years when Mr. May told us the story. No one but their Maker knew their secret. The repentant man prospered, and if he is living, will but add one more to the thousands who weep his benefactor.—H. L. Hasting.

A Night at Sea.

Kron Prinz Wilhelm, one of the fastest steamers of the North-German Lloyd Line, was in mid ocean on July 7, 1907. The weather was fine, the ocean quiet, and the day one of the most beautiful and restful Sundays I have ever witnessed on an ocean voyage. At sundown the passengers gathered on the upper deck and watched the western horizon. The dark, gold-trimmed clouds had the appearance of the long mountain range of the Bernese Alps, and south of us a number of icebergs attracted our attention. No one surmised in this wonderful spectacle the presentiment of a dreadful night. At dark the bugle-call gave the signal, and many repaired to the diningroom, where a religious service was held. Among the passengers were a number of "Rome Pilgrims," so-called because they had attended the World Sunday

School Convention in Rome. They knew how to sing, and also how to pray. More fervent prayers I have seldom heard. Possibly they all had a foreboding of things in store for us. When I arose as the last of the three speakers, the peculiar sound of the fog-horn was heard. Instantly the steward and his waiters arose in great excitement, and closed the windows and dors, and then opened a hidden doorway which led to the deck. The confusion was great, and the shrill tone of the fog-horn increased the fear of the passengers every moment. I dismissed the meeting without the doxology, and followed the crowd to the deck. Here we found ourselves in the midst of an intense fog, and never before had I seen such utter darkness. A seaman is never afraid of a storm, but he fears a fog, and I learned afterward that a more intense fog even the oldest sailors on board had never seen.

But, remarkable as it may seem, the fog disappeared as quickly as it had come, and the frightened passengers became jubilant. The captain seemed to feel the danger ahead of us, and repaired to the bridge at once, where he took every precaution possible. The stars were bright and the ocean quiet, and while some of the over-joyous passengers arranged a dance, others retired to pray. At midnight the passengers had all gone to bed. I myself was sound asleep. Suddenly I felt a terrible shock, and the steamer quivered in every joint. Then followed a collision, and many fell out of their beds. In cases where the windows were open, some were nerly drowned. The steamer was surrounded with ice on every side, and the

bow of the ship looked like a mountain of ice. What had happened? The steamer had come out of an intense fog just as if it had penetrated a stone wall, and in front of the bow appeared an iceberg probably one hundred feet high. Quicker than any one could tell, the captain turned the ship, stopped the machinery, and put it on its backward course. It was a question of thirty seconds. If the captain had not had presence of mind, perhaps the world would never have heard of the Kron Prinz Wilhelm and the two thousand people on board. We would have been buried in mid-ocean. Owing to the quick turn of the ship, we cut off one corner of the iceberg, and five minutes later the iceberg was back of us. The next day the "Rome Pilgrims" held a Prayer and Praise Meeting. We had "seen the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep," and praised the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men. Psalm 107. —Rev. C. Golder, President of Bethesda Hospital, Cincinnati.

Saved by a Remarkable Forewarning.

A gentleman states that after an unsuccessful sojourn in California of several years he took passage in the barque bound to New York. She touched at Panama for provisions and water; and having procured these, her captain proposed to sail next day. That evening the gentleman wrote letters to his friends, stating he might be expected home in three months. At the usual time he retired to bed and fell asleep, but about an hour afterward found himself on deck fully dressed. He was somewhat startled, but attributing it to a fit of somnambulism, after

taking a turn or two fore and aft, and exchanging a few remarks with the man who had the anchor watch, again undressed and went to bed. Imagine his surprise when he again found himself on deck, dressed as before. Thrice he went to bed, and thrice he found himself on deck. As he had never before experienced any kind of somnambulism, and was an uncompromising teetotaller, he began to reflect whether there was not something supernatural in this new and strange experience; and he immediately made up his mind that he would not proceed on the vessel, but go home across the Isthmus of Panama. With this thought in his mind, he turned in the fourth time and dreamed that he had decided rightly. Much to the regret of the captain, who had been very kind to him, and who expressed an ardent desire to enjoy his company, he left the vessel, and arrived home in safety. A few months later he learned from the newspapers that the barque had been captured by pirates in the straits of Magellan, and that all hands but one boy had been murdered. The boy concealed himself below while the pirates were killing the rest of the crew, and, after undergoing great peril, succeeded in reaching Valparaiso. This led the gentleman to recur to the date of his experience on board the vessel at Panama; and after relating the story to his parents, they told him that in company with some pious friends they had made him the subject of special prayer that very evening, and they regarded his leaving the vessel as an answer to their prayers.—Henry Hupfeld.

XXIX. PERSECUTIONS ENDURED.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake. Matthew 5:10.

The Ten Great Persecutions.

The first of the great persecutions of the Christians began under the reign of Nero, 31 years after the ascension of Christ. Many Christians were imprisoned and sewed up in the skins of wild animals and then torn in pieces by ferocious dogs. Others were crucified, and many were sewed up in tarsacks and burned alive as torches to illuminate Nero's gardens. The second occurred under Domitian, 95 A. D., when 40,000 Christians were slaughtered. The third began under Trajan, 100 A. D. The fourth, under Autonius. The fifth began, 127 A. D., under Severus, and was remarkably barbarous. The sixth began during the reign of Maximus, 235 A. D. The seventh and most terrible of all began, 250 A. D., under Decius. The eighth, in 257 A. D., under Valerian; the ninth, under Aurelian in 274 A. D.; and the tenth began during the reign of Diocletian in 303 A. D. During this period of persecution, lasting ten years, many Christians were burned in their homes and multitudes were tied together and cast into the sea. As many as 17,000 were put to death within a single month, besides 700,000

Christians who were exiled or condemned to slavery. It is estimated that at least 144,000 were cruelly put to death. —H. Liebhard, D. D.

Christianity Surviving Persecution.

"Oh!" said Caesar, "we will soon root up this Christianity; off with their heads."

The different governors hastened one after another of the disciples to death, but the more they persecuted them the more they multiplied. The pro-consuls had orders to destroy Christians; the more they hunted them, the more Christians there were, until at last men pressed to the judgment seat and asked to be permitted to die for Christ. They invented torments, they dragged saints at the heels of wild horses, they laid them upon red-hot gridirons, they pulled off the skin from their flesh piece by piece, they were sawn asunder, they were wrapt up in skins and daubed with pitch and set in Nero's gardens at night to burn, they were left to rot in dungeons, they were made a spectacle to all men in the amphitheatre, the bears hugged them to death, the lions tore them to pieces, the wild bulls tosssed them upon their horns, and yet Christianity spread. All the swords of the legionaries which had put to rout the armies of all nations, and had overcome the invincible Gaul and the savage Briton, could not withstand the feebleness of Christianity, for the weakness of God is mightier than men.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Joan of Arc.

Two venerable friars, simple monks, vowed to poverty, and having nothing to hope or fear in this world,

bear witness to the scene of the execution of Joan of Arc. "We heard her," they say, "in the midst of the flames invoke her saints, her archangel; several times she called on her Savior..... At the last, as her head sunk on her bosom, she shrieked, 'Jesus!' "Ten thousand men wept....." A few of the English alone laughed, or endeavored to laugh. One of the most furious among them had sworn that he would throw a fagot on the pile. Just as he brought it she breathed her last. He was taken ill. His comrades led him to a tavern to recruit his spirits by drink, but he was beyond recovery. "I saw," he exclaimed, in his frantic despair—"I saw a dove fly out of her mouth with her last sigh." Others had read in the flames the word "Jesus," which she so often repeated. The executioner repaired in the evening to Brother Isambart, full of consternation, and confessed himself, but felt persuaded that God would never pardon him..... One of the English King's secretaries said aloud, on returning from the dismal scene, "We are lost; we have burnt a saint."—Michelet.

Remarkable Fortitude in Persecution.

An ironworker in South Staffordshire, who was notorious for the use of blasphemous language, was converted to God. His fellow-workmen soon found out the change in him, and set themselves with all their might to make him swear again, thinking that if they could once succeed, he would forsake his new-found religion. Every expedient having failed, they one day stripped him of his clothing and threw him down on the ground. Then one of them took some melted iron in a ladle, and,

with many an oath and foul expression, poured it on his naked breast. He remained silent and scarcely even flinched, though the agony must have been intense. From that day his persecution ceased, and before long many of his workmates learned to accompany him to the house of God.—Rev. Arthur G. Jackson.

Sustaining Grace in Persecution.

A pious woman in the days of persecution used to say she should never want, because her God would supply her every need. She was taken before an unjust judge for attending the worship of God. The judge upon seeing her, tauntingly said, "I have often wished to have you in my power, and now I shall send you to prison, and then how will you be fed?" She replied, "If it be my heavenly Father's pleasure, I shall be fed from your table." And that was literally the case; for the judge's wife, being present at her examination, was greatly surprised with the good woman's firmness, and took care to send her victuals from her table, so that she was comfortably supplied all the time she was in confinement. The other found her reward, for the Lord was pleased to convert her soul, and give her the blessing of His salvation.—Arvine.

Persecution Dignified.

It is said of Joan, Countess of Shrewsbury, that in the midst of court festivities she let her garter fall unawares; and upon her blushing at the accident, the king took it up in his hand, whereat the nobility smiled. "Well," said the king, "I will make this an honorable ornament ere long." Upon that came the Order of the

Knights of the Garter, the garter thus becoming an ornament of the highest order. If man can put honor upon such mean things, then God much more. He ennobleth reproaches, and sanctified afflictions to His children, and maketh the sufferings of His servants as so many ensigns of heavenly nobility. If men had but the true skill of Christianity, they would be ambitious of the crown of martyrdom, and look upon it as a blessed thing when men speak all manner of evil of them.—Spencer.

Christian Endurance Triumphant.

Mark Guy Pearse relates the story of a man which illustrates the power of the Divine Christ incarnate in us. A man named Anthony, had been converted, and his wife was very bitter indeed about it. To use the man's words: "When I found the Savior, she said to herself: 'I will set to and see how much that man can bear.' And when I saw what she was about I said, 'Lord, I will set myself to show her how much Thy grace can do.' She went on, bit by bit, till she became what you may call aggravating. I used to get up and light the fire, and I said, 'Lord, let the fire burn with Thy love, that would preach her a sermon.' Then I used to clean her boots, and I said, 'Lord, let the boots shine with Thy grace.' Then I turned to fill the pitchers at the well, and said I, 'Let them brim over with Thy love.' I thought that will preach her a sermon; there's firstly, secondly, and thirdly. Then I went out to fill the kettle, and I used to say, 'Lord, let it boil over with Thy love.' That went on for several months; and on one Sunday

evening I was praying for people at the service, and before I got home it was nigh eleven o'clock. When I got to the door I found it was shut, bolted, and barred, and the wife gone to bed. She would not let me in. I felt at first like having that door down, but I looked up to the elements and went to the hedge by the churchyard, and there it seemed that the Lord came and stood by me. I seemed to be talking to Him all the time, and I waited and waited, and at half-past two my wife came out sobbing, and said, 'Anthony, can you forgive me?' I said, 'My dear, I have nothing to forgive.' She replied, 'Don't say that—kick me; do anything to me!' I took her by the hand, and we went indoor and knelt down in our kitchen, and the Lord put His grace into my wife's heart, and we have been comfortable ever since." —J. Ellis.

XXX. PROVIDENCE FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in His holy habitation.—Ps. 68:5.

The Orphan's Prayer.

A little child, whose father and mother had died, was taken into another family. The first night she asked if she could pray, as she used to do. They said, "Oh, yes," so she knelt down, and prayed as her mother had taught her; and when that was ended she added a little prayer of her own: "O God, make these people as kind to me as father and mother were." Then she paused and looked up, as if expecting the answer, and added, "Of course, He will." How sweetly simple was that little one's faith; she expected God to "do," and, of course, she got her request.—D. L. Moody.

The Widow's Crop Providentially Spared.

In the year 1580, a hailstorm, in Schlesien, Germany, totally destroyed the growing crops. The farmers of the community were wealthy, and were able to sustain the loss thus inflicted, but a poor widow with four dependent children felt that this adversity was quite beyond her capacity to bear. She wept as the hail came pelting

down, and after the storm she and a few neighbor ladies walked out to look at the ruins of her little crop. But to the great surprise of all, not one straw of her crop had been destroyed; and her neighbors declared, "Verily, the holy angels have controlled the clouds and spared this crop."—H. Liebhard, D. D.

The God-Given Fish.

During the great famine of 1771, there lived a poor widow and son in Koburg, Germany. Hitherto this family had not been poor, but the long continuance of the famine had brought mother and son to hunger and want. Nobody suspected their need. They themselves were too modest to complain or beg, and consequently nothing was done to relieve their distress. But they knew God as a Father in Heaven, and resorted to daily prayer. One day their need reached destitution. The noon hour had come and gone without a meal. The son went out of town to be alone with God in prayer, and to seek some recreation in walking up and down on the banks of the Itz river. Suddenly the young man heard a fish jumping to the surface of the water; and presently the fish overreached his bound and landed on the low river bank. Before the fish could get back into the water the hungry lad captured his prize. It was a large fish weighing several pounds, and both mother and son were thankful to God for the temporary relief thus provided.—John Huebner.

The Poor Widow's Merry Christmas.

On a Christmas eve a poor widow lay confined to her bed with sickness and care, while other homes were

gladdened with holiday festivities. Her sad and hungry little children were standing around her bed, while she had neither bread nor money to satisfy their wants. "O dear Lord, how Thou leadest me!" she sighed. Then came this mental conversation in her mind. "What have you in the house?" "Only a few empty plates." "Then set your plates; and borrow all the vessels you can of your neighbor. Now believe!" Thereupon a young man came in, greeted her and the children kindly, and left a piece of money on the table. Others walked in and left toys, clothing, and all kinds of provisions. The children were obliged to borrow vessels and every vessel was filled. All came close together, and yet no such social gathering had been planned. To the poor widow it appeared like a dream, and it suggested the thought of the parting words of her deceased husband, when he said: "Weep not, but be still; the Lord will be with you and will not forsake you." Great indeed was her joy, and this happy Providence led her to say by faith, "Lord, Thou art good, and if Thou willest, Thou canst make me whole." Her faith was promptly rewarded. Instantly she felt relieved of her affliction and sprang from her bed praising the Lord for His benedictions. Thus the Lord, in His goodness, provided a merry Christmas to that humble home.—Schwencker.

The Widow's Tree.

Not many years ago a violent storm, with wind and thunder, spread devastation all through the valley of Yellow Creek, Georgia. For a mile in width trees were

uprooted, barns and fences were prostrated, and all the land was desolated.

Right in the center of the tornado stood a small cabin. Its sole occupants were an aged widow and her son. The terrible wind struck a large tree in front of her humble dwelling, twisting and dashing it about. If it fell it would lay her home in ruins. Desolation, death itself, might follow. The storm howled and raged. The great trees fell in all directions. When it seemed her tree must also fall, and there was no remedy, she knelt in fervent supplication to Him who gathereth the wind in His fists, that He would spare that tree. Her prayer was heard. A writer who soon after visited the spot and narrates this deliverance says: "The tree was spared, and strange as it may seem, it was the only one left within a considerable distance of the widow's cabin." Do not tell me, O skeptic, that there is no presiding, ruling God in heaven, who hears the pleadings of His elect.—H. L. Hastings.

The Widow's Daughter Restored.

The daughter of a poor Highland widow had wandered from her into one of the cities of Scotland, and was leading there a life of sin. The mother went after her lost one, who repented, and was returning home. But temptation assailed her on the way, and she returned to her old haunts. The desolate mother went back to her cottage alone; and yet she was not alone, for she called upon the widow's God. He was entreated of her. As she sat by the fire one sleepless night, she heard a footfall on the floor. She turned at the sound; it was

her repentant child. The first glad surprise and full confession over: "How came it, mother," said the daughter, that at this dead and lonely hour I found the latch of the cottage open?" The latch has never been shut day or night since you you left me," was the mother's answer; "I feared that if you came and found it shut, you might turn away forever."—Rev. Arthur G. Jackson.

The Children's Home Society of Missouri.

In the year 1883 the burden of homeless children was placed upon Rev. M. B. V. Van Arsdale, a Presbyterian minister in the State of Illinois. There seemed to be no opportunity for him, however, to begin this kind of work. Whilst he had plenty of friends who believed in him and respected him, none were able to assist him financially in opening up this great enterprise, but as he was a man of prayer and communed with God incessantly, the way was opened, although not brilliantly. Since that time the motto which he adopted, "Two things which should not be: A child without a home; A home without a child" has gained great prominence. This blessed work has extended in twenty-eight different states up to the present time. Thousands upon thousands of children, who could not be cared for in the ordinary channels and in the time-honored institutions called orphanages, have been received and placed in family homes where a fair chance and an opportunity for the future was given them.

Being connected with work in the State of Missouri for the past eight years in the capacity of Superintendent, it has been my happy lot to note how God so

wonderfully blessed this work and answered prayers offered up in behalf of the same. About seventeen years ago, the work was inaugurated in this state through the efforts of Brother Van Arsdale. The beginning was small, of course. The ones interested in the cause of the homeless child were few in number. But being devout followers of the Lord Jesus Christ and believing in the efficacy of Prayer, set to work in a small way to carry out this great design.

In looking back over the years of labor one is constrained to say, "What hath God wrought, how wonderfully He has helped and sustained the work in the many hours of trial and destitution." Over 2,700 children have been cared for during these 17 years in this state alone, and the Society is now in a more flourishing condition than ever before. The mottoes, "The Lord is good to all," "God Himself is with us," "Ask and ye shall receive," are given great prominence by the management, they realizing that the one and great underlying principle in any work for the Master is to make known your wants to your Heavenly Father and He will provide abundantly.

This was brought to mind vividly some six years ago when God brought forward a man who for years had observed this work and touched his heart with a divine sympathy for homeless children and who in his generosity contributed largely to the success of this work. The Society now has a building of thirty-three rooms with all modern improvements splendidly arranged to care for the children and to prepare them for the homes into

which they will go, with a playground and park comprising half a city block adjacent for their use. It is noteworthy that all this is paid for.

Eternity alone will reveal the amount of good that has been and is being accomplished by looking after God's helpless ones. We have no concern for the future. We know that God will take care of His own work. The funds will be forthcoming and the proper persons to carry on the work will always be found, for it is written: "He will save the children of the needy."—Rev. C. C. Stahmann, Superintendent.

XXXI. THE BLESSING OF ADVERSITY.

All things work together for good to them that love God. Romans 8:28.

The Lessons of Affliction.

Afflictions, though not blessings in themselves, yet when sanctified are productive of great good to those who are exercised thereby. Even Demetrius, a heathen, could say, 'That nothing could be more unhappy than a man who had never known affliction.' And one who was not a heathen has left it on record, that it was good for him to be afflicted. Let us not therefore sink into despondency under a view of approaching difficulties, nor suffer our imaginations to dwell with horror on supposed future events. 'The evils and afflictions of this life, indeed, appear like rocks and precipices, rugged and barren, at a distance; but at our nearer approach we shall find little fruitful spots, and refreshing springs, mixed with the harshness and deformities of nature.'

A minister was recovering from a dangerous illness, when one of his friends addressed him thus: 'Sir, though God seems to be bringing you up from the gates of death, yet it will be a long time before you will sufficiently retrieve your strength and regain vigor enough of mind to preach as usual.' The good man answered,

'You are mistaken, my friend; for this six weeks' illness has taught me more divinity than all my past studies and all my ten years' ministry put together.'—Rev. Charles Buck.

Adversities for Our Good.

I am so glad God will not suffer us to perish until He has done His best to save us. If a man had asked me fifteen years ago,—fourteen years and three months ago:

"My friend, what is the worst thing that could happen to you?"

I reckon I should have spoken up involuntarily:

"The death of my precious father. Oh, I would rather lose all than him."

And yet my father came to death's door, and the providence of God brought me around his dying pillow, and I watched him as he passed out of this world; and I want to say to you this: God Almighty threw my father's corpse in my pathway, and I turned around and I said:

"I will go back! I will go back! I will go back!"

And many a time a man has drifted so far that God couldn't stop him until He put his dead wife in his pathway. And many a man has turned and said.

"I will turn back! I will turn back!"

Many a time a sweet, angelic babe, like a babe chiseled out of marble, is thrown in the pathway of its father. This much I know; God will suffer no man to be damned until God has done His best to save him.

I believe in the great providence of God; I believe that Cod is at all times ready and willing to give ear to

His children, and I am sure that God will care for those who trust Him.—Sam Jones.

Poor But Illustrious.

I have often read deeply interesting accounts of great men, who have risen originally from the lower strata of society. Beginning at the foot of the ladder by natural genius, and for the most part by plodding industry, they have climbed step by step to the top. Mr. Smiles, in his interesting works, gives several lists of eminent men, who began life as barbers, joiners, shoemakers, tailors, day-laborers, &c., and ended life with names enrolled amongst the annals of the great. A similar list might easily be drawn out for the heroes of the Christian Church. Among the great Reformers, E. G. Huss was the son of a peasant; Luther, the son of a miner; Calvin, the son of a cooper; Melanchton, the son of an armourer; Zwingle was a shepherd; Latimer, the son of a farmer. Among theologians and preachers of later times, Archbishop Tillotson was the son of a clothier; Isaac Barrow, the son of a Lincolnshire grazier, and worked on his father's farm; Andrew Fuller was engaged in husbandry until twenty years of age; Dr. Williamson, the writer on Divine sovereignty, was the son of a small Welsh farmer; Dr. Pye Smith began his life in a retail shop; William Jay was a stone-mason; and the two names of universal celebrity, Jeremy Taylor and John Bunyan, might crown the list; the one was the son of a hair-dresser; the other, as everybody knows, the Bedfordshire tinker.

We might add a long list of philanthropists and missionaries—George Whitfield was the son of an innkeeper; Henry Martyn, the son of a miner; Joseph Lancaster, the pioneer of national education, the son of a basket-maker; Cranfield, so eminent for his ragged schools, was a small tailor; whilst of John Pounds, who began the ragged schools at Portsmouth, Dr. Guthrie says, "John Pounds is an honor to humanity, and deserves the tallest monument raised within the shores of Britain." A printer at Gloucester began the English Sunday schools, which perhaps deserves a monument higher still. A cobbler at Northampton began the first Baptist mission in India; and Morrison, equally illustrious in the mission in China, was a maker of boot-lasts; John Williams, the martyr of Eromango, was apprenticed to an ironmonger. But the list is endless of the noble army of those who, though "poor," yet are honored "as making many rich." —G. S. Bowes.

Saved by Fire.

Even the fire of battle may, in the Providence of God, become a blessing in disguise. A soldier, who had lost his right arm up to his shoulder, said to an agent of the Christian Commission: "It appears to me as though I can not be grateful enough for the loss of my arm. This affliction brought me to wholesome reflections and it gave one of your delegates occasion to visit me, with the result that I was happily converted and found God's peace for my soul. I now, as never before, understand *the gospel* truth: It is better to enter into the kingdom

of God with one arm, than to have two arms and be cast into hell fire."—H. Liebhart, D. D.

Affliction Profitable.

There was a poor man, who, while travelling by himself in the wild forests of South America, where there are poisonous swamps and unhealthy lakes and sickly air, fell ill of the ague. There he lay in a hut, day after day, not able to move, and quenching his thirst with the waters of a pool that was close at hand. At last this pool dried up, and then he thought indeed that his misery was full. He had to crawl half a mile to another pool, almost ready all the while to die of weariness. When he came to it, the water was so bitter that he could scarcely drink it. Yet he must drink it, or die of thirst. We may imagine how cruel he thought this trial. He did drink. That afternoon he could not think why he felt stronger than he had done for many weeks. The next day he crawled down to the bitter pool again, and drank more abundantly; and still the more he drank the stronger he grew, till he was restored to his health. Then he found that a tree had fallen into the water, which gave it its bitterness, and gave it also its power of cure. And this was the way in which the medicine we call "bark" was discovered—one of God's greatest gifts to the bodies of men,—which has saved thousands and thousands of lives which must otherwise have perished. Afflictions, then, to us may be like these bitter waters. They may not only be doing us good, but may benefit others also, who see our patience and thankfulness under them. When you cannot see the use of a trial, when your

discontent would say that it was needless, think of the story of the bark.—Dr. Neal.

The Rainstorm a Blessing in Disguise.

A merchant was one day returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind his saddle was a bag filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the old man was wet to the skin. At this he was quite vexed, and murmured because God had given him such bad weather for his journey. He soon reached the border of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber, who, with a gun, was aiming at him, and attempting to shoot him! But the powder being wet with the rain, the gun did not go off; and the merchant, giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape. As soon as he found himself safe, he said: "How wrong was I not to endure the shower patiently, as it was sent by Providence? If the weather had been dry and fair, I should not, probably, have been alive at this hour; the rain, which caused me to murmur, came at a fortunate moment to save my life, and preserve to me my property."—Henry Hupfeld.

A Shut-In and Her Work.

That affliction may be a blessing in disguise, and that saintly character and great usefulness may, in the providence of God, emanate from weakness and obscurity, has been beautifully and wonderfully manifested in the life and labors of the late Miss Lizzie L. Johnson of Casey, Illinois. As the immortal John Bunyan, shut up in prison, providentially inspired, wrote the words that

have guided the hosts of Christian pilgrims onward in their journey toward the celestial city, so this lovely Christian girl, this daughter of the King, shut up in the quiet little room of her humble cottage home and confined to her bed of affliction, set in motion noble missionary enterprises that honor God and bless mankind.

At the age of thirteen years she became an invalid, and from twenty to forty years was bedfast and hopeless, so far as her poor body was concerned. During the first years of her illness every effort was made to restore her health, but nothing availed. Her affliction was a spinal trouble, which, affecting her nerve centers, rendered her illness most distressing to herself and very difficult for her care-takers. At times the slightest noise occasioned her great pain. She seemed to have developed an abnormal degree of the sense of touch, and became very sensitive to the presence of persons in her room, or of anything touching her bed. She was never without pain, and yet she bore her affliction with Christian resignation and so applied herself to study as to become a polished scholar, widely read, a most interesting conversationalist and correspondent. A former pastor describing her, says: "Personally she was a beautiful woman, lily white complexion, black eyes and hair, a radiant countenance and a character that, once met, left its imprint on you ever after."

Those who knew her best say she never seemed to want sympathy, and never appeared desirous of talking about her illness. There is one great subject on which

she loved to talk, and that is missions. She was not only well informed, but also had some very original ideas on this great theme. Being an enlightened Christian mind and a consecrated spirit she was an inspiration to her visitors and to the loved ones in her home. Although shut off from the world and its pleasure, she always entertained a strong desire to do good and to be helpful to others. She did a great work for missions, not only through her personal work, but also through the inspiration she aroused in others.

She first became interested in missions in 1885, upon hearing her father read of William Taylor's sailing for Africa with a band of missionaries. She learned more about the Dark Continent through reading "The Africa News." Her interest in the missionary cause led her to make a quilt which, through the friendly aid of Bishop Warne, was exhibited before Christian audiences and sold in shares for $600, which amount was applied to Christian work in India. She undertook to make silk book-marks, each of which bore some message of comfort, and sold them for fifteen cents, or two for twenty-five cents, and applied the proceeds to missionary work in the heathen world. God blessed her efforts with marvelous success. Her book-marks found an abundant market and were sent to every state in the Union, as well as to Mexico, Canada, England, Scotland, Italy, Africa, South America, Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii, China and Japan.

During her years of suffering she made and sold over two hundred thousand book-marks and raised for missions twenty-thousand dollars, with which she supported,

in foreign lands, native Christian workers that have given in the agregate over a century and half of service in the vineyard of the Lord. In addition to this she left in her home, at the time of her death, a very large supply of book-marks the proceeds of which, together with the royalty on her interesting biography, will be administered by her sister, Alice Johnson, in the continued support of her twenty native workers and four native students in foreign mission fields. All of her workers are educated people. Some of them speak two and three languages, and all are graduates of the native mission schools.

On September 14th, 1909, came this saintly soul's coronation day. Realizing that she was dying she said: "O how sweet, how sweet," and without a struggle fell asleep in Jesus. It was the eve of the Illinois Conference. The report of her death stirred the Conference. Bishop Goodsell designed a delegation of six ministers to attend the funeral services as honorary pall-bearers. In death her face had a halo and on it peace. She was buried in white; a white casket enshrining the mortal remains of a white and radiant soul now translated to the glory world, where those who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.—J. M. R.

XXXII. PROVIDENCE IN LITTLE THINGS.

The very hairs of your head are all numbered.
Matthew 10:30.

Little Things.

Mr. Macmillan notes, in one of his admirable chapters, "The Harvest Miracle;" "It is a most significant fact, that both the production of our food and of our clothing should depend upon very small and insignificant-looking agencies. The staple manufacture of one of the greatest countries in the world, and the principal produce of another, depend upon the apparently accidental irregularity upon the surface of a hair!—the twisting seen in the ultimate cotton fibre under the microscope, produced by this peculiar method of growth, by means of which it can unite with its fellows, and form with them a cord strong enough to be woven. So, too, with the food of the whole world. It is produced by the fertilizing action of the slender, hairlike filaments called stamens and pistils, which hang out of the green ear at a certain season, when the corn is in flower. The blossom of the cereals, especially wheat, rye, and barley, is small and inconspicuous. It has no calyx or corolla. Its elements, such as glumes and paleae, must be regarded as bracts, rather than parts of a true perianth. Insects hardly

ever visit it. The cereals are therefore fertilized exclusively by the agency of the wind; and for this purpose, their long delicate filaments and lightly balanced anthers hanging out of the ear, and their very fine and powdery pollen, produced in great abundance, are admirably adapted. Favorable weather, bright and sunny, with a light breeze, which will convey the pollen in sufficient quantity to its proper destination, is therefore of the utmost importance, in order to secure a heavy crop. If the wind be too strong, the pollen is carried to too great a distance, and only a small portion of it reaches the blossom of the corn, and the consequence is, that the ear, though formed, is half empty of nutritious material, and there is a great deficiency in the produce. Were the stamens and pistils to fail in their work, were they to shrivel up or be blighted by unfavorable weather —and it would seem as if a fiercer ray of sunshine, or ruder breath of wind, or a heavier fall of rain than ordinary, might do this; were the wind to prove continually boisterous at the critical time, and disperse the pollen, so that it should be wasted; then the whole produce of the fields would fail, and all the swift ships and extensive warehouses, and complicated arrangements of trade, and institutions of security, which man's skill and power has thrown up as breakwaters against the tide of fortune, would be of no avail to stem the universal disaster. The life of man thus literally hangs on a thread—upon a breath of wind! Science cannot make us independent. Science cannot be substituted for religion, for conscious dependence upon the Great

Being who twists the little cotton fibre every summer, that the looms of the nation may be kept busy, and that the shame of our nakedness may not appear, and gives every year favorable weather, by which the ear of corn may hang out its tiny staminal thread, and complete its all-essential functions, that so the sower and the reaper may rejoice together with the joy of the harvest.—Rev. G. S. Bowes.

Discoveries and Inventions of Little Things.

The art of printing, probably the parent of more good than all others, owes its origin to rude impressions taken (for the amusement of children) from letters carved on the bark of a beech tree. This was a slight matter, which thousands would have passed over with neglect.

Gunpowder was discovered from the falling of a spark on some materials mixed in a mortar; or perhaps we should rather say that artillery was the consequence of this spark, and the due observation of the circumstances.

The stupendous results of the steam-engine may all be traced to an individual observing steam issuing from a bottle just emptied and placed casually to a fire. He plunged the bottle-neck into cold water, and was intelligent enough to notice the instantaneous rush which ensued from this simple condensing apparatus.

Electricity was discovered by a person observing that a piece of rubbed glass or some similar substance attracted small bits of paper, &c. Galvanism, again, owes its origin to Madame Galvani's noticing the contraction of the muscle of a skinned frog which was accidently touched by a person at the moment of the profes-

sor, her husband, taking an electric spark from a machine. He followed up the hint by experiments. Pendulum clocks were invented from Galileo's observing the lamp in a church swinging to and fro. The telescope we owe to some children of a spectacle-maker placing two or more pairs of spectacles before each other, and looking through them at a distant object. The glimpse thus afforded was followed up by older heads. The barometer originated in the circumstance of a pump, which had been fixed higher than usual above the surface of a well, being found not to draw water. A sagacious observer hence deduced the pressure of the atmosphere, and tried quicksilver. The Argand lamp was invented by one of the brothers of that name having remarked that a tube held by chance over a candle caused it to burn with a bright flame—an effect before unattainable, though earnestly sought after. Without the Argand lamp, lighthouses (to pass over minor objects) could not be made efficient, and on the importance of these it is needless to dwell.—C. Knight.

Influence of Little Sins.

Little sins are as really sinful as larger. They are foxes, and they spoil the vines. One flaw ruins us in the eye of God. We recognize and act upon this in other things; sad and strange that we should fail to do so in higher. "Who does not see that the tiniest flaw or fracture in a diamond vitiates the whole gem, be it a very Koh-i-noor—that the smallest streak or stain sets aside the marble block of Carrara, that is like the driven snow —that the slightest spot or speck dims to rejection the

whole polished lens—that the most insignificant leak is perilous?" In these cases it will not arrest the verdict to allege the fault is so very small. Actual transactions establish this. Once a famous ruby was offered to this country. The report of the crown jeweller was, that it was the finest that he had ever seen or heard of, but that one of its facets—one of the "little" cuttings of the face was slightly fractured. The result was, that almost invisible flaw reduced its value by thousands of pounds, and it was rejected from the regalia of England. Again: when Canova was about to commence his great statue of the great Napoleon, his keenly observant eye detected a tiny red line running through the upper portion of the splendid block, that at infinite cost had been fetched from Paris, and he refused to lay a chisel on it. Once more: in the story of the early struggles of the elder Herschel, while he was working out the problem of gigantic specula or telescope lenses, you will find that he made scores upon scores ere he got one to satisfy him. A scratch like the slenderest spider-line sufficed to vitiate what had cost him long weeks of toil and anxiety. Again, in the "leak" of a ship, the measure of the ship to resist the shock of wave or the strain of wind is not its strongest but its weakest part.

The tremendous issues contigent on the attention or non-attention to the slightest "leak," was illustrated in a recent incident in the present deplorable civil war in America. One of the Federal war-ships had what seemed a merely superficial "leakage," and, though noticed, it was not thought necessary to countermand the order

that she should take part in an approaching conflict. At the crisis of the encounter it was found that the sea-water had got oozing into the gunpowder magazine, and rendered nearly the whole useless. On that powder hung the victory or defeat. The "little leak" went uncared for, and an inferior force won.

I would have you see and know assuredly that nothing in or about sin can be—except in the relation of words—"little;" that sin is and ever must be sin, and sin only, and sin absolutely, and sin eternally. The smallest neglected spark of fire has flashed out into a conflagration; the smallest neglected leak has sunk the proudest ship; the smallest neglected sickness has "brought down" to the grave; and the smallest consciously neglected, unconfessed, and therefore unpardoned sin will lose you, O man!.... O woman! thy soul! Only when our sin has been carried to the Lord, in penitent confession been placed beneath the "sprinkling blood," is there deliverance.

Spencer, in his "Things New and Old," furnishes us with a quaint but pat citation from Ludovicus de Granade:—"By the want of one nail the iron shoe is lost; and the shoe being lost, the horse falleth; and the horse falling, the rider perisheth. Such are the dangers that he incurreth that neglecteth "small things." The neglect of the lesser maketh way for the greater evil; and he that setteth light by "small things," falleth by "little and little." Also another, even more opposite, from Philippus Boskierus, "A little rope sufficeth to hang a great thief; a little dross abaseth much gold; a little poison in-

fecteth much wholesome liquor; a little heresy corrupteth much sound doctrine; a little fly is enough to spoil all the alabaster box of ointment. So the smallest sin, the least peccadillo, without God's mercy, is sufficient to damn our souls to all eternity.—Grosart.

Great Events from Little Causes.

No one can say to what wonderful consequences one little action may lead on. I will tell you one remarkable example, which I do not think many people know. You have all heard of the first French Revolution; when for three or four years the whole of France was turned into a nearer resemblance to hell than ever at any other time was seen upon the earth; when a law was passed that there was no God; and when, for days together, the streets of all the principal towns ran down with the blood of murdered men. Well, how and why did this happen? As far as human reason can see, it all arose from a mistake which might have been made by some child no older than any of you. It arose from this; that a pair of stockings being sent home from the wash, were sent home with a hole in one of them. That one little hole in a stocking was the human cause of the French Revolution. And how could that be? Why thus. The principal actor in it, without whom, once or twice, it certainly never would have gone forward—he was a man much more like a fiend than human creature—was named Robespierre. When he was quite young, as he found that his trade did not answer, he had determined to go over to America and live there. About a week before he sailed, he was walking out with a lady in some town

in France, when all of a sudden she discovered that she had a hole in her stocking. "Wait for me a few minutes," she said, "and I will come to you again." While she was changing this stocking, Robespierre happened to see an open door, and to hear speaking inside. He went in; found that it was a debating society; got up spoke himself, and made a great impression by his eloquence. They asked him to come again. He did so; he obtained more and more influence; he gave up his American plan, and thenceforth became the leader of the Revolution. And so you see what one little careless act may lead to. —Dr. Neale.

Bruce and the Spider.

The King of Scotland had been attacked by his enemies; had been beaten in several battles; was forsaken by nearly all his friends; and knew that if he were taken he would at once be put to death. He was hiding in a cottage; and as he was walking in its garden, very sad as you may well think, he noticed a spider that was trying to get to the top of the garden wall. Just as it had almost reached the summit, it fell to the ground. Immediately it set about the work again, ran up the wall as before, and when it was all but at the top, fell the second time. The king got interested in the poor insect, and watched it on. A third time it tried, with just the same success; and so time after time, till the eighth. The eighth time it also fell in the same manner; but, not a whit discouraged, it set about the business once more, and this ninth time it succeeded and got to the top of the wall. "Now," said the king, "I believe that I shall

be beaten eight times, but that I shall conquer the ninth." And so it fell out. He did conquer his enemies in the ninth battle, and reigned long and gloriously afterwards. —Dr. Neale.

Two Bricks that Built a Church.

Dr W. W. Bowdish, of New Haven District, was pastor of Cornell Memorial Church in this city, twenty-six years ago, when the project of building the new church was launched. To insure the erection of the church it was necessary that $20,000 should be subscribed within five weeks. The subscription was to be taken on Children's Day, 1882, and Dr. Bowdish tells in the recently published anniversary souvenir of the church, the story of the first two contributions:

"The "two bricks" that were brought to the door of the present chapel one Monday morning by two little girls of the infant class, after the first Sunday when I had presented my plea for the $20,000, came in response to my address to the entire infant class, then in number quite 500 scholars. I stated in my call to the class at this time that I wanted every scholar of that class to bring one brick at least with which to build our new church. The meaning was that the members of the class must save all their pennies and put the saved money into the new church; for, unless each one did a little toward the raising of the $20,000, the church could not be started. These little girls said this as they handed the bricks to the sexton: "Here are two of the bricks that Mr. Bowdish yesterday wanted us to bring with which to build our new church." This was the very

beginning of the raising of $20,000 with which we were to start our subscriptions for the new church. And when, upon the close of Children's Day in June, 1882, we had counted over the cash in hand, mostly contributed by the members of the Sunday School, and the good subscriptions made by interested people, we had quite $23,000 as the result of five weeks of hard, earnest work for the new church. It was, indeed, the Lord's doing to meet the demands of that critical period in the history of that magnificent church, one of the most historic churches in New York Methodism."

"Upon the day of dedication of the church, March 25, 1883, these two bricks were sold for $200 each. J. B. Cornell paid for one and the late General Clinton B. Fisk bought the other. These two honored laymen stipulated that these bricks were to remain upon the pulpit of the new church as a distinguished memorial of what these two girls did toward the building of the great edifice of the Cornell Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church.—Selected.

The Scratch in the Windowpane.

George Whitefield stopped for several days at the house of a general, at Providence, R. I. The general, his wife, his son, and three daughters were serious but not decidedly religious. Whitefield departed from his usual custom, which was to address the residents in the house where he stayed, individually, concerning the welfare of their souls. The last evening came, and the last night he was to spend there. He retired to rest; but the Spirit of God came to him in the night, saying, "O

man of God! if these people perish, their blood be on thy head." He listened; but the flesh said, "Do not speak to those people; they are so good and kind, that you could not say a harsh thing to them." He rose and prayed. The sweat ran down his brow. He was in fear and anxiety. At last a happy thought struck him. He took his diamond ring from his finger, went up to the window, and wrote these words upon the glass—"One thing thou lackest." He could not summon courage to say a word to the inmates, but went his way. No sooner was he gone, than the general, who had a great veneration for him, went into the room he had occupied; and the first thing that struck his attention was the sentence upon the window, "One thing thou lackest." That was exactly his case. The Spirit of God blessed it to his heart.—Henry Hupfeld.

XXXIII. GOD'S MESSENGERS OF MERCY.

He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. Psalm 91:11.

Heard His Sainted Mother's Voice.

It was the coldest winter I ever saw. The mercury ranged between twenty and forty degrees below zero for many days. I had an appointment at Hartwick where some of our people had moved. This was eleven and a half miles from where I lived. Frequently the snow was two to three feet deep, and I had to travel these twenty-three miles on foot, going and returning. On one of these trips the class leader at Hartwick told me that he intended to see all the members of the class and make up a sum of money for me by the time I came again. It happened at a time when we were badly in need of help. But when I came again he was not at home, and had evidently forgotten all about the promise of help. On my return trip homeward I pondered much on my strange lot, and as a result became very much discouraged, and had almost concluded to leave the circuit and quit preaching. I was passing through a long stretch of timber where there was no house in sight and no human being near. All at once I heard my first name called very ditsinctly. The voice seemed right be-

hind me and close to me. It sounded like my mother's voice as she used to call me when I was a little boy. I was startled and turned around quickly expecting to see my mother. She had been dead twenty-five years. Of course, there was no one to be seen. This made a deep impression upon me, and I said aloud, "Surely if God cares enough for me to send my sainted mother from heaven to call me to my duty He will provide for me." Bidding the tempter, "Get thee behind me," I trudged on with a lighter heart.

When I was almost home I thought, how can I meet my family and bring nothing with which to relieve their wants. But when I opened the door one of the children came forward and said, "Pa, the Lord has been here while you were away," and taking me by the hand led me into the pantry where I saw the shelves well filled.

There was a lady living in the town who was a member of the Presbyterian church. Her husband was a merchant and also the postmaster. This lady had attended a prayer meeting at our house and became converted. The day I had this peculiar experience and heard my mother calling me, this Presbyterian woman felt strangely impressed to call on us. Meeting my wife she inquired about our welfare, and then went to the store and sent us a lot of provisions. A brother steward from Cadillac called on us about the same time, and brought a donation from the pilgrims at Cadillac.—Rev. L. B. Reber.

God Will Take Care of Me.

"When the yellow fever raged in New Orleans, the

pestilence visited a Christian household, and the father died. Then the mother was suddenly seized, and knowing that she must die, she gathered the four children around her bed, the oldest being only about ten years of age, and said to them that God was about to take her home to heaven. She urged them to have no fears, and assured them that the kind, heavenly Father who had so long provided for them would surely come and take care of them. The children with almost breaking hearts, believed what the dying mother had told them.

She was buried. The three youngest soon followed her, although they received every necessary attention from friends during their sickness. The oldest, a boy, was also seized by the pestilence, and in an unguarded moment, under the influence of delirium, wandered from his sick-bed out into the suburbs of the city, and lying down in the tall grass by the roadside, looked steadfastly up, murmuring, incoherently at times, 'Mother said God would come and take care of me—would come and take care of me!' A gentleman happening to pass at the time, and hearing the unusual sounds, went where the lad was lying, and rousing him, asked him what he was doing there. Said the little fellow in reply: 'Father died; mother died; little brother and sisters died. But just before mother went away into heaven, she told us to have no fear, for God would come and take care of us, and I am now waiting for Him to come down and take me. I know He will come, for mother said so, and she always told us the truth.'

" 'Well,' said the gentleman, whose kindliest sym-

pathies were stirred by the little fellow's sad condition and his implicit cofidence in his sainted mother's pious instructions, 'God has sent me, my son, to take care of you.' So he had him carried to his home, and kindly nursed and cared for by his own family. He recovered, and today is one of the most useful Christian young men in the far West, where he has fixed his home."—D. W. Whittle.

The Christ Spirit in a Mother.

A poor man, who had just buried his wife, was taking her little babe home to her relatives. The man was clad in humble attire; the crape on his hat told the story of his bereavement. The babe was sadly in want of attention, and the father could not stop its crying. The fellow-passengers on the train were evidently very much annoyed by its crying; and the poor man wiped the great tears, first from the eyes of the infant and then from his own, but, despite all his efforts, it continued to cry, until an elegantly-dressed lady, whose own babe was in the arms of her nurse, went to the father and said, with motherly tenderness of tone, "Give me the child." The poor man gave into her outstretched arms his poor babe; its coarse and soiled robes rested for the first time on costly silks, its head disappeared under her shawl, and all was still. Like the Grecian daughter who, through the iron bars of the prison-door, fed her starving father, so did this highborn lady, from her own breast, feed this hungry child of poverty; and when its hunger was satisfied she put aside her shawl, and there the little

one lay on her gentle bosom, in calm, sweet sleep, until her own child required her attention.—Harold F. Sayles.

Luther Taught by His Wife.

Great-souled Martin Luther could believe and doubt against any man of his time; in believing he could excel the angels, and in horrible thoughts of doubting he could almost match the devils. Great-hearted men are subject to horrible fits of faintness and despair unknown to minds of smaller caliber. One day he fell so low in spirits that his friends were frightened at what he might say or do. He went home, but when he came to the door nobody welcomed him. He entered their best room, and there sat Catherine, his wife, all dressed in black, weeping as from a death in the house. By her side lay a mourning cloak, such as ladies wear at funerals. "Ah, says he, "Kate, what matters now? Is the child dead?" She shook her head, and said the little ones were alive, but something much worse than that had happened. Luther cried, "Oh, what has befallen us? Tell me quick. I am sad enough as it is. Tell me quick." "Good man," said she, "have you not heard? Is it possible that the terrible news has not reached you?" This made the reformer the more inquisitive and ardent, and he pressed to be immediately told of the cause of sorrow. "Why said Kate, "have you not been told that our Heavenly Father is dead, and His cause in the world is therefore overturned?" Martin stood and looked at her, and at last burst into such a laugh that he could not possibly contain himself, but cried, "Kate, I read thy riddle. What a fool I am! God is not dead. He ever lives; but I

have acted as if He were dead. Thou hast taught me a good lesson."—Rev. E. S. Lorenz.

Are You the Good Lord's Wife?

On a very cold winter day, a poor barefooted boy, about ten years old, stood out on the sidewalk, shivering with cold and looking wishfully into the show window of a shoe store on Broadway in New York City. An elegantly clad lady just driving by, noticed the boy and ordered her coachman to stop in front of the store. Alighting from her carriage and addressing herself to the lad, she inquired: "My boy, why stand you here, looking so wishfully into that show window?" "I have just been praying to the Lord to give me a pair of shoes," was the shivering boy's answer. The lady, taking the boy by his hand, led him into the store and called for a half dozen pair of stockings and a pair of shoes. Seating the boy upon a bench, she removed her dainty gloves, stooped down and wiped his dirty feet with her handkerchief. Then she drew a pair of warm socks on the boy's feet and fitted him up with a handsome pair of shoes, besides handing him the other five pairs of stockings to take home. Then she tenderly stroked the boy's cheeks and said: "Now my boy, I hope you will feel more comfortable." As she turned to go away the surprised and dumbstricken boy grasped his benefactress by her hand, and looking up with tearful eyes into her smiling face, he broke his silence with the question: "Are you the good Lord's wife?" Evidently the poor boy realized that his prayer had been answered and that he had come

in contact with the queenly munificence of the household of the Heavenly King.—Schwencker.

Saved by his Dog.

Young Stilling relates this story in his writings: A pious and faithful gospel minister of Germany was pastor of a village church, which was affiliated with another appointment some three miles distant from his place of residence. The public highway between the two appointments extended up and down over a steep and densely timbered hill. On a dark winter night, the Pastor was returning homeward from his filial appointment. Though a deep snow had fallen and the night was cloudy and dark, the lone traveler had no fear of losing the way he knew so well and had traveled so often. But partly for company, as well as for safety, he had taken with him his large and faithful dog. This dog followed on the heels of his master as he trudged his way onward through the deep snow and in the darkness.

But after half an hour's walk the Pastor discovered that he had lost his course and his way. While he was walking about hunting his way, and not knowing just where he was, his dog suddenly seized the tail of his coat and drawing him backward, threw him flat upon his back in the deep snow. Somewhat vexed at this unpleasant surprise, the Pastor arose upon his feet, and having the good sense not to rebuke his faithful animal until he had investigated the cause of his action, he found himself standing upon the brink of a high cliff, and saw that one step further forward would have landed him as a dead man in the deep valley below. Now a little

reflection enabled him to locate himself and to find his way home. Thus we have a striking instance of a faithful dog serving as the providential guardian to shield the Lord's gospel servant from danger and untimely death.—Paul Kloeppel.

Filial Affection Royally Rewarded.

Gustavus III., King of Sweden, passing one morning on horseback through a village in the neighborhood of his capital, observed a young peasant girl, of interesting appearance, drawing water at a fountain by the wayside. He went to her and asked her for a draught. Without delay she lifted up her pitcher, and with artless simplicity put it to the lips of the monarch. Having satisfied his thirst, and courteously thanked his benefactress, he said, "My girl, if you would accompany me to Stockholm, I would endeavor to fix you in a more agreeable situation."

"Ah, sir," replied the girl, "I cannot accept your proposal. I am not anxious to rise above the state of life in which the providence of God has placed me; but, even if I were, I could not for an instant hesitate."

"And why?" rejoined the king, somewhat surprised.

"Because," answered the girl, coloring, "my mother is poor and sickly, and has no one but me to assist or comfort her under her many afflictions; and no earthly bribe could induce me to leave her, or to neglect the duties which affection requires from me."

"Where is your mother?" asked the monarch.

"In that little cabin," replied the girl, pointing to a wretched hovel beside her.

The king, whose feelings were interested in favor of his companion, went in, and beheld stretched on a bedstead, whose only covering was a little straw, an aged female, weighed down with years, and sinking under infirmities. Moved at the sight, the monarch addressed her: "I am sorry, my poor woman, to find you in so destitute and afflicted a condition."

"Alas, sir" answered the venerable sufferer, "I should be indeed to be pitied, had I not that kind and attentive girl, who labors to support me, and omits nothing she thinks can afford me relief. May a gracious God remember it to her for good," she added, wiping away a tear.

Never, perhaps, was Gustavus more sensible than at that moment of the pleasure of occupying an exalted station. The gratification arising from the consciousness of having it in his power to assist a suffering fellow creature almost overpowered him; and putting a purse into the hand of the young villager, he could only say, "Continue to take care of your mother; I shall soon enable you to do so more effectually. Good-bye, my amiable girl, you may depend on the promise of your king."

On his return to Stockholm, Gustavus settled a pension for life on the mother, with the reversion to her daughter at her death.—Arvine.

XXXIV. GOD IN TEMPERANCE WORK.

Abstain from all appearance of evil. 1 Thess. 5:22.

Touched by an Angel in a Saloon.

A girl's dream in a grocery store had a practical fulfillment, as related by a San Francisco journal. In a poor quarter of that city is a general store where provision and liquors are dispensed. One evening recently, a poorly clad little girl entered, and presenting a nickel, asked for some bread. The youth who went to wait upon her, asked how her mother was. "Awful sick," said the child, "and ain't had anything to eat all day." The boy was just then called to wait upon some men who entered the saloon, and the girl sat down, wearied out she fell asleep, holding her nickel in her hand. One of the men saw her as he came to the bar, and after asking who she was, said, "Say, you drunkards, see here. Here we've been pouring down whiskey when this poor child and her mother want bread. Here's a two-dollar bill that says that I've got some feelings left." "And I can add a dollar," observed one. "And I'll give another." They made up a purse of an even five dollars, and the spokesman carefully put the bill between two of the sleeper's fingers, drew the nickel away, and whispered to his comrades: "Jist look a there—the child's dream-

ing!" So she was. A big tear had rolled out from her closed eyelid, but the face was covered with a smile. The men tiptoed out, and the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping child. She awoke with a laugh, and cried out, "What a beautiful dream! Ma wasn't sick any more, and we had lots to eat and to wear, and my hand burns yet where an angel touched it!" When she discovered that her nickel had been replaced by a bill, a dollar of which loaded her down with all she could carry, she innocently said, "Well, now, but ma won't hardly believe me that you sent up to heaven and got an angel to come and give me all this." Though the bill did not come from an angel, the child was right in regarding it as a gift from heaven. God does not bless men through angels alone. He has other messengers, and it would be well for them and the poor, if wealthy Christians, were ready to act in that capacity. (1 John 3:17)—Selected.

Compulsory Abstinence.

A drunkard was often urged by his wife to sign the pledge. He would reply, "I'll sign it after a while; but I don't like to break off at once. The best way is to get used to a thing." "Very well, old man," said she, "see if you don't fall into a hole, one of these days, with nobody to help you out." Strangely enough, as he returned home, drunk, one day, he fell into a shallow well, and shouted for help. His forbearing wife came to his rescue, saying, "Didn't I tell you so? It's lucky I was in hearing, or you might have drowned." Then she let down the bucket, and told him to "take hold." She

tugged at the windlass; but, when he was near the top, her grasp slipped, and down he went into his cold bath again. This was repeated till he grew suspicious and furious, and screamed, "Look here! you're doing that on purpose: I know you are." "Well, now, I am," said the woman,, conscious of her opportunity. "Don't you remember telling me it's best to get used to a thing by degrees? I'm afraid, if I bring you up suddenly, you would not find it wholesome." He could but laugh at this application of his own logic, but felt his case growing desperate, and promised to sign the pledge at once, if she would lift him out. This she did, and started him off immediately to sign the pledge; warning him, that, if he ever fell into the ditch again, she would leave him there.—Foster.

Why a Pittsburg man Quit the Liquor Business.

"I hear that Smith has sold out his saloon," said one of a couple of middle-aged men who sat sipping their beer and eating a bit of cheese in a Smithfield Street saloon on Friday night.

"Yes," responded the other rather slowly.

"What was the reason? I thought he was just coining money there."

The other nibbled a cracker abstractedly for a moment, and then said:—

"It's rather a funny story. Smith, you know, lives on Mount Washington right near me, where he has an excellent wife, a nice home, and three as pretty children as ever played outdoors—all boys, you know, the oldest not over nine, and all about same size. Smith is a pretty

respectable citizen, never drinks or gambles, and thinks the world of his family.

"Well, he went home one afternoon last week and found his wife out shopping, or something of that sort. He went on through the house into the back yard and there, under an apple tree, were the little fellows playing. They had a bench and some bottles and tumblers, and were playing "keep saloon." He noticed that they were drinking something out of a pail, and that they acted tipsy. The youngest, who was behind the bar, had a towel tied around his waist, and was setting the drinks up pretty free. Smith walked over and looked in the pail. It was beer, and two of the boys were so drunk that they staggered. A neighbor's boy, a couple of years older, lay asleep behind a tree.

"My God, boys, you must not drink that!" he said, and he lifted the six-year-old from behind the bench.

"We's playin' saloon, papa, an' I was a sellin' it just like you," said the little fellow. Smith poured out the beer, carried the drunken boy home, and then took his own boys and put them to bed. When his wife came back, she found him crying like a child. He came back down that night and sold out his business, and says he will never sell or drink another drop of liquor. His wife told mine about it, and she broke down crying while she told it."

This is a true story, but the name was not Smith. —Rev. E. S. Lorenz.

Cast Out But Rescued.

I met a man in New York who was an earnest worker,

and I asked him to tell me his experience. He said he had been a drunkard for over twenty years. His parents had forsaken him, and his wife had cast him off and married some one else. He went into a lawyer's office in Poughkeepsie, mad with drink. This lawyer proved a good Samaritan and reasoned with him, and told him he could be saved. The man scouted the idea. He said: "I must be pretty low when my father and mother, my wife and kindred, have cast me off, and there is no hope for me here or hereafter." But this good Samaritan showed him how it was possible to secure salvation, got him on his feet, got him on his beast, like the good Samaritan of old, and guided his face toward Zion. And this man said to me: "I have not drunk a glass of liquor since." He is now leader of a young men's meeting in New York. I asked him to come last Saturday night to Northfield, my native town, where there are a good many drunkards, thinking he might encourage them to seek salvation. He came and brought a young man with him. They held a meeting, and it seemed as if the power of God rested upon that meeting when these two men went on telling what God had done for them—how He had destroyed the works of the devil in their hearts, and brought peace and unalloyed happiness to their souls. These grog shops here are the works of the devil—they are ruining men's souls every hour. Let us fight against them, and let our prayers go up in our battles. It may seem a very difficult thing for us, but it is a very easy thing for God to convert rumsellers.—D. L. Moody.

The Lesson of the Crows.

Colonel B. had one of the best farms on the Illinois river. About one hundred acres of it were covered with waving corn. When it came up in the spring, the crows seemed determined on its entire destruction. When one was killed, it seemed as though a dozen came to its funeral; and though the sharp crack of the rifle often drove them away, they always returned with its echo. The Colonel at length became weary of throwing grass, and resolved on trying the virtue of stones. He sent to the druggist's for a gallon of alcohol in which he soaked a few quarts of corn, and scattered it over his field. The blacklegs came and partook with their usual relish, and, as usual, they were pretty well "corned;" and such a cooing and cackling—such strutting and swaggering! When the boys attemped to catch them, they were not a little amused at their staggering gait and their zigzag way through the air. At length they gained the edge of the woods, and there being joined by a new recruit which happened to be sober, they united at the top of their voices in haw-haw-hawking, and shouting either praises or curses of alcohol, it was difficult to tell which, as they rattled away without rhyme or reason. But the Colonel saved his corn. As soon as they became sober, they set their faces steadfastly against alcohol. Not another kernel would they touch in his field.—Arvine.

John B. Gough's Redemption.

On a certain Sabbath evening some thirty years ago, a reckless, ill-dressed young man was idly lounging under

the elm-trees in the public square of Worcester. He had become a wretched waif on the current of sin. His days were spent in the waking remorse of the drunkard; his nights were passed in the buffooneries of the ale-house. As he sauntered along, out of humor with himself and with all mankind, a kind voice saluted him. A stranger laid his hand on his shoulder, and said in cordial tones, "Mr. Gough, go down to our meeting at the town-hall tonight." A brief conversation followed, so winning in its character, that the reckless youth consented to go. He went; he heard the appeals there made. With tremulous hand he signed the pledge of total abstinence. By God's help, he kept it. The poor boot-crimper who tapped him on the shoulder—good Joel Stratton— has lately gone to heaven. The youth he saved became the foremost of reformers on the face of the globe. Methinks, when I listen to the thunders of applause that greet John B. Gough on the platform of Exeter Hall or the Academy of Music, I am hearing the echoes of that tap on the shoulder, and of that kind invitation under the ancient elms of Worcester. "He that winneth souls is wise."—Theodore L. Cuyler.

A Miller's Strange Experience.

The following incident I got from Brother Caldwell, a preacher in our Church, who came up into Illinois from Georgia about 1872 or 1873. He was well acquainted with the party and with all the circumstances.

There was in Georgia, not far from where Brother Caldwell lived before the war, a deeply spiritual local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South,

who owned and operated a grist-mill which was run by waterpower. This man had for years enjoyed the blessing of perfect love, and had walked in the light and joy of the Lord uninterruptedly. But after a while his spiritual skies became clouded, and his joy departed, and for several months he was compelled to walk in darkness. He made diligent self-examination, but could find nothing wherein he had departed from the Lord or grieved the Holy Spirit to cause a withdrawal of light and comfort from his soul.

He had a small room in his mill which he used as his prayer-closet, and to it he often retired, and earnestly besought the Lord to restore to him the joy of His salvation; but no relief came to his distressed and troubled soul. After several months of this sad experience, he went into his closet one day and pleaded in great agony for relief, and earnestly besought the Lord to show him what he had done to grieve the Holy Spirit, and cause Him to withdraw His comfort from him.

While he was thus pleading for God to show him what the difficulty was, and promising Him that if He would, He would at once put it away from him, a distiller, who was running a distillery in the neighborhood, and who had been getting his corn ground at his brother's mill to make his whiskey, drove up with a load of corn to get it ground. The miller coming out of his prayer-room, began to reprove his neighbor for carrying on such a demoralizing business, when the distiller retorted, "You are as deep into it as I am, for you grind the corn for me to make the whiskey." In an instant the

light flashed on his mind, and he cried out: "That's it! That's it! Drive on, sir; I'll never grind another grain of corn, sir, for you to make whiskey of as long as I live."

That instant his darkness fled. The light and joy of the Lord came back and flooded his soul, and he shouted, "Glory to God!" while the distiller drove off with his load of corn to another mill.—G. W. Hughey, D. D.

XXXV. INNOCENCE VINDICATED.

I am clean without transgression, I am innocent; neither is there iniquity in me.—Job. 33:9.

A Minister's Innocence Vindicated.

Brother Simon Carlisle had formerly been a regular circuit preacher somewhere down South, and there was an old wealthy family at or near one of his appointments. The old gentleman and lady were members of the Church; but they had a very profligate son, who behaved in a disorderly way at one of Carlisle's appointments, and Carlisle sharply reproved him for his disorderly conduct, at which the young man took great umbrage and swore he would have satisfaction out of Carlisle. The house of the father of this young man was the preacher's home. When Carlisle came round next time he was, as usual, invited by this old brother home with him. Brother Carlisle said, as he had offended his son, perhaps he had better not go; but the old brother and sister insisted he should go; for they knew their son was to blame altogether, and that Carlisle had done nothing but his duty in reproving him; so he went. This young man was at home, but slunk about, and would not be social with Carlisle; and the next morning, while Carlisle was fixing his horse to ride on to his next appointment he

took a brace of pistols, and slipped into the room where Carlisle's saddle-bags were lying, and put those pistols in the bottom of his saddle-bags, unperceived and unsuspected by Carlisle, or anybody else. Shortly after Carlisle started, the young man pretented to miss his pistols, and declared he knew that Carlisle had stolen them. The old people remonstrated against any such imputation; but he persisted in affirming he knew that the preacher had stolen his pistols, and off he started, got a writ and an officer, and pursued Carlisle, and before he reached his next appointment they overtook him. The officer informed him of the allegation, that he had a writ for him, and that he was his prisoner. Carlisle, conscious of his innocence, told the officer that he was welcome to search him, and handed over his saddle-bags, when, lo and behold, there were the pistols at the bottom of them. What could he say? He protested his innocence, but submitted to the law, was found guilty, and only escaped being incarcerated in prison by the father of this mean young man going bail till further trial.

We will not narrate the trouble and cost Carlisle was put to before he got clear of this malicious prosecution. Suffice it to say, during the pendency of this prosecution, the Annual Conference came on, and Carlisle had to answer to this criminal charge; but what could he say? He had no evidence of his innocence, and by possibility could have none. The Conference did not believe him guilty, but this guilt was sworn to by this young man. In this dilemma, into which the Conference was thrown,

Carlisle rose and requested the Conference, for the honor of the cause of God, that they would expel him until God should, in some way, vindicate his innocence. He affirmed he was innocent, and that he believed God would shortly make his innocence manifest to all.

The Conference very reluctantly, and by a bare majority, expelled him. Able counsel, believing in his innocence, volunteered in his defense. He was cleared. Believing it to be his duty and privilege, he was married, and when I saw him he had an interesting family. The Church restored him to his former standing, offered him a circuit, but for the present he declined travelling, and went to work to support his family, and did it with credit to himself and them.

But the circumstance that triumphantly vindicated his innocence remained yet to be told. The young man who pursued him so maliciously, in about nine months after Carlisle was arrested, was taken down with a fever common to that region of country. The best medical aid was called in; he was faithfully attended and administered unto. His parents were much alarmed for his safety and his salvation. He was talked to and prayed with, but to no purpose. His physicians told him he must die. He then said he could not die until he disclosed one important matter. His parents were called in, and he frankly told them and others that he put his pistols in Carlisle's saddle-bags himself; and shortly after the disclosure he expired, without hope of mercy. —Peter Cartwright.

Vindication that Came Too Late.

Be careful how you hastily accuse, or even suspect persons of crime, or repair the mischiefs which often result from such a course. A story is told of a banker who missed a hundred-pound note from his safe. He had placed it there himself. No one had access to the safe but a confidential clerk. The clerk was charged with the theft, but declared his entire innocence. He had long served the banker; no suspicion had ever before attacked him. But the money was gone, and how else could it have been removed? He only could enter the safe, therefore he must have stolen it. Circumstances were against him, so he was dismissed. The charge clung to him. He could obtain no other situation, and finally died in disgrace and poverty. Years afterward the safe was overhauled for repairs, and there, behind the drawer from which it had slipped when placed by the owner, was the hundred-pound not. Yet every one at the time believed the clerk guilty, because no other reason could be found for the disppearance of the money. Similar experiences are constantly occurring.—Anon.

God's Lightning Testifying to Innocence.

It is recorded in history that a beautiful maiden, named Blanche, the serf of an ancient nobleman, was wooed by her master's son. Not admiring his character, she scorned his suit. Upon this, his course of love turned to bitter hatred. Just then a precious string of pearls confined to the maiden's care was lost. Her pseudo-lover charged her with the theft, and, in accordance with the customs of that rude age, she was

doomed to die. On the day of the execution, as the innocent girl knelt to offer her dying prayer, a flash of lightning struck a statue of Justice, which adorned the marketplace, to the dust. From a scattered bird's nest, built in a crevice of the image, dropped the lost pearls—thus declaring her innocence. In a moment the exultant crowd rushed to the scaffold, demanding her release. There she knelt beside the block, pale and beautiful, and with a smile of peace upon her lips. They spoke—she answered not. They touched her—she was dead! To preserve her memory, they raised a statue there; and to this day, when men gaze upon her image, they condemn her oppressor; they praise her for the purity of her character; they recognize the justice of Him whose lightning testified to her innocence.—W. Smith.

The Banishment of Aristides.

A tragedy by Eschylus was once represented before the Athenians, in which it was said of one of the characters, "that he cared not more to be just than to appear so." At these words all eyes were instantly turned upon Aristides as the man who, of all the Greeks, most merited that distinguished character. Ever after he received, by universal consent, the surname of the Just; a title, says Plutarch, truly royal, or rather, truly divine. This remarkable distinction aroused envy, and envy prevailed so far as to procure his banishment for ten years upon the unjust suspicion that his influence with the people was dangerous to their freedom. When the sentence was passed by his countrymen, Aristides himself was present in the midst of them, and a stranger who stood near,

and could not write, applied to him to write for him in his shell. "What name?" asked the philosopher. "Aristides," replied the stranger. "Do you know him, then," said Aristides, "or has he in any way injured you?" "Neither," said the other; "but it is for this very thing I would he were condemned. I can go nowhere but I hear of Aristides the Just." Aristides inquired no further, but took the shell and wrote his name in it as desired.

The absence of Aristides soon dissipated the apprehensions which his countrymen had so idly imbibed. He was in a short time recalled, and for many years after took a leading part in the affairs of the republic, without showing the least resentment against his enemies, or seeking any other gratification than that of serving his country with fidelity and honor. His disregard for money was strikingly manifested at his death; for though he was frequently treasurer as well as general, he scarcely left sufficient to defray the expenses of his burial.

The virtues of Aristides did not pass without reward. He had two daughters, who were educated at the expense of the state, and to whom portions were allotted from the public treasury.—Arvine.

Suspicion Removed and Want Supplied.

In Wuperthal, Germany, there lived a poor but pious weaver, who had come to want because of having been discharged from the service of his employer. One day, as he was consoling his wife, saying, "The Lord helps," a saucy street boy, looking in at the open window of his hut, scornfully threw a dead raven at the distressed

man's feet, saying, "There, Saint, is something for you to eat!"

The weaver picked up the dead raven, and stroking thou must have died of hunger." When, however, he felt its crop to see whether it was empty, he noticed something hard, and, wishing to know what had caused the bird's death, he began to examine it. What was his surprise when, upon opening the gullet, a gold necklace fell into his hand. The wife looked at it confounded. The weaver exclaimed, "The Lord helps;" and in haste took the chain to the nearest goldsmith, told him how he had found it, and received with gladness two dollars, which the goldsmith offered to lend him for his present need.

The goldsmith soon cleaned the trinket and recognized it as one he had seen before. "Shall I tell you the owner?" he asked, when the weaver called again. "Yes," was the joyful answer, "for I would gladly give it back into the right hands."

But what cause had he to admire the wonderful ways of God when the goldsmith pronounced the name of his master at the factory!

Quickly he took the necklace and went with it to his former employer. In his family, too, there was much joy at the discovery, for suspicion was now removed from a servant. But the merchant was ashamed and touched; he had not forgotten the words uttered by the poor man when he was dismissed. "Yes," he said,

thoughtfully and kindly, "the Lord helps; and now you not only go home rightly rewarded, but I will no longer leave without work so pious a workman, whom the Lord so evidently stands by and helps; you shall henceforth be no more in need." Thus He Who fed Elijah by living ravens, proves Himself equally able to supply the needs of His tried servant by the same bird when dead.—Rev. C. G. Schuh.

Innocence Vindicated by Prayer.

During the Irish Rebellion a private soldier in Lord Cornwallis's Army was accused of treason by way of communication with the enemy. There were no direct proofs of his guilt, and the charge preferred against him was based solely upon the circumstance that the accused would often go away from his comrades, and since no one knew of his whereabouts at such times it must be taken for granted that he was entertaining secret communication with the enemies forces. His accusers were immoral soldiers, whose wrath and hatred he had unintentionally provoked by well meant and justly deserved reproofs of wrong doing. The accused soldier's record was pure and blameless otherwise and he protested his innocence. Nevertheless the foul pressure for his conviction prevailed and he was condemned to death for treason.

The commanding officer heard of the case and demanded a stay of the execution until he could investigate the records of the trial. The result of his investigation

was that the soldier's conviction was protested, and he was called to appear before his General.

"You are accused of treason," said the General, addressing the accused, "are you guilty?" "No sir," declared the soldier, very emphatically. "I have never in any sense been unfaithful to my God and my King; but to the contrary I have always been ready, if necessary, to sacrifice my life for my Sovereign and his government. No man on earth can substantiate this charge against me. The reason I sometimes withdrew from my comrades and retired in seclusion was that I did this for secret prayer. What I say, now, I stated before the court during my trial, but nobody believes me."

"Well, now," said the General, "if you are in the habit of praying so often, you must have attained to considerable efficiency in this matter of prayer." The poor soldier, of course, made no such pretensions, but said: "My God understands me, but I lay no claim whatever to efficiency in prayer." "Be that as it may," said the General, "I command you to kneel here now in my presence, and that you pray aloud to your God." The command was promptly obeyed, and the soldier poured out his soul in prayer; and when they arose from their knees the General grasped the praying soldier by the hand and said: "Be at ease, my son, no man shall touch a hair on your head, because I know beyond a doubt now, that you are innocent, and from this on you shall not be taken from my side in military service."—**Paul Kloeppel.**

The Death-Dice.

During the reign of Frederic William, Miss Rose, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. Walther the smith of the Armory at Berlin, was shot dead at a public well. Two soldiers, Ralph and Alfred, both rivals for the affections of the young lady, were suspected and brought to trial. Witnesses had seen both of these young men at the well on the evening the crime was committed and both declared innocence. Alfred, the most respected of the two, was regarded as an exemplary young man. He admitted that he had met Miss Rose at the well that evening, but affirmed positively that he left her there peaceably and unmolested. Ralph, the most suspected, was pressed hard for a confession, but continued his positive denials of guilt.

Finally, since it was clear that one of these two young men must have committed the crime, it was determined to seek to decide the question of guilt or innocence by the novel method of throwing dice, and this was to be done in the presence of the bereaved Mr. Walther, and of the officers of the court. Two dice were placed upon the drum. Ralph, smiling in self-reliance, grabbed the dice and threw first and turned up two sixes, the highest possible number. This was a shock to those looking on. Alfred, apparently doomed to a lost cause, dropped upon his knees, turned his face heavenward, and offered a short, earnest prayer to God. As he arose to throw his dice, he said, "Help me, God Almighty, for Thou knowest that I am innocent." Then with joyful reliance on the God of destiny, he threw his dice on the

drum; and behold, by a remarkable coincidence his dice split and showed up 1 plus 6 plus 6, in all thirteen. Thus Alfred was one ahead of Ralph and it was done by turning up the two highest numbers, six and six and the one on the split. All spectators were surprised and Ralph was so overwhelmed with guilty consciousness and plain manifestations of guilt that the sweaters now had little difficulty in obtaining his frank and full confession to the crime. The split in the dice, though perfectly natural, was regarded as providential; and the split dice, put together, was named the "death-dice" and is preserved in the Hohenzollern-Museum as a relic.—John Huebner.

XXXVI. FAITHFULNESS REWARDED.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.—Rev. 2:10.

The Faithful Martyr's Vision.

Some two hundred years ago, there was a dark period of suffering in Scotland, when deeds of bloody cruelty were committed on God's people, not out-done by Indian butcheries. One day, the tide is flowing in the Solway Firth, rushing like a race-horse, with snowy mane, to the shore. The shore is occupied by groups of weeping spectators. They keep their eyes fixed on two objects out upon the wet sands.

There two women, each tied fast by her arms and limbs to a stake, stand within the sea mark, and many an earnest prayer is going up to heaven that Christ, Who bends from the throne to the sight, would help them now in their hour of need. The eldest of the two is staked farthest out. Margaret, the young martyr, stands bound, a fair sacrifice, near by the shore. Well, on the big billows come, hissing to their naked feet; on, and farther on they come, death riding on the top of the waves, and eyed by those tender women with unflinching courage. The waters rise and rise, till, amid a scream and cry of horror from the shore, the lessening form of her who

had death first to face is lost in the foam of the surging wave. It recedes, but only to return; and now, the sufferer gasping for breath, the death-struggle is begun; and now for Margaret's trial, and her noble answer.

"What see you yonder?" said their murderers, as while the water rose cold on her own limbs, they pointed her attention to her fellow-confessor, in the suffocating agonies of a protracted death. Response full of the boldest faith and brightest hopes, she answered:—

"I see Christ suffering in one of His own members."
—Rev. E. S. Lorenz.

Paul Gerhard's Faithfulness Rewarded.

The pious Lutheran minister at Berlin, Paul Gerhard, was deposed from his office, and banished from the country in 1666 by the elector, Frederic William the Great, on account of the faithfull discharge of his ministerial duties. Not knowing whither to go, he and his wife passed out of the city, and finally stopped at a tavern, oppressed with care and grief. Gerhard endeavored to comfort his partner by the text, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass." Then he wrote a hymn embodying this sentiment. Before he had finished its perusal, the agents of Duke Christian of Mersburg invited him to an interview with that prince, by whom he was appointed Archdeacon at Luebben.—H. Liebhart, D. D.

Charity Honored of God.

One evening, there came a call on a Christian lady for help to a needy neighbor. She was sure that the appeal was one to which God would have her respond.

She had, at that time, only fifty cents in the world, and two children to care for; but she had that, and God knew it. This appeal as from Him had come to her for what she had, and she would not refuse it. Her children had been already fed for the day. They needed nothing more till tomorrow. Like the widow of Zarephath, when Elijah, God's prophet, asked from her bread that seemed needed for her hungry child, this widow gave at God's call.

She gave her last fifty cents to the poor neighbor, who was to her as a messenger of God. Then she committed herself and hers trustfully to God, nothing doubting. As if to honor and approve her faith, that same evening a ring was heard at her door-bell. Going to the door, she found no one there, but an unaddressed envelope was found under the door, containing five dollars, which she took as a fresh gift from God, and thanked Him for it most gratefully. That was the only like experience in her Christian life; yet this was enough to strengthen her faith, and the faith of her two sons who were reared in God's service.—H. Clay Trumbull.

Goodness Promptly Reciprocated.

The following anecdote was told by a late dignitary of the Church, who stated that he had a personal knowledge of the event:—The son of a poor widow was on his way to Oxford. His mother, by a great effort, had raised sufficient money to enable him to take his degree. When the coach was within two stages of Oxford, the young man found that he had lost the banknote which his mother had given him. He remembered that he had

taken out his purse some time before, and thinking that the note might have been blown out, he got down from the coach and went back along the road to look for it. After walking three miles, he met a poor man afflicted with leprosy, and though he felt it important not to lose time in searching for his note, his heart was so touched by the pitiable condition of the poor fellow, that he stopped to speak to him. Finding that he was going to Oxford, he offered to give him a note to a benevolent person there. He put his hand into his pocket, but not a morsel of paper could he find; when the leper suddenly stooped, picked up a piece of paper from the road, and asked him if he could not write on that. It was his lost banknote, given into his own hand by the very man towards whom he was endeavoring to do what he felt to be present duty. God made the leper pay the young Christian on the spot for what he did in faith and love.—Rev. Arthur G. Jackson.

Wayside Faithfulness Blessed of God.

In 1854, Rev. T. H. Pearne and Bishop Simpson started on a canoe voyage up the Columbia river in Oregon. Their companions were some Indians and two drunken white men, who sought by profanity and obscenity to annoy the clerical passengers. One of the whites at length became stupid, and the other silent. The bishop asked the latter if his mother were still living. He said she was. "Is your mother a praying woman." "O yes." "Do you think she prays for you every day?" He answered with feeling, "I have no doubt of it." "Do you suppose your mother knows the kind of life you are

leading?" With tears and sobs the young man answered, "I would not have her know it for the world." The bishop's conversation continued with evident good effect. In 1864, Mr. Pearne met a well-dressed gentleman while traveling in a fine steamer on the same river. He said he was the man who passed up the river in a canoe with himself and the bishop ten years before. He informed Mr. Pearne that he was a religious man, and dated his reform from the bishop's conversation. He was married, had acquired a competence, and a respectable position in society. He ascribed all to the bishop's faithfulness. —Foster.

Washington's Stepping Stone to Greatness.

General George Washington, when quite young, was going to sea as a midshipman, the lowest officer on board a man-of-war. Everything was ready, the ship lay opposite his father's house, the little boat had come on shore to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and saw tears bursting from her yes. However, he said nothing to her, but as he saw that she would be grieved if he went, and perhaps never be happy again, he just turned round to the servant, and said, "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk back. I will not go away to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision; so she said to him, "George, God has promised to bless the children that honor their parents, and I believe He will bless you." And many years afterwards when the boy, who gave up being a sailor to please his mother, had

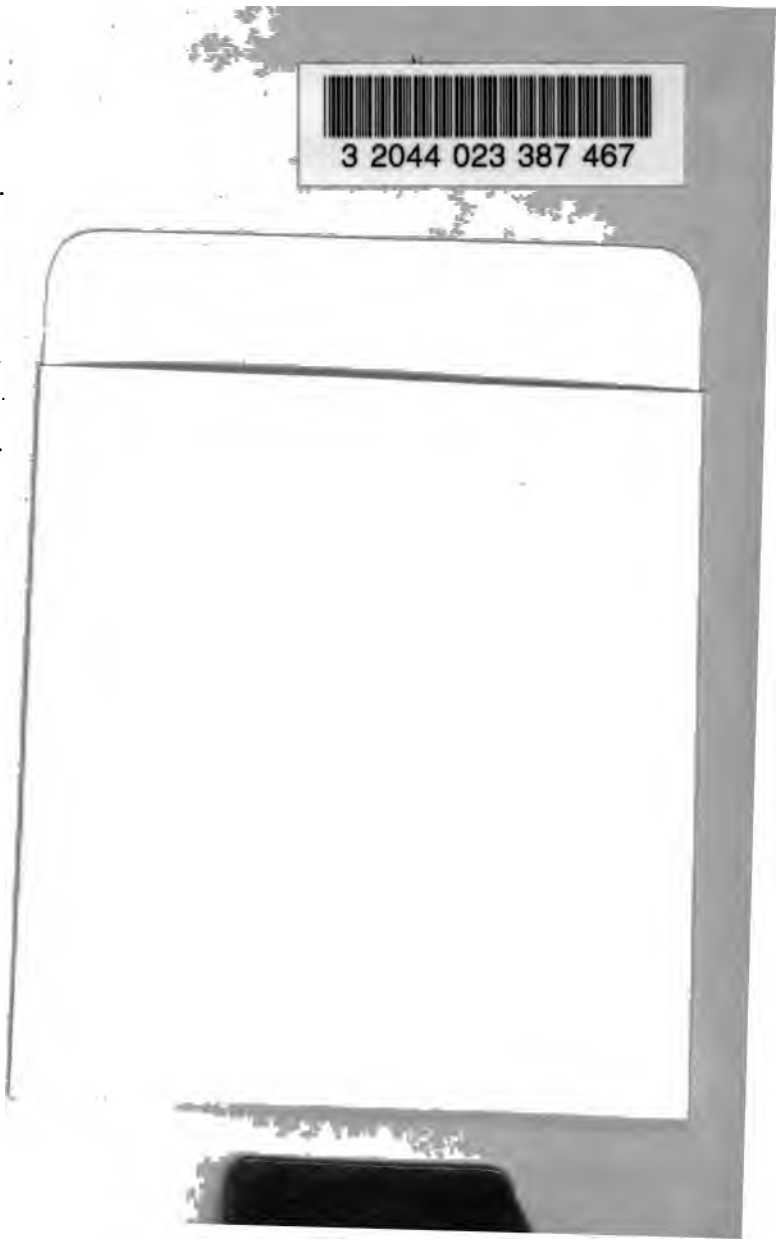
become a great General, and was marching along in triumph at the head of the American army, he stopped at Fredericksburg, where his mother lived. Canon boomed, bells pealed, and the people came in crowds to see the conqueror. But the gladdest hearts in the whole city that night were those of the mother and her brave son, who had not seen each other for eight years. The next day, La Fayette visited the mother's humble dwelling, and in glowing language spoke to her about the greatness of her son. The matron's simple answer shows that General Washington had never broken loose from his mother's influence; for she said, "I am not surprised at his greatness, for George was always a good boy."—Anon.

The Call to Faithfulness.

Many fill their life with regrets for being confined to such a narrow sphere of usefulness. If they only were in the ministerial office, or had millions of money, they would do so and so; but what can an ordinary laborer, a poor Sunday-school teacher, accomplish? Friend, be content to serve God where He has placed you; for there precisely you can accomplish the most. It is better to make the best of what you have, than to fret and pout for what you have not. The man with one talent is never accountable for five. It may require more humility to husband one talent than five, and so far as the improvement or misimprovement of either is concerned, they are both equally important in the sight of God. The king's million, and the widow's mite are worth the same with the Eternal. And, under the direction of Him who multiplied the widow's oil and the seven loaves, the

widow's mite can be magnified into a million; and when He withholds a blessing, the million becomes a mite. According to the arithmetic of heaven, the servant-girl's shilling, and the mechanic's crown-piece, are worth fully as much as the thousands of a millionaire. But then the mite must be given laden with the benediction of faith. No gift is too small for the great and all-possessing God to receive, Who, for our sakes, became poor that He might make us rich. But the gift must be "as God has prospered us." When Ananias and Saphira give only one mite, God will curse them. The penitent and rich Zaccheus gave half his goods to feed the poor; and the poor woman who had nought but tears with which to bedew the Savior's feet, gave an offering more precious than gifts of gold.

What God requires is faithfulness to that which He has entrusted to us. A poor man is responsible for the little of his poverty, and sins if he withhold his mite. The Church needs the gifts of the poor; the gifts of the industrial and laboring classes. She needs the influence of those who think they have no influence. She needs the sympathies and prayers of those who can only stammer out of their sin-burdened hearts, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The most fertile summer showers are composed of unpretending little drops. Water-spouts are far less beneficial than the steady, soaking, noiseless rain.—Anon.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